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# A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THIS is the first novel by Mr. Hemingway since the great success of "The Sun Also Rises." Most of the action takes place on the Italian front during the period of greatest disaster. It is a love-story woven with such a picture of War as would discourage either victors or the conquered from that terrible solution of international troubles.

## I

IN the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterward the road bare and white except for the leaves.

The plain was rich with crops; there were many orchards of fruit trees and beyond the plain the mountains were brown and bare. There was fighting in the mountains and at night we could see the flashes from the artillery. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the nights were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Sometimes in the dark we heard the troops marching under the window and guns going past pulled by motor-tractors. There was much traffic at night and many mules on the roads with boxes of ammunition on each side of their pack-saddles and gray motor-trucks that carried men, and other trucks with loads covered with canvas that moved slower in the traffic. There were big guns too that passed in the day drawn by tractors, the long barrels of the guns covered with green branches and green leafy branches and vines laid over the tractors. To the north we could look across a valley and see a forest of chestnut-trees and behind it another mountain on this side of the river. There was fighting for that mountain too, but



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it was not successful, and in the fall when the rains came the leaves all fell from the chestnut-trees and the branches were bare and the trunks black with rain. The vineyards were thin and bare branched too and all the country wet and brown and dead with the autumn. There were mists over the river and clouds on the mountain and the trucks splashed mud on the road and the troops were muddy and wet in their capes; their rifles were wet and under their capes the two leather cartridge-boxes on the front of the belts, gray leather boxes heavy with the packs of clips of thin, long 6.5 mm. cartridges, bulged forward under the capes so that the men, passing on the road, marched as though they were six months gone with child.

There were small gray motor-cars that passed going very fast; usually there was an officer on the seat with the driver and more officers in the back seat. They splashed more mud than the camions even and if one of the officers in the back was very small and sitting between two generals, he himself so small that you could not see his face but only the top of his cap and his narrow back, and if the car went especially fast it was probably the King. He lived in Udine and came out in this way nearly every day to see how things were going, and things went very badly.

At the start of the winter came the permanent rain and with the rain came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army.

## II

The next year there were many victories. The mountain that was beyond the valley and the hillside where the chestnut forest grew was captured and there were victories beyond the plain on the plateau to the south and we crossed the river in August and lived in a house in Gorizia that had a fountain and many thick shady trees in a walled garden and a wisteria vine purple on the side of the house. Now the fighting was in the next mountains beyond and was not a mile away. The town was very nice and our house was very fine. The river ran behind us and the town had been captured very handsomely but the mountains beyond it could not be taken, and I was very glad the Austrians seemed to want to come back to the town some time, if the war should end, because they did not bombard it to destroy it but only a little in a military way. People lived on in it and there were hospitals and cafés and artillery up side streets and two bawdy houses, one for troops and one for officers, and with the end of the summer, the cool nights, the fighting in the mountains beyond the town, the shell marked iron of the railway-bridge, the smashed tunnel by the river where the fighting had been, the trees around the square and the long avenue of trees that led to the square; these with there being girls in the town, the King passing in his motor-car, sometimes now seeing his face and little long-necked body and gray beard like a goat's chin tuft; all these with the sudden interiors of houses that had lost a wall through shelling, with plaster and rubble in their gardens and sometimes in the street and the whole thing going well on the Carso made the fall very different from the last fall when we had been in the country. The war was changed too.

The forest of oak-trees on the mountain beyond the town was gone. The forest had been green in the summer

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when we had come into the town but now there were the stumps and the broken trunks and the ground torn up and one day at the end of the fall when I was out where the oak forest had been I saw a cloud coming over the mountain. It came very fast and the sun went a dull yellow and then everything was gray and the sky was covered and the cloud came on down the mountain and suddenly we were in it and it was snow. The snow slanted across the wind, the bare ground was covered, the stumps of trees projected, there was snow on the guns and there were paths in the snow going back to the latrines behind trenches.

Later, below in the town, I watched the snow falling, looking out of the window of the bawdy house, the house for officers, where I sat with a friend and two glasses drinking a bottle of Asti, and, looking out at the snow falling slowly and heavily, we knew it was all over for that year. Up the river the mountains had not been taken; none of the mountains beyond the river had been taken. That was all left for next year. My friend saw the priest from our mess going by in the street, walking carefully in the slush, and pounded on the window to attract his attention. The priest looked up. He saw us and smiled. My friend motioned for him to come in. The priest shook his head and went on. That night in the mess after the spaghetti course, which every one ate very quickly and seriously, lifting the spaghetti on the fork until the loose strands hung clear then lowering it into the mouth, or else using a continuous lift and sucking into the mouth, helping ourselves to wine from the grass-covered gallon flask; it swung in a metal cradle and you pulled the neck of the flask down with the forefinger and the wine, clear red, tannic and lovely, poured out into the glass held with the same hand; after this course, the captain commenced picking on the priest.

The priest was young and blushed easily and wore a uniform like the rest of us but with a cross in dark-red velvet above the left breast pocket of his gray tunic. The captain spoke pidgin Italian for my doubtful benefit, in order that I might understand perfectly, that nothing should be lost.

"Priest to-day with girls," the captain said looking at the priest and at me. The priest smiled and blushed and shook his head. This captain baited him often.

"Not true?" asked the captain. "To-day I see priest with girls."

"No," said the priest. The other officers were amused at the baiting.

"Priest not with girls," went on the captain. "Priest never with girls," he explained to me. He took my glass and filled it, looking at my eyes all the time, but not losing sight of the priest.

"Priest every night five against one." Every one at the table laughed. "You understand? Priest every night five against one." He made a gesture and laughed loudly. The priest accepted it as a joke.

"The Pope wants the Austrians to win the war," the major said. "He loves Franz Joseph. That's where the money comes from. I am an atheist."

"Did you ever read the 'Black Pig'?" asked the lieutenant. "I will get you a copy. It was that which shook my faith."

"It is a filthy and vile book," said the priest. "You do not really like it."

"It is very valuable," said the lieutenant. "It tells you about those priests. You will like it," he said to me. I smiled at the priest and he smiled back across

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the candle light. "Don't you read it," he said.

"I will get it for you," said the lieutenant.

"All thinking men are atheists," the major said. "I do not believe in the Free Masons however."

"I believe in the Free Masons," the lieutenant said. "It is a noble organization." Some one came in and as the door opened I could see the snow falling.

"There will be no more offensive now that the snow has come," I said.

"Certainly not," said the major. "You should go on leave. You should go to Rome, Naples, Sicily——"

"He should visit Amalfi," said the lieutenant. "I will write you cards to my family in Amalfi. They will love you like a son."

"He should go to Palermo."

"He ought to go to Capri."

"I would like you to see Abruzzi and visit my family at Capracotta," said the priest.

"Listen to him talk about the Abruzzi. There's more snow there than here. He doesn't want to see peasants. Let him go to centres of culture and civilization."

"He should have fine girls. I will give you the addresses of places in Naples. Beautiful young girls—accompanied by their mothers. Ha! Ha! Ha!" The captain spread his hand open, the thumb up and fingers outspread as when you make shadow-pictures. There was a shadow from his hand on the wall. He spoke again in pidgin Italian. "You go away like this," he pointed to the thumb, "and come back like this," he touched the little finger. Every one laughed.

"Look," said the captain. He spread the hand again. Again the candle light made its shadow on the wall. He started with the upright thumb and named in their order the thumb and four fingers," soto-tenente (the thumb), tenente (first finger), capitano (next finger), maggiore (next to the little finger), and tenente-colonello (the little finger). You go away soto-tenente! You come back soto-colonello!" They all laughed. The captain was having a great success with finger games. He looked at the priest and shouted, "Every night priest five against one!" They all laughed again.

"You must go on leave at once," the major said.

"I would like to go with you and show you things," the lieutenant said.

"When you come back bring a phonograph."

"Bring good opera disks."

"Bring Caruso."

"Don't bring Caruso. He bellows."

"Don't you wish you could bellow like him?"

"He bellows. I say he bellows!"

"I would like you to go to Abruzzi," the priest said. The others were shouting. "There is good hunting. You would like the people and though it is cold it is clear and dry. You could stay with my family. My father is a famous hunter."

"Come on," said the captain. "We go —— house before it shuts."

"Good night," I said to the priest.

"Good night," he said.

## III

When I came back to the front we still lived in that town. There were many more guns in the country around and the spring had come. The fields were green and there were small green shoots on the vines, the trees along the road had small leaves and a breeze

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came from the sea. I saw the town with the hill and the old castle above it in a cup in the hills with the mountains beyond, brown mountains with a little green on their slopes. In the town there were more guns, there were some new hospitals, you met British, men and sometimes women, on the street, and a few more houses had been hit by shell-fire. It was warm and like the spring and I walked down the alleyway of trees, warmed from the sun on the wall, and found we still lived in the same house and that it all looked the same as when I had left it. The door was open, there was a soldier sitting on a bench outside in the sun, an ambulance was waiting by the side door and inside the door, as I went in, there was the smell of marble floors and hospital. It was all as I had left it except that now it was spring. I looked in the door of the big room and saw the major sitting at his desk, the window open and the sunlight coming into the room. He did not see me and I did not know whether to go in and report or go up-stairs first and clean up. I decided to go on up-stairs.

The room I shared with the lieutenant Rinaldi looked out on the courtyard. The window was open, my bed was made up with blankets and my things hung on the wall, the gas-mask in an oblong tin can, the steel helmet on the same peg. At the foot of the bed was my flat trunk, and my winter boots, the leather shiny with oil, were on the trunk. My Austrian sniper's rifle with its blued octagon barrel and the lovely dark walnut, cheek fitted, *schutzen* stock, hung over the two beds. The telescope that fitted it was, I remembered, locked in the trunk. The lieutenant, Rinaldi, lay asleep on the other bed. He woke when he heard me in the room and sat up.

"Ciaou!" he said. "What kind of time did you have?"

"Magnificent."

We shook hands and he put his arm around my neck and kissed me.

"Oughf," I said.

"You're dirty," he said. "You ought to wash. Where did you go and what did you do? Tell me everything at once."

"I went everywhere. Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Villa San Giovanni, Messina, Taormina——"

"You talk like a time table. Did you have any beautiful adventures?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Milano, Firenze, Roma, Napoli ——"

"That's enough. Tell me really what was the best."

"In Milano."

"That was because it was first. Where did you meet her? In the Cova? Where did you go? How did you feel? Tell me everything at once. Did you stay all night?"

"Yes."

"That's nothing. Here now we have beautiful girls. New girls never been to the front before."

"Wonderful."

"You don't believe me? We will go now this afternoon and see. And in the town we have beautiful English girls. I am now in love with Miss Barkley. I will take you to call. I will probably marry Miss Barkley."

"I have to get washed and report. Doesn't anybody work now?"

"Since you are gone we have nothing but frostbites, chilblains, jaundice, gonorrhea, self-inflicted wounds, pneumonia and hard and soft chancres. Every week some one gets wounded by rock fragments. There are a few real

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wounded. Next week the war starts again. Perhaps it starts again. They say so. Do you think I would do right to marry Miss Barkley—after the war of course?"

"Absolutely," I said and poured the basin full of water.

"To-night you will tell me everything," said Rinaldi. "Now I must go back to sleep to be fresh and beautiful for Miss Barkley."

I took off my tunic and shirt and washed in the cold water in the basin. While I rubbed myself with a towel I looked around the room and out the window and at Rinaldi lying with his eyes closed on the bed. He was good looking, was my age, and he came from Amalfi. He loved being a surgeon and we were great friends. While I was looking at him he opened his eyes.

"Have you any money?"

"Yes."

"Loan me fifty lire."

I dried my hands and took out my pocketbook from the inside of my tunic hanging on the wall. Rinaldi took the note, folded it without rising from the bed and slid it in his breeches pocket. He smiled, "I must make on Miss Barkley the impression of a man of sufficient wealth. You are my great and good friend and financial protector."

"Go to hell," I said.

That night at the mess I sat next to the priest and he was disappointed and suddenly hurt that I had not gone to the Abruzzi. He had written to his father that I was coming and they had made preparations. I myself felt as badly as he did and could not understand why I had not gone. It was what I had wanted to do and I tried to explain how one thing had led to another and finally he saw it and understood that I had really wanted to go and it was almost all right. I had drunk much wine and afterward coffee and Strega and I explained, winefully, how we did not do the things we wanted to do; we never did such things.

We two were talking while the others argued. I had wanted to go to Abruzzi. I had gone to no place where the roads were frozen and hard as iron, where it was clear, cold, and dry and the snow was dry and powdery and hare tracks in the snow and the peasants took off their hats and called you Lord and there was good hunting. I had gone to no such place but to the smoke of cafés and nights when the room whirled and you needed to look at the wall to make it stop, nights in bed, drunk, when you knew that that was all there was, and the strange excitement of waking and not knowing who it was with you and the world all unreal in the dark and so exciting that you must resume again unknowing and not caring in the night, sure that this was all and all and all and not caring. Suddenly to care very much and to sleep to wake with it sometimes morning and all that had been there gone and everything sharp and hard and clear and sometimes a dispute about the cost. Sometimes still pleasant and fond and warm and breakfast and lunch. Sometimes all niceness gone and glad to get out on the street but always another day starting and then another night. I tried to tell about the night and the difference between the night and the day and how the night was better unless the day was very clean and cold and I could not tell it; as I cannot tell it now. But if you have had it you know. He had not had it but he understood that I had really wanted to go to the Abruzzi but had not gone and we were still friends, with many tastes alike, but with the difference between

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us. He had always known what I did not know and what, when I learned it, I was always able to forget. But I did not know that then although I learned it later. In the meantime we were all at the mess, the meal was finished, and the argument went on. We two stopped talking and the captain shouted, "Priest not happy. Priest not happy without girls."

"I am happy," said the priest.

"Priest not happy. Priest wants Austrians to win the war," the captain said. The others listened. The priest shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Priest wants us never to attack. Don't you want us never to attack?"

"No. If there is a war I suppose we must attack."

"Must attack. Shall attack!"

The priest nodded.

"Leave him alone," the major said. "He's all right."

"He can't do anything about it anyway," the captain said. We all got up and left the table.

## IV

The battery in the next garden woke me in the morning and I saw the sun coming through the window and got out of the bed. I went to the window and looked out. The gravel paths were moist and the grass was wet with dew. The battery fired twice and the air came each time like a blow and shook the window and made the front of my pajamas flap. I could not see the guns but they were evidently firing directly over us. It was a nuisance to have them there but it was a comfort that they were no bigger. As I looked out at the garden I heard a motor-truck starting on the road. I dressed, went down-stairs, had some coffee in the kitchen and went out to the garage.

Ten cars were lined up side by side under the long shed. They were top-heavy, blunt-nosed ambulances, painted gray and built like moving vans. The mechanics were working on one out in the yard. Three others were up in the mountains at dressing-stations.

"Do they ever shell that battery?" I asked one of the mechanics.

"No, Signor Tenente. It is protected by the little hill."

"How's everything?"

"Not so bad. This machine is no good but the others march." He stopped working and smiled. "Were you on permission?"

"Yes."

He wiped his hands on his jumper and grinned. "You have a good time?" The others all grinned too.

"Fine," I said. "What's the matter with this machine?"

"It's no good. One thing after another."

"What's the matter now?"

"New rings."

I left them working, the car looking disgraced and empty with the engine open and parts spread on the work-bench, and went in under the shed and looked at each of the cars. They were moderately clean, a few freshly washed, the others dusty. I looked at the tires carefully, looking for cuts or stone bruises. Everything seemed in good condition. It evidently made no difference whether I was there to look after things or not. I had imagined that the condition of the cars, whether or not things were obtainable, the smooth functioning of the business of removing wounded and sick from the dressing-stations, hauling them back from the mountains to the clearing station and

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then distributing them to the hospitals named on their papers, depended to a considerable extent on myself. Evidently it did not matter whether I was there or not.

"Has there been any trouble getting parts?" I asked the sergeant mechanic.

"No, Signor Tenente."

"Where is the gasoline-park now?"

"At the same place."

"Good," I said and went back to the house and drank another bowl of coffee at the mess table. The coffee was a pale gray and sweet with condensed milk. Outside the window it was a lovely spring morning. There was that beginning of a feeling of dryness in the nose that meant the day would be hot later on. That day I visited the posts in the mountains and was back in town late in the afternoon.

The whole thing seemed to run better while I was away. The offensive was going to start again I heard. The division for which we worked were to attack at a place up the river and the major told me that I would see about the posts for during the attack. The attack would cross the river up above the narrow gorge and spread up the hillside. The posts for the cars would have to be as near the river as they could get and keep covered. They would, of course, be selected by the infantry but we were supposed to work it out. It was one of those things that gave you a false feeling of soldiering.

I was very dusty and dirty and went up to my room to wash. Rinaldi was sitting on the bed with a copy of Hugo's English grammar. He was dressed, wore his black boots, and his hair shone.

"Splendid," he said when he saw me. "You will come with me to see Miss Barkley."

"No."

"Yes. You will please come and make me a good impression on her."

"All right. Wait till I get cleaned up."

"Wash up and come as you are."

I washed, brushed my hair and we started.

"Wait a minute," Rinaldi said. "Perhaps we should have a drink." He opened his trunk and took out a bottle.

"Not Strega," I said.

"No. Grappa."

"All right."

He poured two glasses and we touched them, first fingers extended. The grappa was very strong.

"Another?"

"All right," I said. We drank the second grappa, Rinaldi put away the bottle and we went down the stairs. It was hot walking through the town but the sun was starting to go down and it was very pleasant. The British hospital was a big villa built by Germans before the war. Miss Barkley was in the garden. Another nurse was with her. We saw their white uniforms through the trees and walked toward them. Rinaldi saluted. I saluted too but more moderately.

"How do you do?" Miss Barkley said. "You're not an Italian are you?"

"Oh, no."

Rinaldi was talking with the other nurse. They were laughing.

"What an odd thing—to be in the Italian army."

"It's not really the army. It's only the ambulance."

"It's very odd though. Why did you do it?"

"I don't know," I said. "There isn't always an explanation for everything."

"Oh, isn't there? I was brought up to think there was."

"That's awfully nice."

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"*Do* we have to go on and talk this way?"

"No," I said.

"That's a relief. Isn't it."

"What is the stick?" I asked. Miss Barkley was quite tall. She wore what seemed to me to be a nurse's uniform, was blonde and had a tawny skin and gray eyes. I thought she was very beautiful. She was carrying a thin rattan stick like a toy riding crop, bound in leather.

"It belonged to a boy who was killed last year."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"He was a very nice boy. He was going to marry me and he was killed in the Somme."

"It was a ghastly show."

"Were you there?"

"No."

"I've heard about it," she said. "There's not really any war of that sort down here. They sent me the little stick. His mother sent it to me. They returned it with his things."

"Had you been engaged long?"

"Eight years. We grew up together."

"And why didn't you marry?"

"I don't know," she said. "I was a fool not to. I could have given him that anyway. But I thought it would be bad for him."

"I see."

"Have you ever loved any one?"

"No," I said.

We sat down on a bench and I looked at her.

"You have beautiful hair," I said.

"Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"I was going to cut it all off when he died."

"No."

"I wanted to do something for him. You see I didn't care about the other thing and he could have had it all. He could have had anything he wanted if I would have known. I would have married him or anything. I know all about it now. But then he wanted to go to war and I didn't know."

I did not say anything.

"I didn't know about anything then. I thought it would be worse for him. I thought perhaps he couldn't stand it and then of course he was killed and that was the end of it."

"I don't know."

"Oh, yes," she said. "That's the end of it."

We looked at Rinaldi talking with the other nurse.

"What was her name?"

"Ferguson. Helen Ferguson. Your friend is a doctor, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's very good."

"That's splendid. You rarely find any one any good this close to the front. This is close to the front, isn't it?"

"Quite."

"It's a silly front," she said. "But it's very beautiful. Are they going to have an offensive?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll have to work. There's no work now."

"Have you done nursing long?"

"Since the end of fifteen. I started when he did. I remember having a silly idea he might come to the hospital where I was. With a sabre cut I suppose and a bandage around his head. Or shot through the shoulder. Something picturesque."

"This is the picturesque front," I said.

"Yes," she said. "People can't realize what France is like. If they did it couldn't all go on. He didn't have a sabre cut. They blew him all to bits."

I didn't say anything.

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"Do you suppose it will always go on?"

"No."

"What's to stop it?"

"It will crack somewhere."

"We'll crack. We'll crack in France. They can't go on doing things like the Somme and not crack."

"They won't crack here," I said.

"You think not?"

"No. They did very well last summer."

"They may crack," she said. "Anybody may crack."

"The Germans too."

"No," she said. "I think not."

We went over toward Rinaldi and Miss Ferguson.

"You love Italy?" Rinaldi asked Miss Ferguson in English.

"Quite well."

"No understand," Rinaldi shook his head.

"Bastante bene," I translated. He shook his head.

"That is not good. You love England?"

"Not too well. I'm Scotch, you see."

Rinaldi looked at me blankly.

"She's Scotch, so she loves Scotland better than England," I said in Italian.

"But Scotland is England."

I translated this for Miss Ferguson.

"Pas encore," said Miss Ferguson.

"Not really?"

"Never. We do not like the English."

"Not like the English? Not like Miss Barkley?"

"Oh, that's different. You mustn't take everything so literally."

After a while we said good night and left. Walking home Rinaldi said: "Miss Barkley prefers you to me. That is very clear. But the little Scotch one is very nice."

"Very," I said. I had not noticed her. "You like her?"

"No," said Rinaldi.

## V

The next afternoon I went to call on Miss Barkley again. She was not in the garden and I went to the side door of the villa where the ambulances drove up. Inside I saw the head nurse who said Miss Barkley was on duty—"there's a war on, you know."

I said I knew.

"You're the American in the Italian army?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you happen to do that? Why didn't you join up with us?"

"I don't know," I said. "Could I join now?"

"I'm afraid not now. Tell me. Why did you join up with the Italians?"

"I was in Italy," I said, "and I spoke Italian."

"Oh," she said. "I'm learning it. It's a beautiful language."

"Somebody said you should be able to learn it in two weeks."

"Oh, I'll not learn it in two weeks. I've studied it for months now. You may come and see her after seven o'clock if you wish. She'll be off then. But don't bring a lot of Italians."

"Not even for the beautiful language?"

"No. Nor for the beautiful uniforms."

"Good evening," I said.

"A rivederci, Tenente."

"A rivederla." I saluted and went out. It was impossible to salute foreigners as an Italian without embarrassment. The Italian salute never seemed made for export.

The day had been hot. I had been up

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the river to the bridge head at Plava. It was there that the offensive was to begin. It had been impossible to advance on the far side the year before because there was only one road leading down from the pass to the pontoon bridge and it was under machine-gun and shell fire for nearly a mile. It was not wide enough either to carry all the transport for an offensive and the Austrians could make a shambles out of it. But the Italians had crossed and spread out a little way on the far side to hold about a mile and a half on the Austrian side of the river. It was a nasty place and the Austrians should not have let them hold it. I suppose it was mutual tolerance because the Austrians still kept a bridge head further down the river. The Austrian trenches were above on the hillside only a few yards from the Italian lines. There had been a little town but it was all rubble. There was what was left of a railway-station and a smashed permanent bridge that could not be repaired and used because it was in plain sight.

I went along the narrow road down toward the river, left the car at the dressing-station under the hill, crossed the pontoon bridge, which was protected by a shoulder of the mountain, and went through the trenches in the smashed down town and along the edge of the slope. Every one was in the dugouts. There were racks of rockets standing to be touched off to call for help from the artillery or to signal with if the telephone wires were cut. It was quiet, hot and dirty. I looked across the wire at the Austrian lines. Nobody was in sight. I had a drink with a captain that I knew in one of the dugouts and went back across the bridge.

A new wide road was being finished that would go over the mountain and zig-zag down to the bridge. When this road was finished the offensive would start. It came down through the forest in sharp turns. The system was to bring everything down the new road and take the empty trucks, carts and loaded ambulances and all returning traffic up the old narrow road. The dressing-station was on the Austrian side of the river under the edge of the hill and stretcher bearers would bring the wounded back across the pontoon bridge. It would be the same when the offensive started. As far as I could make out the last mile or so of the new road where it started to level out would be able to be shelled steadily by the Austrians. It looked as though it might be a mess. But I found a place where the cars would be sheltered after they had passed that last bad looking bit and could wait for the wounded to be brought across the pontoon bridge. I would have liked to drive over the new road but it was not yet finished. It looked wide and well made with a good grade and the turns looked very impressive where you could see them through openings in the forest on the mountain side. The cars would be all right with their good metal to metal brakes and anyway, coming down, they would not be loaded. I drove back up the narrow road.

Two carabiniere held the car up. A shell had fallen and while we waited three others fell up the road. They were seventy-sevens and came with a whishing rush of air, a hard bright burst and flash and then gray smoke that blew across the road. The carabiniere waved us to go on. Passing where the shells had landed I avoided the small broken places and smelled the high explosive and the smell of blasted clay and stone and freshly shattered flint. I drove back to Gorizia and our villa and, as I said,

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went to call on Miss Barkley who was on duty.

At dinner I ate very quickly and left for the villa where the British had their hospital. It was really very large and beautiful and there were fine trees in the grounds. Miss Barkley was sitting on a bench in the garden. Miss Ferguson was with her. They seemed glad to see me and in a little while Miss Ferguson excused herself and went away.

"I'll leave you two," she said. "You get along very well without me."

"Don't go, Helen," Miss Barkley said.

"I'd really rather. I must write some letters."

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, Mr. Henry."

"Don't write anything that will bother the censor."

"Don't worry. I only write about what a beautiful place we live in and how brave the Italians are."

"That way you'll be decorated."

"That will be nice. Good night, Catherine."

"I'll see you in a little while," Miss Barkley said. Miss Ferguson walked away in the dark.

"She's nice," I said.

"Oh, yes, she's very nice. She's a nurse."

"Aren't you a nurse?"

"Oh, no. I'm something called a V.A.D. We work very hard but no one trusts us."

"Why not?"

"They don't trust us when there's nothing going on. When there is really work they trust us."

"What is the difference?"

"A nurse is like a doctor. It takes a long time to be. A V.A.D. is a short cut."

"I see."

"The Italians didn't want women so near the front. So we're all on very special behavior. We don't go out."

"I can come here though."

"Oh, yes. We're not cloistered."

"Let's drop the war."

"It's very hard. There's no place to drop it."

"Let's drop it anyway."

"All right."

We looked at each other in the dark. I thought she was very beautiful and I took her hand. She let me take it and I held it and put my arm around under her arm.

"No," she said. I kept my arm where it was.

"Why not?"

"No."

"Yes," I said. "Please." I leaned forward in the dark to kiss her and there was a sharp stinging flash. She had slapped my face hard. Her hand had hit my nose and eyes, and tears came in my eyes from the reflex.

"I'm so sorry," she said. I felt I had a certain advantage.

"You were quite right."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," she said. "I just couldn't stand the nurse's-evening-off aspect of it. I didn't mean to hurt you. I did hurt you, didn't I?"

She was looking at me in the dark. I was angry and yet certain, seeing it all ahead like the moves in a chess game.

"You did exactly right," I said. "I don't mind at all."

"Poor man."

"You see I've been leading a sort of a funny life. And I never even talk English. And then you are so very beautiful." I looked at her.

"You don't need to say a lot of nonsense. I said I was sorry. We do get along."

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# Intelligence Tests for Apes and Men

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT
Author of "How to Influence Men" and "Psychology and the Day's Work"

Do apes have a will? Do they choose between two or more possible acts that they may meet an emergency intelligently? These are important questions to-day when fundamentalists are threatening youth with a chain of universities in which science shall be tested by the poetical interpretations of three thousand years ago.

Intelligence tests have been given to chimpanzees and monkeys at various times, but usually the problems have been so planned that the animals taking the tests did not have a fair chance to show their ability. The customary method of finding what animals can do is to put them into an elaborately constructed maze, and then to watch them as they gradually learn to avoid the paths which at their ends are closed to traffic. The length of time required, and the elimination of errors in finding the straight and narrow path that leads to food and happiness, measure the acquisition of physical skill. This method has taught us much about the way in which animals muddle through a problem; but it has told us nothing about the peculiar kind of intelligence which has been thought distinctly human.

Man surveys a problem, and, if it is not beyond his ability, he may immediately begin with the right method and solve it. At any rate, he usually has a reason for what he does. When a man, however, is given a problem which he cannot survey from start to finish, he blunders through it much as do the lower animals.

Evidently, if we are to learn whether chimpanzees have the beginnings of the same sort of intelligence that man possesses, they must be given problems which can be viewed in their entirety, otherwise the solution is largely a matter of chance.

The readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may be surprised to learn that it is difficult to define intelligence; and, rather significantly, this difficulty has increased since the measurement of intelligence became so popular. One explanation lies in the assumption of leaders in mental testing that intelligence is a general endowment, effective with any kind of problems, and uninfluenced by environmental conditions or education.

Another reason for the difficulty in defining intelligence is that those who have vested interests in its measurement are loath to believe that it can be improved by use. "Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops and facilitates its use," is the way in which one prominent writer expresses the prevailing belief.

"Merely develops and facilitates its use"! What more could be asked? That is all development does to the muscles of the body. Matured muscles can do much more than those of young children, yet all that growth in a suitable environment does is to develop and facilitate the use of these muscles.

Intelligence should be defined in terms of what it can do, and nearly all definitions use this criterion, though



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some wrap the meaning in several thicknesses of obscurity as if they feared that the contents of the definition would be discovered.

A few writers, however, refuse to define intelligence in terms of what it can do. "We wish to know what intelligence *is*," says one author, "not what it *does*." Yes, we should like to know what intelligence is, just as we should like to know what electricity is, but unfortunately our knowledge of each is limited to what it does.

A rather commonly accepted definition of intelligence is that it is the capacity to learn, or to profit from experience; but, again, ability to profit from experience can be measured only by behavior in conditions that permit the use of what has been acquired in earlier, similar situations.

Evidently, then, tests of the lower animals should not put too exacting a demand upon their native endowment or education. The accomplishment, for example, must not require mechanical knowledge which, at their stage of development, is impossible. Apes have not studied physics, and consequently tests which require knowledge of the reason for raising a latch to open a door are not suited to the attainments of these animals. They cannot be expected to sit down and think out the problem.

Tests of the intelligence of apes which meet the required conditions have recently been given, and the results are so significant that they open an immense field for thought. To put it briefly, these tests show that at least some apes select the right tool from among several useless ones. This shows that chimpanzees discriminate between serviceable and useless means to accomplish a purpose. It indicates the beginnings of intelligence of the human order.

Let us assume, for instance, that a chimpanzee sees a choice bit of food outside of his cage and beyond his reach. Suppose, further, that four sticks of different lengths are lying on the floor of the cage. The ape picks up the shortest, takes it to the bars, observes the distance of the banana from the cage, looks at the length of the stick, throws it down, and then selecting the longest of the four, reaches through the bars and draws the banana within reach. This is essentially what some chimpanzees have done. Naturally, an ape cannot be questioned about his reasons for discarding the short stick and selecting a longer one; but in doing so he does what a man would do if he "saw" that the first stick would not reach the object.

If an animal meets a situation of this sort in the most satisfactory way—if he does what a man would do under similar circumstances—the question is: Does the animal see the essential factor in the problem? Did the chimpanzee of which we have been speaking, for example, see that the first stick which he picked up was too short, and that the longest would reach the banana? If he did, he reasoned, at least in a simple way; and the moment we have reasoning or thinking, we also have volition.

At times, again, chimpanzees make an implement suited to the task in hand. Of course, their means of manufacturing implements is limited, since their teeth are the only tools which they can use. But the important fact is that they see the need, and use the only means which they possess for altering an object to meet the situation. This indicates insight of the same kind that man has. If apes show this insight only in connection with very simple difficulties, we should not be surprised, because they have not developed far enough to

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enable them to profit, beyond a certain point, from experience and education. But let us now briefly sketch the more significant experiments to which we have referred.

Wolfgang Köhler had the rare good fortune, during the World War, to be marooned with nine chimpanzees. Misfortunes sometimes bring their blessings, and the companionship of two anthropoid geniuses compensated the investigator for deprivation of the daily news from the battle-front.

One thing was emphasized by these experiments which has never received the attention it deserves, and this is the fact that apes, like men, differ in ability. To be sure, no one has ever denied that some of these animals have more ability than others; but it has usually been assumed that the results of intelligence tests, given to a small group of apes, applied equally to all. Köhler, however, found two geniuses among the chimpanzees awaiting him at the Anthropoid Station in Teneriffe, and with them were others who were decidedly backward in their attainments. The "intelligence quotient" of some was so low that they could not pass any of the tests. Consequently, we now know, from Köhler's "Mentality of Apes," that there are geniuses and morons among apes as well as among men.

We have said that chimpanzees sometimes manufacture implements to meet the conditions confronting them. At one time when a tempting banana was lying outside the cage beyond the reach of any of the bamboo sticks within, the chimpanzee picked up two of different sizes, inserted the smaller in the larger, and with this lengthened stick obtained the fruit. Shortly after, when the experiment was repeated with different pieces of bamboo, the ape looked into the opening of the larger, and then threw both upon the ground without trying to combine them into one. Examination showed that a nodule in the hollow end of the larger tube would prevent the insertion of the smaller. What went on in the mind of the ape when he observed the obstruction and threw both sticks away, we do not know; but he behaved as a human being would who saw the obstruction but had no means of removing it.

The employment of boxes to reach the fruit was among the striking achievements of these chimpanzees. In time they learned to lift one box and place it upon another, then three were used when two were not high enough; and, at last, they built a structure of four boxes, marvellous alike for its ingenuity and danger. It is interesting to compare the achievements of these chimpanzees with the efforts of children between three and four years of age.

A boy three years and four months old, with whom Professor Yerkes experimented, was unable to use two boxes to reach an object suspended from the ceiling. The object was placed at such a height as to be easily accessible if the child had put one box upon the other and climbed up. Neither fear of falling nor the size and weight of the boxes caused the failure. Some thirteen attempts were made without the child once seeing the only solution of the difficulty.

More recent experiments, reported to the American Psychological Association but not yet published, indicate that bright children of three and a little older approach problems in the same way as do the apes and that they experience the same difficulties.

The behavior of the apes of which we have been speaking shows a high de-

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gree of intelligence. This no one will deny. But do their actions prove comprehension of the essential factors in the difficult situations which were managed so successfully?

The use of four boxes was clearly the employment of a definite and unusual means to accomplish a purpose. It suggests insight into the nature of the problem because the objects chosen and the structure built were wholly unrelated to the instincts and experience of the animals; and it shows decision to use these objects to attain the goal. But this is what we would call an act of will were we speaking of human beings.

What, then, shall we call such actions when we observe them in chimpanzees? Again we are forced to judge by the behavior of the animals. If success had followed a fairly long series of attempts in which errors were slowly eliminated, we could say that the feat was accomplished by the chance results of trial and error. But the selection and use of the boxes were too sudden for the trial and error explanation, and, as on other occasions, the apes went at the work in too methodical a manner. Their behavior was much like the actions of human beings in similar circumstances. The intelligence of these chimpanzees was now subjected to a still more exacting test.

A banana was hung from the ceiling of a room which opened into a corridor where a ladder stood invisible from the experimental room. All of the chimpanzees were allowed to play in the corridor around the ladder before the experiment was started. The purpose was to learn whether the apes would remember the ladder and use it to secure the fruit hanging in the adjoining room. When the first test had scored a failure, one of the brightest of the chimpanzees was led past the ladder and then again admitted with the others to the experimental room where a remarkable thing happened. After a period of "monkey play," in which each animal tried to get the fruit by using a companion as a platform from which to leap, one of the apes suddenly vanished, but in a moment he reappeared dragging the ladder, with which he got the fruit.

Of course, chance success is always a possibility in experiments with animals, and consequently this test was repeated the following day with the single difference that a box replaced the ladder. The purpose of this change was to guard against mere repetition of the feat of the previous day. After the preliminary useless efforts so characteristic of apes and monkeys, the chimpanzee that had used the ladder on the previous day suddenly stopped, stood rigid, then turned, ran to the corridor, seized the box, dragged it through the door to the experimental room, placed it under the banana, climbed upon it, and seized the fruit. Let us, again, repeat the question which we have asked before: Was this an act of will? And our answer must be the same as formerly. The behavior of the chimpanzee has all of the external appearances of volitional action. Let us see, by way of comparison, what a human being would do.

A boy is trying to solve a cross-word puzzle. He wants a word with a certain number of letters. He names several, one after the other. They do not satisfy the conditions. Suddenly, he exclaims: "I have it," and gives the right word. If a visitor from Mars could have observed this boy's behavior after watching these chimpanzees at some of their feats, the Martian would have found almost perfect correspondence. So far as objective behavior may be taken as proof, the ac-

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tions of the apes are as volitional as those of the boy.

Will is the control of one's actions to accomplish a purpose or to avoid undesirable results. It assumes knowledge of the end and the use of this knowledge to attain it.

So far as outward appearances are concerned, the chimpanzee who threw away the shorter of two sticks met these conditions. He did what a man would have done under similar circumstances, and we would not hesitate to call the man's acts volitional.

Getting a box or ladder which is hidden around the corner of a passageway in order to climb upon it to reach something hanging from above, is a great advance beyond any of the other acts of these chimpanzees, because it involves remembering the location of an object invisible at the moment, and its use. Nor need we wonder at the useless efforts in the early periods of these experiments, since, in strange situations, human beings are not free from failures.

A city man, for example, having seen a horse harnessed, and wishing, the following day, to assist the farmer, put the harness on with the breastplate behind. This is quite comparable to the actions of chimpanzees when confronted with unfamiliar situations. They do not know, at first, how to meet them. If they finally succeed, and chance is eliminated by the evident purposefulness of their actions, the accomplishment is much more significant than it would be for any human being, because chimpanzees do not have man's background of experience. We assume that a man of moderate intelligence must have had some experience with implements and objects if he is to utilize them in a perplexing situation. Why should we not give apes equal consideration? To put the question differently: "Why should we be surprised when they "muddle through" a given task, doing many useless and some foolish things, instead of going directly to the right solution?

If the serviceable object is out of sight, as were the box and ladder in the corridor, the memory achievement has all of the features of a human act. It is similar to the case of a man who remembers having seen something in the attic which is needed at the moment. If he gets the article and uses it for his purpose, we call the act volition and not chance. But we must be fair even with apes, and appreciation of the chief points in the difficulty seems to be the only acceptable explanation of the actions of some of these chimpanzees.

It looks as though the essential factors in a volitional act are memory and the ability to hold two or more ideas in mind simultaneously—to think of them in connection with the purpose to be accomplished, and to make some sort of comparison of their uses. The decision then comes of itself. The words "ideas" and "thoughts" should not be taken too literally. We are, of course, limited to the English language, and all that is meant by these words is that the chimpanzee acted as he would have acted if he had two or more ideas in mind at the same time and actually thought of them in connection with the desired end while making some sort of comparison of their value. But, after all, this is our only means of settling these questions regarding men. We decide what is going on in the mind of another by his behavior.

A better memory, together with increased ability to hold ideas in mind simultaneously, and a greater capacity to compare their values for a given pur-

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pose, seem, then, to constitute man's superiority over the anthropoid apes. To be sure, this difference is enormous; but it is one of degree and not of kind. It is quantitative rather than qualitative. And it is the sort of difference which we should expect between animals with a common ancestry, one branch of which has moved forward while the other has remained close to the ancestral stock.

Another fact impresses one who reads the description of Köhler's experiments. The chimpanzees often acted as if they had the glimmering of an idea but could not quite grasp and hold it. Sometimes they looked at an object as though they had a vague feeling that there was some connection between it and the difficulty which they were trying to meet. Of course, one can easily be deceived by these appearances, but at times the fixed attention of these apes was too frequent and too observant to be a matter of chance. During these moments they would approach the object, and when they reached it their glance would pass back and forth from it to the fruit. Occasionally, also, they picked up the implement and acted as though they would put it to the test. Then, perhaps, they would drop it and try another method to obtain their lunch. But not infrequently they kept returning, as though they could not quite rid themselves of the notion of the importance of the object for the problem which they were trying to solve.

Evidently ideas, or whatever sort of mental pictures he may have, lie loosely related in the chimpanzee's mind. In this respect he resembles young children who begin to construct something, then, wearied by the effort to keep consecutive, related ideas in mind, drop it for something else, or perhaps destroy what they have made. Some fairly definite knowledge of the uses of things is necessary if any animal, be he ape or man, is to employ them immediately in his constructive work; and apes naturally do not have this knowledge. In this connection it should be said that when once these chimpanzees had used an implement for a definite purpose, they were rarely uncertain how to proceed in later trials. The experimenter always planned to give them a new task, or, in cases of repetition, to allow so many days to intervene that the recall of the former procedure would itself be a notable feat of memory and application.

No one can compel ideas to come into the mind. The most that we can do is to give the associative bonds a chance to exert their influence; and acquired bonds which have not acted frequently enough to become fixed are loosely connected. This is particularly true in matters foreign to the earlier life of the animal. We must remember that chimpanzees are brought from their native haunts and tested with devices wholly different from anything with which they have had any previous experience. Bamboos, they are of course familiar with, but it is practically certain that they never have had occasion to obtain an object by increasing the length of one bamboo stick with the addition of another. They could always get their fruit by climbing or leaping, and if they failed to secure a particular banana, another was awaiting them near by.

The tests which these apes were asked to pass required a complete break with their ancestral history, and we should be less surprised to see the jungle habits recurring than to discover a few who make so high a score. Instinct provides a solution for most of the perplexities of animals in their primeval

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forest, but high in the evolutional scale the reflex and instinctive equipment seems inadequate for the emergencies which some animals succeed in overcoming. The question, therefore, forces itself upon us: Have anthropoid apes insight into problems which, though simple, are different from those for which their arboreal life has trained them? The experiments to which we have referred indicate that some chimpanzees have this insight.

Nature's incentives are always a little ahead of the intelligence of animals. She is always tempting them to advance, always offering a motive for improvement; but the great majority of animals are incapable of accepting her offer. The ancestors of the anthropoid apes and man, however, were equal to Nature's demands, and sent forth two species, one of which responded to the opportunities offered, while the other, entering the outer boundaries of reason and volition, was not quite able to meet the obligations.

The capacity to hold two possible actions in mind long enough to see the advantage of one over the other, which some apes seem to show, is a distinct advance beyond instinctive and reflex behavior. Delayed action, with alternative courses in mind, is a simple form of choice, and the evidence is convincing that some of these chimpanzees did one thing rather than another because it met their needs the better. The step is then not so very long to remembering that a serviceable object, now out of sight, will meet a present difficulty. And this, again, was accomplished by one chimpanzee on two occasions. But when human beings do this, we call it choice and will.

We have said that the essential factors in volition are memory and the ability to hold simultaneously two or more ideas in mind—to think of them in connection with the desired end, and to make some sort of comparison of their utility. One of the fundamental principles of science is to accept the simplest explanation that will satisfy the conditions, and a more elaborate statement of volition would be decorative rather than essential. But why should we try to make the will more complex than the facts require?

The chief difficulty, perhaps, in admitting the evolution of mind is the human feeling of superiority; but a bit of news in the daily press might cause one to question the justification of this feeling. A workman "had been ordered to saw off the end of a beam which projected from a window over the street. He went up, got out on the end of the beam, and carefully sawed it in two between himself and the window. The man and beam fell together to the pavement. Neither was hurt much. The beam was a little bruised on one corner, and the workman was unconscious from a couple of scalp wounds." If a chimpanzee had done anything so foolish, it would have been assumed that apes have no intelligence. The trouble with this man was that he was incapable of holding two ideas in mind simultaneously and of comparing their values.

Man has always been anxious to find some will-force peculiarly human within himself. But it is rather interesting, and not without significance, that those who believe in this will-force never boast of it except when they act against spontaneous desires. No one ever heard a man say that his will-power caused him to desert his office for the golf field; and no boy offers this excuse for neglecting his studies for a dance.

We distinguish between strong and

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weak wills by the kind of thoughts that grip a man; and this distinction is not without justification, since ideas have varying values. But in final analysis volition is always reduced to the ability to hold two or more thoughts in mind until their comparative values can assert themselves. The acceptance of the result is the final act of will.

Thus we find ourselves back again to our earlier description of the will—the ability to hold two or more ideas in mind simultaneously and to compare their working values. Men differ in this capacity as well as in the hold which ideas take upon them, and children are conspicuously weak in reasonable volitional decisions. They lack the advantage of development and knowledge.

The difference between the abler chimpanzees and man, so far as incentives to action are concerned, is the variation in development and the immensely larger number of motives which knowledge adds to human volition. It may be doubted, however, whether the gap between chimpanzees and primitive man is wider than that between primitive and civilized men. The deficiency in the more intelligent apes is the looseness of the bonds which connect ideas and memories. They more readily see the solution of a difficulty if the object to be secured and the means of getting it are visible in one comprehensive glance. They do not quickly see that four boxes far apart may be brought together and combined. Still less easily do they recall an invisible object and realize its utility in a troublesome situation. Yet these mental feats were accomplished by the chimpanzees of which we have been speaking, and the accomplishment suggests an understanding of the difficulty. It indicates, at least, that some chimpanzees have passed to the human side of the boundary of intelligence and volition.

# Walls

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

I love a wall that runs beside a road
Curving to hold a garden in its arms,
With flattened fruit-trees and their juicy load
Ripening against the bricks the slow sun warms.
I love a wall that crumbles at the edge
Where moss and ivy mend the loosened stones,
And little vines creep up a toppling ledge,
Like sturdy sinews over aging bones.
But best of all I love the vagrant wall
That breaks into a hedge and runs away
Along the borders of a grassy field,
As if it heard the windy uplands call.
When all the world is flowering with may
How hard a wall must find it not to yield!

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# Letters of a Ranch Woman

BY MARGHARITE FISHER McLEAN

You see, dear Mrs. Gardner, I am keeping my promise to write you. There is so much to do on the ranch, and John will let me do so little, that I can just sit and convalesce and drink Montana sunshine. But it still seems amazing that you, coming from an environment I can only dream of, should have called *me,* as plain as our brown old hills, *interesting.*

As I sit on our tiny bit of a porch, I don't have to shut my eyes to smell sage-brush the way I was doing that morning I met you. I was terribly homesick, even though I was leaving the next day, and I shut my eyes until I was no longer in Rochester. I was home again and smelling the sage-brush, sage-brush warmed by the sun, the spiciness of it. I know I'll be homesick in heaven unless I can smell it there. You thought I was fainting and asked me if you could get me a glass of water. But I was ashamed to tell you what I'd been doing; it sounded so silly, because even I know that sage-brush is a weed that is good for neither man, bird, nor beast.

And I felt guilty—I don't now—when you, still concerned, lingered to talk to me. Only our conversation wasn't at all that of two women who had survived operations. And I guess I did all the talking; but I never realized how I loved every inch of this wind-swept, barren old country that so grudgingly gives us a living until I told you about it.

Anyway, one's porch out here in the sticks is liable to be more of an adventure than yours in Minneapolis. This morning I heard a rattle, and the cause of it slipped out from under the steps. It was a big rattler.

I called John, who was digging potatoes for lunch. He came running. He threw a dehorning instrument on the snake, pinning it down. Its head lashed back and forth, its forked, shining black thread of a tongue darted in and out, and its hideous wee slanting eyes were tiny hell-pots of hate. No doubt the spot whereon it died is cursed. John dug up the ground there, saying that there might be poison on it that the chickens would pick up.

Supper is over. We have dinner at noon instead of at seven, as in the novel you sent me. John, Slim, the hired man, and myself sit down to oilcloth. John scans the sky for rain. Our spring wheat needs it.

This spring we had plenty of rain, so much that John's Scotch features relaxed into a smile and every one talked about the wheat being made. But something we dry-land farmers never seem to find out is that wheat isn't made until you have it threshed and drawn into an elevator—and then, like as not, the price will go down.

In fact, water in any form, water that no doubt you take for granted like the air you breathe, is here as much of a problem as making money. For one thing, in our country you can sink a well, and ten to one it'll be unfit for man or beast to drink from.

Last year it was so dry that John took



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the stock down to a veritable mud-hole. The water was vile, but our cistern was so low that I wore overalls to save washing, and John finally had to take the sheep for several weeks up to Little Crooked. The creek there hadn't entirely dried up.

We even had a meeting at the church to pray for rain. Almost everybody went but Mrs. Tifferts, who said that the Lord could hear a prayer one place just as good as another, and her corn needed cultivating; so she guessed she'd pray on the cultivator.

Personally, it struck me that with parts of Montana real strips of fertility, it wasn't reasonable for people to settle down on one that was a semidesert and then expect the Lord to send rain. But John, with generations of Scotch Presbyterians in back of him, never dreamed of not going. He shaved and put on his best suit. It's very shiny, but he paid a hundred dollars for it fifteen years ago.

In fact, it's the suit he wore at our wedding. I remember I wanted so to tell him to wear his rough, every-day clothes. His best suit then, as now, didn't seem to belong to his rugged body any more than white kid gloves would to my hands.

I don't believe my first doll ever delighted me more than your letter. Yes, we've had rain, one of our always crop-saving rains, and our cool evenings are ideal growing weather for wheat. John may yet be able to make up the cost of my operation. Besides, our wheat farm is getting to be a Jack of all trades. We have sheep and milk cows, and I'm raising chickens and turkeys.

We've flung down a challenge to this land that has crushed and broken and driven out so many. You can best see the relentless sweep of it from Island Hill, a long, ridgelike hill.

I call it that because it rises from the flat country around it. On one end are rocks of the oddest shapes; several are like enormous mushrooms. Puck could perch on one, his feet tucked under him tailor-fashion, while field-mice dance heel and toe at the base. Sparsely, all over the hill are pine-trees, some scrubby and wind-blown; but there is one old fellow so tall and gaunt and enduring with his top crashed off by lightning.

Here in spring the slopes are covered with silvery lavender crocuses, long-stemmed, growing like clusters of little tulips. And there is a flaming cactus flower as well as numerous little wild flowers.

But, of course, best of all, from Island Hill you can sit and gaze out for thirty-five miles to the Little Rockies which are on the other side of the Missouri, jagged-topped mountains looking very small and hung with a soft haze. Sometimes on a clear summer day they are as though cut out of lovely blue tissue-paper and pasted against crystal.

Island Hill! Sometimes I meet there a young girl. She's seventeen and rather pretty in a brown-skinned, clear-eyed way. A young girl with a long riding-skirt and unbobbed black hair. The young man with her is a tall, easy-moving young man with a mocking but somehow tender mouth and haunted eyes—a haunted heart, too, only the girl doesn't know that.

But, of course, both that girl and the young men are ghosts, ghosts of fifteen years ago.

It is strange; before I went to Rochester I used to wish I could get away for

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a while from the tyranny of the ranch. I longed for sheer idleness and leisure to read and think. Then when I got that chance, when for weeks all I did was to eat, sleep, and read and think, how I longed for the old ranch. I just knew that John would go off with his sheep and forget my chickens and turkeys. I suppose I'm like the mill-horse that still goes around in a circle when released from his labor.

But I can't send you a picture of our house except a verbal one. John is Scotch, only his economy runs to having the best he can afford and sometimes more than that. Our ranch-house is two stories. A woman came to see us once from Ray, that dried-up little town of some eighty inhabitants, and said, oh, so patronizingly:

"What a nice house—and so far from Ray, too."

There are two bedrooms on the second floor, regular little attic bedrooms with sloping ceilings. One is John's and mine, and the other is mine. When I'm in there, John always knocks instead of just opening the door.

In that room I have my bookcase and a dressing-table that I made out of a packing-box, and down in one corner is the little red chest of my grandmother's—a plain little old red chest with most of the red rubbed off. She took it with her down the Great Lakes when she and her family moved from New York.

It's in our blood to move West. I came out here when I was seventeen and taught school. Adventurous? Oh, no, my mother went to Kansas in a covered wagon and taught school in a dirt-floored and roofed schoolhouse, and during recess played "Skip to my Loo" with the pupils. The last time she talked about it, dear, unselfish little mother of mine, she told me about dawn on the prairies of Kansas as seen, heard, and felt from a covered wagon, and the smell of the little fragrant prairie-flower, the sensitive rose, called that because when you touched it the leaves curled up.

"I can smell it now," she said.

So her daughter followed in her footsteps; left Oklahoma and a back yard full of peach-trees to teach in a Montana log schoolhouse. Every one but that same little mother thought I was crazy to do so. But I got the idea after listening to a neighbor who had taken up a homestead there. As soon as she proved up her land, she had sold it for a nice sum, receiving full payment for it from the new owner's first crop. I applied for the school on Buckskin Flats and got it. I intended to look over the best land and take up some.

That answers your question of how I happened to be here. I taught that school two years and lived on my homestead. The boys from the X Bar ranch used to keep me supplied with kindling; but John, of course, was the most faithful. It didn't matter to him that I rode more than I did with any one else with a young man who had drifted from goodness knows where. John just stood by, and when I needed him he was there.

My dear Mrs. Gardner, I don't at all resent what you call your curiosity; nor would I if it were the only reason you answer my letters. That young man you wanted to know about, I'll call him Kelly, because whether that was his real name it was the one he went by.

He is now only a memory, one I laid away with my girlhood and first glowing dreams. I can talk to you about him, I'd like to. Here, he is forgotten by

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everybody but a few—Snowball, who now owns what is left of the old X Bar, and Swend Nelson and John and me. But these men do not mention him. For all their ruggedness, there is about them a certain fine delicacy.

But once before I left for Rochester, I talked to John about if I didn't get well. I had to. I wanted to be buried, not in the little neglected, broken-fenced plot at Ray, but out in my brooding north country, on Island Hill, under a great, towering old pine where the wind in it sounds like a far-off sea, where sunsets turn the badlands to a glory of light and color, from rose to lavender, and the Little Rockies are hung with mists of sapphire and rose, and then all turns slowly to blackness.

Below that spot is a coulee. Old McLaughlin aimed to put a dam in it some spring so he could irrigate his land. Oh, his dreams of being a wheat king, of a never-failing water-supply, and of sure crops!

In the spring, water rushes through this place in a muddy torrent that has carved deep cutbanks through the clay and gumbo. But summers and winters, in its hollows, coyotes bring up their young and send their weird, thin cries to a starlit heaven.

That day, just before we left for Ray, when the pain was a furious, tearing thing like the fox that gnawed at the little Spartan boy's vitals, I told John my wish. Of course we were both sure that the operation would be successful. But, after all, I was going to Rochester alone. We both just couldn't afford to go.

I was looking at Island Hill from the windows of my room, a bleak enough hill, I suppose, the color of clay with a few tattered old pines and patches of snow. But John was so quiet that all of a sudden I saw him instead, the blazing pain in his eyes. Then I could hardly believe I had seen that expression because the next moment he was saying:

"All right, old lady"—I used to object to that term, but now I'd miss it. John drawls it out and usually passes a tousling hand over my head as he says it—"I ain't thinking but what you'll be coming right straight back to me, but if it'll make you any easier in your mind, I'll promise."

It wasn't until lately that it's occurred to me that perhaps John, my John with the pain in his eyes, was remembering that Kelly and that girl of long ago used to call Island Hill "our hill." And I don't know how to explain to him that Island Hill, beyond all memories, means to me the north country, my barren, cruel, beautiful northland.

This illness and convalescence for the first time in years has given me time to think in unbroken stretches. I am like Mrs. Josie Seevers, who says that the only time she has when she can just be idle and think is when she has a baby and has to be quiet for a few days.

And this idleness of mine is why, no doubt, the past has been returning. This week Slim does the chores, and John is gone all day with the sheep. He takes his lunch with him, and after the breakfast dishes are done and the chickens and turkeys fed and a pie baked for dinner, I can sit on my bit of a porch and see, oh, so plainly, riding past that girl I've told you about. She's on her pinto pony and, beside her, on his horse is the lean, dark young man.

He is saying: "Ann, this is a dog-gone lonesome country, the nearest thing to death—and oblivion."

And the girl, brought up on a family

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Bible and prayers, said rather timidly: "Don't you believe in any hereafter, Kelly?"

Kelly's tender, mocking mouth was grim. "No," he said harshly; then as the peace of a sunset seemed to soak into him: "Yet, I wonder—but I'd rather think there wasn't one."

Aware of the girl's troubled eyes, he added: "This life is quite enough for some of us. You haven't read any of Hardy, have you? Well, don't. He's damnably right; the dice *are* loaded, but you're ten times happier if you don't find it out."

A silent ride after that, Kelly abstracted, bitter-looking, and a girl's hand clasped tight on her reins lest she stretch it out to him. Yet all she knew about that young man was that he said his name was Kelly and that he worked at the X Bar ranch. But he opened for her the gates of a new world, a world of great books and music and poetry.

I can see her now sitting on Island Hill hugging her knees and listening to the story of Tristram and Isolde and there are tears in her eyes. And on the hill, he taught her to listen to the wind in the pines until it was a great symphony orchestra with its first slow movement rushing into a sweeping crescendo of violins. He had named a grouping of pines as first, second, and third violins, and the one towering old pine that had its branches intact then was their 'cello.

Once when a saffron-colored moon turned the north country into a silvery, shadowed land of mystery, the shivering high wail of a little coyote down in the coulee had been the ghost of a bright dream. "We all have them," said Kelly.

And still this afternoon, as I sit on our little porch, John's and mine, looking over the sun-baked plains and our fields of ripening grain, the lovely rich golden color of ripe wheat, and there is no color in the world so lovely, the ghosts ride past. I can hear their horses above the scratch of my pen.

It is Saturday and they are riding over to the post-office at Little Crooked, run by Bill Evans and his wife. On such occasions Kelly always went with her, although he never wrote a letter or received one. He was never asked why. Even fifteen years ago enough of the Old West still lingered here so that men weren't asked personal questions. It was decidedly bad form to do so.

The girl learned that at the first dance given at her schoolhouse. Innocently she asked Shorty, one of the boys from the X Bar, where he came from. Shorty danced round and round with her. Finally, with a far-away look in his eye, he answered politely:

"Texas or Nevada. It don't matter which, does it?"

So she had known better than to ask Kelly that question, and so did every one else. It was at that same dance that she had seen him leaning against the doorway and watching the dancers with a smile as though he enjoyed seeing other people have fun.

"Who's that?" the girl had asked.

"Oh, that's Kelly," Shorty answered with a grin; "and you ain't the first one that's asked me."

After that the other boys kept on coming to see her, principally because there wasn't any one else within easy riding distance. But it was understood that when Kelly came, she went riding with him. However, it'd been sheer hypocrisy for the girl not to realize that the evenings she stayed for dinner at the Evanses' a great many of the boys

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from the X Bar seemed to ride over for their mail. Well, girls were scarce then, and the teacher at Little Crooked was gray-haired.

But this one particular Saturday evening was different from all the others, although apparently it was just like them. Every one, as usual, sat around the store, and the Evanses brought in their chairs from their cramped little living quarters. A young Scotchman was putting records on the phonograph, just one after another as they came, until there was a song sung by a woman, and every one stopped talking.

The voice was like sunlight on water, as clear, as brilliant, a *flashing* voice, but somehow you wished it were warmer. It went up and up; but just then Kelly walked over to the phonograph and turned it off.

"Oh, why did you do that?" the girl protested; "it was lovely."

"Just to see who sang it," Kelly answered. But the next instant there was a crash. Clumsily enough he had dropped that record until it smashed into a dozen pieces. He apologized to Mrs. Evans; he even got a broom and swept up the pieces, throwing them in the stove. He'd send and get some other records, he told her.

"Don't fuss about that," laughed Mrs. Evans; "I never did take to that high-falutin' music. I like them with tunes."

The girl thought that no one had noticed what she had—that Kelly, without looking at that record, had dropped it deliberately—until she met the steady blue eyes of the young Scotchman, and saw in them a swift look of compassion. That was the night the girl learned that Kelly's heart was haunted. From then on, too, the man with the steady blue eyes began standing by.

But ghosts of yesterday fade before the demands of to-day. Slim, singing at the top of his voice, is returning with the cattle, and John will soon be driving the sheep into the corral on the hillside. But I gaze up from this letter to you and feel like a female Rip Van Winkle who, after a fifteen years' absence, suddenly returns to her world to gaze upon it with amazement.

Just one of the reasons I'm glad you wrote me so soon is because I, in turn, can write you immediately. After you've let ghosts walk, you can't put them back so easily into their rightful oblivion. Maybe in this letter I can lay them to rest.

For days now I've been seeing that girl in her schoolhouse. She's had the queerest sense of depression, until one afternoon she listened to the little Miller boy's piping assertion that three times three was eight and agreed with him. Then she let out her school, although it was an hour early, and rode over to the camp at Little Crooked where the X Bar was having its spring round-up.

The north country had a faint tide of green stealing over its brown old hills. There were wild flowers everywhere, and at intervals meadow-larks sent up their song, that seemed to rise and bloom liquidly for a moment in the rain-washed air.

Yet the girl felt a shadowing sense of disaster. She'd had it ever since she'd heard that Kelly had broken the roan —as mean a horse as he'd ever seen, Snowball had said. And he had added something that had been a knife in the girl's heart.

It struck him, he said, that Kelly's

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nerve wasn't so much bravery as plain lack of interest in what happened to him.

When the roan had been brought in from the range, Kelly had ridden it and had won much respect as a rider. Although he had soon caught the trick of sitting his horse slouched in the easy way of the Western rider, he had had to live down the fact that he had first posted a trot. There had been much derision at the X Bar when he had risen rhythmically in his saddle.

"Some day," Snowball had remarked, "he's coming down and he won't find that saddle."

But after Kelly had been at the X Bar a while, and the boys found he wasn't too refined and could take advice, he was accepted as one of them.

Snowball had described to the girl the time that Kelly won his spurs as a rider. "Personally," he had concluded, "I stay away from that horse. 'Tisn't often you get hold of a man-killer, but he's one. He bites and kicks, and the way he can use his front feet is artistic. I aim to persuade Kelly to keep off that horse—but he *is* built pretty and can't he move!"

The girl was thinking of Snowball's description as she rode over the north country and into camp. The boys there insisted that she have dinner with them. Kelly, they told her, had ridden out after some strays. But it wasn't until it began to grow late that she asked them if he was riding the roan.

"Yes," Snowball admitted; "he saddled that darn horse when the rest of us were too busy to notice."

The boys all tried to act cheerful, but it was plain that not one of them felt that way. The young Scotchman drew Snowball aside to exchange a few low words. Then he rode off, while the little star of hope that the girl had been cherishing fell out of her sky.

The moonlight that night was as light as day, and the young Scotchman first saw the roan standing back in a coulee with something—he couldn't make out what—beside him. When he came closer, he saw that the object hanging to one side was Kelly. His foot had caught in the stirrup and the roan had bucked and kicked to be free of him until—well, the young Scotchman shot that horse for, he said, sheer cold-blooded murder.

Kelly was buried in Ray. The boys didn't know his name except Kelly, and apparently he didn't belong to any one except the X Bar ranch. So Snowball had engraved on his tombstone the X Bar brand, and the inscription read:

"KELLY

Killed on the round-up near Little Crooked, Montana

IN THE EXECUTION OF DUTY

April 12, 1913."

And the last lines were Snowball's eulogy:

"Strong, handsome, brave, kind and sincere,
He was loved and honored by all."

The girl was desolate. It was the first time that tragedy had touched her healthy, fun-loving being. But a heart that has never been broken has a glaze that keeps the deepest tides of life from warming it.

Of course young hearts mend rapidly. But that girl's heart wouldn't have mended so completely but for the man who stood by, who after fifteen years is still to her one of the princes of the earth, a prince in overalls and clumsy boots and one often in need of a shave, but a prince for all that.

Wealth will never come to us or any

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great leisure. Perhaps that girl of years ago would have turned cold at the thought of life on this homestead. Maybe she had pictured herself as some day entering with a mysterious young man the ancestral halls he once had forsaken. They did in novels.

She didn't realize what a tinsel dream that had been until she found among his belongings, put away very carefully—Snowball had insisted that she alone search for the address of some one to notify, but there hadn't been any—a red feather fan. Looking at it, the girl seemed to hear again the voice of a phonograph record that Kelly had broken, that thrillingly brilliant, somehow cold voice.

She knew then that Kelly's heart had been haunted by a very different type of woman from that of a country school-teacher, that his life had only touched hers to enrich it—imaginatively.

# A Bird's Nest

BY ALICE WADE MULHERN

MICHAELA was a sort of maid in waiting to Mother Superior. She lived at the convent, for she had no other home. Years before she had come as a girl from Canada to become a lay nun; but there were so many errands to be done in the village, and Michaela was so willing to go back and forth from the convent, that soon that became her vocation in life.

The nuns were cloistered; not wholly so, because theirs was a teaching order, but so much so that they never left the convent grounds except when being transferred to another house of the order. A thing which rarely happened, as a matter of fact, for there were but few offshoots of the mother house in this country.

So, it was Michaela who kept the convent somewhat familiar with what happened in the town. To the greater part of the nuns, no doubt, she was a sort of meddlesome superservant; but to us children she was that dreaded thing, an emissary from Mother Superior. And she made the most of her position.

She spied upon us at games. She reported us when we threw over our left shoulder the salt we had spilt at table. She pinched us, too, sometimes, and stuck her tongue out at us when we did not smuggle out to her bits of the fruit or cookies we had had for dessert. She called us names, whispered under her breath as she passed us, when we failed her in her toll from us of two cents from the ten we were allowed each week. Out of revenge, she hid our sewing-aprons, and once in a while she messed up our schoolroom desks or broke our pencil-points. Yet no one, in so far as I know—and I was at St. Genevieve's eight years—no one ever told such things on her. It was fear of

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what her reprisal might be which kept us silent. It was not schoolgirl loyalty, for we hated her, and many times we offered up holy mass that God would send her away from the convent back to the Canada she had come from and which she was always praising.

My head used to ache for a long time after Michaela had pulled my hair each morning when the rising-bell had failed to waken me. "Benedicamus" (a yank and a pull), "Dominum" (another tug). This time it was one that made me sick at my stomach as mechanically I answered: "Deo gratias." Still mechanically, my head breaking with a dull pain that hammered and stung, and shivering with the chill that half past five sends shooting through a body not quite warm all night, I dropped to my knees for my morning prayer, and then rushed through my dressing with such speed that I was almost warm as I ran out to join the blue-veiled rows that filed down through the dark corridors to the chapel.

Always was I at the tail end of the line, my blue veil crookedly on the very edge of my forehead, the hairpin which was its fastener painfully twisted on a head still aching from Michaela's morning pull.

Mass was at six; but ten minutes of morning prayers with the community of the nuns preceded it. To me—I was seven when I entered St. Genevieve's—this morning service through the autumn, the winter, and the spring was a blur. I was so tired that until after breakfast I moved but as an automaton—as a thing with a head that throbbed and thundered, that pounded and beat as though it were the place where echoes come from. All was a blur: the gas-jets lighted because it was not yet dawn; the two tall candles on the altar, which by their flame showed that everything was in readiness for low mass; the voices of the forty girls and the sixty nuns chanting the acts and the litanies; the cold dankness, faint with incense, of the chapel; the long blessed wait for Father Waldemar, who was sometimes late.

How we loved that wait; for then we sat back on the benches and a kind of open-eyed sleep fell upon us. It was so still in the chapel, even the cold was forgotten as the soothing calm of the prayerful place stole over us. Small bodies relaxed from the nervous haste of the morning's startled waking and frantic dressing. No longer taut with cold, rigid with holding together the small parts which made them, our bodies slept, unmindful of gnawing stomachs—stomachs faint for a warm drink of anything, of anything at all that should send blessed heat pounding through the icy veins.

We had no food until seven o'clock; for after mass we marched into study hall, where Sister Beatrice, our mistress, read us the life of the saint whose day it was. For myself, the virgins and confessors, the hermits and bishops made exceedingly dull entertainment; but when it was a martyr's day, I forgot everything—sleep and aching head and breakfast—especially if his tortures for the faith were minutely described.

Boiled in oil, veins opened in the bath, stabbed by sharp knives, crucified upside down, honored in death because of being a Roman citizen by being put to the sword, shot at with arrows that avoided the vital spots, stoned to death, clubbed to death, suffocated, burned at the stake, stretched on the rack, put to the wheel, eyes gouged out, tongue pulled out by the roots—such episodes were familiar to me at seven, and much

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more real than anything else in the world. During recreation one of our favorite guessing-games touched upon the form of death we should choose should we go to the East to save the lives of girl babies whose parents threw them into the Yellow River. All of us really believed that all missionary nuns who did not die of leprosy died of horrible injuries at the hands of God's enemies.

Time had no factor in the martyrology—Saint Stephen might even at the moment of the reading be dying under pelted rocks; poor little Saint Simon, innocent infant, might have fallen into the hands of the Jews only yesterday. In Tonkin, Chinese children, at the very moment perhaps as we were having our oatmeal, were having their ears lopped off for assisting at holy mass—the self-same sacrifice through which we had drowsed and fretted.

Such an introspection meant that voluntarily we did penance for a profane distraction. Perhaps we chose to abstain from sugar for a week, or with fingers on our lips we warned all comers that we were on "silence." Still another form of amendment was to promise our blessed Lord to do everything Michaela asked us to, for a day, or for a week, dependent upon our gauge of the sin's enormity.

And Michaela, unwholesome spirit of ill, seemed uncannily aware of such vows. The fiercer our struggle for perfection, the more intense was her persecution. A turning toward her of the unslapped cheek made for no let-up to her deviltries; for, the less our resistance, the greater to her seemed her power. From her point of view, a gift was never a generous offering; it was a bribe. And when a child gave her a present, she grabbed it without a word of thanks; but her fat cheeks puffed out as if they would burst, and such darting green lights shot forth from her eyes as made us believe the rumor that behind her eyelids were adders' tongues.

Once when I was repenting for an imagined shortcoming by being Michaela's slave for the week, she came upon me reading from "The Little Flowers," Sister Beatrice's cherished treasure-house of tales about Brother Juniper, and the Wolf of Gubbio, and how Saint Francis sought humility. I was kneeling before the grotto of our Lady, sharing with her the trials of the Brothers Minor. Without a thought for the holy place, with never a glance of veneration to the Virgin, Michaela crept up behind me, snatched from my hands the sacred blue-covered book which Sister Beatrice had offered me after study hall, tore from it three pages, hurled the despoiled thing into the grotto, and ran off to make spitballs. She blew them at me for the rest of the week of my martyrdom to her whims. And I kept my temper; but I began from that episode to loathe Michaela with a slow, brave, and constructive hatred. I watched her, too, with eyes upraised to her face, with a scrutiny especially keen when she sneaked quietly out to pay a visit to our pets.

From that moment, though, I was burdened with the sin of blood-guilt. I knew that one day I should kill Michaela. This certainty of her murder made of my life an agony, until before the altar I confessed to Christ Jesus the crime I had it in my mind and heart to do. He had promised that if one asked God the Father anything in His name, that thing would be granted. So I prayed Heaven for a boon—not that

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God would forgive me when I killed Michaela, but that I should kill her for a cause which He could understand.

But Michaela knew I watched her, and she grew afraid. She called out my "Benedicamus Dominum" quite softly, and she dared not touch my hair. She stayed more and more among the other servants, and, her nightmare presence gone, the children almost forgot their pinched arms and ink-splashed pinafores.

I had told no one of my intention to kill Michaela; but I seemed physically and mentally to have undergone a great change for the better. Almost overnight I shot up so tall that Sister Angel had to let down all my frocks. I stayed at the head of my class with a monotony which would have been intolerable had I noticed it. I became so religious, so absorbed in prayer, that Sister Beatrice in alarm for my health made me monitor of the pets.

Now, more than ever, I watched Michaela—not so intensely, however, not quite so fanatically. A great deal of the romance of my trust had now come upon me and, imaginatively, I was a young page of Saint Francis's. Here was I, his guard over all small things—these were really his pet hen, not ours; his pair of rabbits, not ours; his bowl of goldfish, lent to us to keep us company; Major was his Airedale, Blossom was his Collie, Ginger was his cat. I took care of them for him in the daytime; but he it was who protected them at night when the convent slept.

One morning I found Babette, our hen, dead in her green-and-white coop. There was no blood about, nor were her feathers scattered. Yet, there she was, cold, a black, unfluttering heap. I gathered her close and strode into Superior's office. I knew that Michaela had killed Babette—why else had she died? "Here," said I, thrusting the small black bird into Superior's face as she sat behind her desk, "here is what Michaela has done. She has killed Babette, and so I shall kill her."

"You are very rude, my child, and quite unjust," replied Superior, rising from her chair. "We shall send for Sister Beatrice and Michaela; but, in the meantime, you, for your impoliteness and your threat, shall be on silence for a week."

When Michaela, weeping, and shrieking that I hated her, denied that she had killed Babette, Superior asked me to beg Michaela's pardon and to pray our dear Lord for self-control. The dead form of my sweet Babette inspired me to unheard-of courage. "I do not believe Michaela," so said my voice; "she is lying, Superior, and I shall kill her."

"Sister Beatrice"—Superior's voice was so low one scarcely heard it—"you will place this child on two weeks' silence, and since association with gentle animals has made her rough of speech and coarse of thought, you will see that hereafter Sister Léocaddie assumes charge of the children's pets."

Once out of Superior's office, Sister Beatrice led the way up to the infirmary; and there, in the stillness of that far-away place, she took the little black hen and me upon her lap, and since I could not speak, she planned Babette's funeral. She reminded me, too, of Sister Léocaddie's gentle heart, and she knew that she would offer us carnations for the grave.

Two important things happened during my two weeks of silence: Sister Beatrice read to us the stories of the Round Table, and one morning on our way to chapel she showed us four rob-

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in's eggs in a beautiful nest on the topmost crotch of the tallest cherry-tree.

So great was our joy that for days a dream seemed to have fallen upon the convent. Our voices were softer, our eyes laughed at each other's in a kind of secret fellowship; we walked on tiptoe past the cherry-tree, both indoors and out, lest we disturb the mother robin who so patiently sat brooding upon her eggs. We were all awake before the rising-bell so as not to be late when Sister Beatrice gave each of us our daily peek at the nest. One peek a day on the way to chapel; one only was the rule we had agreed upon—only one lest we frighten the mother bird. No matter where we heard a robin's song, it was our father robin cheering his mate.

I could not feed the pets, it is true, but Sister Léocaddie was very kind. She waited for me every morning and fed them when I came from breakfast. As for Michaela, she kept farther away than ever from the pet yard; for Sister Léocaddie would not have her "near anything that lives," she once confided to me.

As for my pledge to avenge Babette, there yet was time. One day, as I had told Superior, I should kill Michaela. I knew this. Michaela knew it, too, and I think Sister Beatrice saw the picture in my eyes. Yet, never, for one moment, did I plan the manner of her death. The how and the when were undetermined, but the act was as good as done.

A heavy piece of lead pipe was in my hands when I first saw Michaela under the cherry-tree, poking at something with a long clothes-prop. I had picked up the pipe near the cow-pump, where it had been left, no doubt, by a workman who had intended it for some job of repairs. As my mind grasped the fact of what Michaela was about to do, the pipe became my avenging sword.

Yet, for one second, the anguish of her deed quite overcame me. The tiny birds had just hatched out. How could they save themselves when Michaela tipped the nest? God and Saint Francis! Even as I shrieked, my grasp on the lead pipe tightened, and I was over the ground with lightning speed; but I was too late to save the fledglings. A tiny body brushed my face as I beat with all my strength upon the still-upraised arm of my enemy.

Again and again, for hours upon hours, it seemed I struck her. This for Babette; this for the killed birds; this for the terrorized father and mother birds; this for God; this for Saint Francis; this— But then Sister Beatrice carried me away. "Baby, baby," she said, "what have you done?"

The other children buried the small robins; but for days the parent birds mournfully called and called. No other robin ever built a nest in that cherry-tree.

I had broken Michaela's arm and her nose. Her body bore bruises for a long time; but no one ever scolded me, not even Superior.

Although I had not killed Michaela, she was really dead in so far as we children were concerned, for Superior had forbidden her ever to come near us, ever to speak to us, ever to step into the pet yard. Should she fail to obey, back was she to go to Canada forever.

And when I came out of the infirmary after a week or so, Sister Léocaddie said that Superior thought I now was strong enough again to be monitor of the pets.

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Grand Central Terminal.

A drawing by George Price.

A PASSION for drawing and early association with his friend and neighbor at Coytesville, "Pop" Hart, started George Price on his career as an artist. His interest in the life about him has resulted in many drawings ranging from Harlem crap-games to the fish-markets of Bruges. His pen has the gift of satire as his drawings of two phases of New York life published on this and the following page show.

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Rivington Street, New York.

A drawing by George Price.

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# An African Savage's Own Story

## THE MARRIAGE ORDEAL

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

THIS is as wild and savage an account of primitive customs as one can ask for. The barbaric preparations for marriage; the dignity and ferocity of savage justice; the groping for truth before the Council, the all-powerful "Oro," and the mysterious "Circle"—all take the reader far from civilization, back into the shadows of the jungle.

The author is a Black Jew of the *B'nai Ephraim* or *Emo-yo-quaim,* "The Strange People," who live in unvisited forests south of the Niger River in West Africa. In the earlier chapters he told how he and thirteen small-boy companions, in a spirit of exploration, left their native compound and made their way forty-five days' journey southward to the Gulf of Guinea. There all the boys went on board a tramp steamer, from which Bata Kindai could not escape, as did his companions. Taken against his will to Glasgow the naked savage found a home with a kindly Scotsman, who finally sent him to school. At the end of four years Bata Kindai, with the faintest possible veneer of civilization, returned to his own wild people, as great a mystery to them as he had been to the good folk of Glasgow. In order to regain popular favor he had to submit to his father's will and at once marry six wives.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

### III

MARRYING in my country *is not* A simple matter. When my father offered me in marriage and promised Gooma as a bride, I was too young to realize the sacred ordinance and above all to know about the ordeal that awaited me, that is, marrying six maidens at the same time. I was only eleven years old, and I had just returned home from Scotland, after having been away from my native Africa four years. I was not fully matured, but I had begun to feel that I was a man. When my father told me that Gooma was to be my bride, I thought I knew what it meant and I was anxious to go through the ceremony. Little did I dream what was to happen and what consequences would ensue. All that I thought of was to be with Gooma.

The girl seemed to know much more than other girls and boys. It may have been because Gooma had saved my life, or it may have been that I loved her. I had chosen Gooma as a playmate before I left home, even though it was unusual, amongst Native Boys, to play at all with girls. Gooma and I liked each other all the more after she had saved my life from a man-eating lion.

I should have been devoured by the man-eater if it had not been for Gooma, who was the fighting daughter of a fighting Chief. Through the timely intervention of this girl, already marked by the claws and teeth of a leopard, and bitten by a hook-lizard, and through her superior skill with the assegai, I was saved.

It all happened one day after the



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usual warning had been given; that is, when there was danger of beasts, or warriors from another tribe. I was playing near the Bush all by myself, when a great old savage man-eater got through somehow and came into the village before any one knew anything about it. Two babies, whose mother had left them lying on the ground when she ran away in fright, were torn into pieces and partly eaten; a young girl was torn badly but did not die; several boys, whose screaming made the beast furious, escaped by a hair's breadth.

By this time the old fellow had been struck by a clean assegai, that is, without poison on the tip. This stung him and made him more ferocious, and he darted back and forth, this way and that way, until finally he spied me. Gooma was not far away at the time, for it was she who had stung the beast with the assegai that was not poisoned with *Kootch-er-roo*. By this time she had found a poisoned assegai, and was pursuing the animal at a safe distance, when she saw the lion plunge in my direction. I was directly in its path.

Her cries made me look up; I saw the lion coming at me full speed. I did as I had been taught to do when confronted, at close quarters. I fell flat on the ground and tried to dig under the best I could. I was so frightened that I forgot what to do in this case, so I fell to the ground all right, but I began to cry out, which was unwise.

But Gooma, who was near enough by then, threw her poisoned assegai, and whether it was by sheer luck or skill, I cannot say, but the assegai struck the lion in the mane, and pierced its neck almost through.

This action by Gooma made the animal forget the object of his dash, and it turned around several times, roaring madly from pain and the effects of poison, and then it turned over, head first, and died horribly.

Gooma was a rich girl in inheritance, a noble woman by birth, a brave girl in spirit, but an unfortunate girl, nevertheless.

Gooma had saved my life from the wounded man-eating lion, by stopping it in its course, with a poisoned assegai, when it was coming straight at me. Now if a girl is the direct cause of saving a boy's life, in my country, that boy's parents have the option of claiming that girl, from her parents, to be the bride of the boy, when both reach the marriageable age, which is thirteen and nine respectively. My father made the claim, and it was honored by the consent of Gooma's guardian parent.

I was a member of one of the four hundred Semitic families that had a strict rule that not any of us could marry into a Fetich family. But we were permitted to choose a wife from a Mohammedan family, because the Mohammedans believed in one God. But Gooma was not of a Fetich family; she was only connected with and guarded by such a family. There was mystery surrounding Gooma's antecedents, and the chief that owned her had watched her with a jealous eye. He said that she was his daughter, but there was no likeness between him and the child, nor did any one of his twenty-six wives own her. The name of the old chief was O-Lou-Wa-Li; and the women in his compound were abusive of Gooma; in fact, they were cruel to her. The chief himself was a born fighter and had distinguished himself in many wars, and as a result, had found favor in the eyes of the King.

While he had been on one of his

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skirmishes in the desert, fighting the Tuaregs, he had found Gooma, whose name he had given her himself, which means: "Pearls of the Mother," pronounced: *Goo-hoo-maha,* and we call it Gooma, for short. The King himself would have taken the child from the chief, had the chief not shown such pain and distress in parting with her. The old chief stuck to his story that the child was his daughter by one of the women of the Tuareg people, but no one believed him. This chief was such an illustrious character, that the Fetich leaders would not permit any of the witch-doctors to interfere with him. The only thing that they forced him to do was to keep the girl away from other children, for fear of strange devils in her; she was supposed to be confined to the chief's compound. That is why the chief's wives were unkind to her, but the chief protected her by keeping her with him as much as possible. The general thought was that the chief would marry her when she became of age. The old chief spent much time teaching the girl how to use an assegai, to hunt and fight, and to do everything that a boy did.

Now Gooma was not white, but she was far from black, and she was a very beautiful girl. Not a few believed that she was not the gift of birth, but had been fashioned out of wind and sand during the storm called "Hum-seen," meaning Fifty. But regardless of all these rumors, Gooma lived on, and did as other children did. She was no different, except that she was smarter and quicker than other girls of her age.

Then came the time of that awful event about the lion, and the proposal of my marriage to Gooma, by my own father, to the old chief. The chief was pleased with the proposal, because he was anxious that the girl should be married into a different people than his own, for as he said, a man cannot be kind to the thing that he does not like, and he knew that the poor girl was the object of hate amongst the Fetich people, and that our people were not Fetich, but were called "The Strange People," and he felt confident that we would be kind to her.

Gooma singled me out for walks around the villages, and I felt lonesome when she was not with me.

Once when Gooma and I were together, some boys of my village called after me the name that they had heard their fathers call me, *Yem-Saah,* 'Mystery.' That was one of the reasons why I did not choose to be in their company at all. Every one called me 'Mystery' and I was not pleased. That was all I could hear when I returned from Scotland the first time; so I took Gooma as my companion as much as I could, although that displeased my father and my eldest brother.

I had been transformed during the four years that I had been away, and I had become used to the company of women, and had quite a different view of them than did the men in my land.

My eldest brother was furious. He questioned me about my conduct, but I offended him by looking him in the eye while he talked; that was disrespectful for a boy in my country. The punishment for this infringement of native etiquette is severe; a boy is tied to a stake in the heat of the sun, in the middle of day, and left there four hours. When the boy is released from the stake he is likely to die from sun-stroke. Usually, the complaint comes from a parent or near relative but never from a sister or a mother. My brother did not attempt to give me any punishment other than

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to hit me across the face with the back of his hand; then I flew at him. I had been taught to hit back when I was in school in Edinburgh, and I had become used to fighting. I forgot, for the moment, that it was my eldest brother; otherwise I should not have acted so unwisely.

When my brother had summoned me to come before him, I said: "Tell him to wait." I committed a serious offense by thus answering and by not immediately obeying him. When I did appear, instead of standing with bowed head, as boys should do in the presence of elders, I sat in front of him and looked him straight in the eye as I had been taught to do in Scotland. My brother cursed me, called me "Son of a Monkey," and spit in my face. Then he struck me across the face with the back of his hand. I could stand no more, and I jumped at him, bit him, and struck and scratched him badly. My brother, dumfounded, did not even hit me back, but he yelled loudly. My brother was a full grown man and could have given me a beating, but such action as mine had never happened before in my country, so he was paralyzed with astonishment.

His yells attracted all his women, of whom he had twenty-one. His chief wife ran to his house with all the other wives, and they all screamed and shouted *Haram Alake!* "A shame to God!" I realized what folly I was committing, so I jumped off my brother, who lay stretched on the ground, and I ran out of his compound and kept running until I reached my father's compound. I passed several old men, but I did not salute them in the customary manner, another breach of native etiquette that brought abuse on the head of my father and rendered me liable to further punishment. Many native boys have been put to death for conduct less offensive and I should have been put to death if my father had been guided by the persuasion of my eldest brother.

I was brought before the community chief and charged with "Laughing at the beards of old men" whom I had passed in a hurry and to whom I had not given the customary salutations. I was judged guilty even before I went to the community chief; therefore I had to go through "The Ordeal," just as other boys would have had to do. I stood before the chief and his counsellors with bowed head, and on my head I balanced a calabash dish full of palm-oil. While the old men, my accusers, piled up my offenses, I had to hold my head still and not spill a drop of palm-oil. When I heard the accusers tell false things about me, I simply had to speak, and every time I spoke I moved my head and spilled oil. For every drop spilled from the dish, I had to receive a hard smack on the cheek from every member of the council, including the chief, and the old men who accused me, about twenty-five people smacking me every time I spilled a drop of oil, and that was many times. One old man demanded that I be given to a Medicine-Man to have the evil spirit that controlled me, removed. That would have caused my death, because when the devilish Medicine-Men get hold of a boy to purify him, they usually injure him so that he dies. They give as an excuse for his dying, that there was so much evil in him that it overcame all the good. Even parents believe the Medicine-Men and think it is a blessing that the boy dies. I did not realize the full extent of danger at that time, but my father did, and he was inclined to be lenient because I was his youngest son, his heir, and the holder of the birth-right

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of the family. My father opposed every motion to have me punished further.

The hardest blow came when my own brother put in his complaint. My father had promised to punish me for my offense to my brother, and so he thought my brother satisfied. My poor father was stunned when he saw his authority set at naught by his own son. My brother said many things against me. He told about my attack upon him, and supported his statement by the statement of his bride.

Now was the time for my father to stab at my brother and make an impression upon the chief and his counsellors. My father said: "It is a shame on my beard, that I should have given life to a son who must call upon a woman for support." The chief agreed with him and told my father that if he himself had such a son he would put him amongst the girls.

Then my brother complained about my having been in the company of Gooma, "The Outcast." Since Gooma was from a different people, and I was not a Fetich Worshipper, my brother's complaint did not bring the desired result.

The question arose, whether or not I was the *real* son of my father, so the matter was referred to the Fetich-Doctor, the Spiritual Head of my country. The Fetich-Doctor supported the claim that I was not the son of my father, but that my father had taken me in place of his lost heir, Bata Kindai.

The civil King of my country then intervened on behalf of my father, because my father had gained distinction as a warrior and had been made a Balogun Chief (Fighting chief), and the King stopped the Fetich-Doctor from killing me cruelly. The chief Rabbi of my own people also plead with the Fetich-Doctor and convinced him that my father told the truth about my being his rightful heir. Under Fetich law no one can take the place of an heir to a family, so the witch-doctors and their chief were all against me. Some of my acquired habits made them believe that I was no blood kin to my father. I wore a few clothes, I slept on a cot bed, I had a lamp, and I talked to women. Much of my time I spent in the company of Gooma, my betrothed, in preference to boys. The boys never believed what I told them about the outside world, but Gooma did. The boys called me 'Mystery,' but Gooma did not. Gooma addressed me as "Small Grain," or *Unquatwa,* the name my mother thought of at my birth, whose meaning is, 'Trouble Waters.' My father called me "Bata Kindai," because I was his heir. He called me, "Small Grain and the Sole of my foot," the literal translation of "Bata Kindai."

I think the name my mother thought of when I was born was the more appropriate, for who can deny that I am just one bit of trouble after another? Every bit of trouble that I have ever had has been through my fault, and not the direct fault of any one else. I have caused myself much misery through my own folly, but can you altogether blame me, considering that my civilization is only veneer, and that my whole modern make-up is affectation? Everything that I attempt to do in my present state is to the extreme; if I love one, I love too much; if I drink, I drink too much, not because I am fond of drink, but because I have never learned restraint.

To Gooma I was "Bata Kindai," or "Unquatwa." The outcome of the trials and tests for the wrongs that I had committed against my eldest brother, and the affront to the old men, was that I

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got a good beating on the soles of my feet, every complainant being allowed to strike me five times on my bare feet. How cruel it felt when my brother's turn came! His strokes were harder than those of any of the old men, who numbered six. Needless to say, I was hardly able to stand for days afterward. Considering all the offenses, I was extremely lucky.

It is customary for a father to punish a boy later, but my father did not raise his hand to me. Old chief O-Lou-Wa-Li, foster-father of Gooma, liked me and would have saved me from the beating had he been able. O-Lou-Wa-Li was a Fetich-worshipper and therefore a more influential chief than my father, but he had lost his prestige on account of his daughter, Gooma, so he did not offer assistance, for he thought that if he attempted to intervene it might do more harm than good, and that his word as a nobleman might be ignored, a serious thing for a man of distinction in my country.

The truth is, my father was more concerned in securing wives for me, than in punishing me. He had chosen the match-maker to decide upon my fitness for marriage, and the girls' fathers had done the same. None of the other girls who were to become my wives liked Gooma, and they did not wish to stand the test with her.

I had to wear a mask, called "The Mask of Chastity," made to cover my head, with holes for the eyes and mouth; and it was made of wild grass called *Trava*. It had a devilish look, and nobody wanted to speak with me while I wore it. The girls had to disguise themselves the same as I did, only their head masks were not so closed as mine was. I had to go about in this fashion for twelve months, and during that time I had to be much with my match-maker, and the match-makers of the girls who were to become my wives. Match-makers may be men or women, according to the choice of the father. My mother was dead, and so was Gooma's, but the mothers of the other five girls lived, and they busied themselves with their own daughters, explaining some of their own experiences when they themselves prepared for marriage. Gooma's father spent much time with me, and so did my own father.

The match-makers took me out of the village twice a week for about three months before the time of the vows, and oiled and massaged me. Two or more old women kept with me and while one busied herself with me the others held whispered conferences, but I never learned what they said. They put me into a hut, built for the purpose, and watched me through the walls. Then I was led out of the Bush, for that is where all these things took place, and I was blind-folded and turned loose in the village. I never saw who brought me out, for it was never the same women who took me into the Bush. I never guessed what they would do to me from one time to the other. I had to wait and see; they always played some new trick. All boys have to go through these trials before they marry, but it is never a subject of discussion.

The girls also had their turn at this kind of thing but in a somewhat different way from that of the boys. According to some of the old men in my home, the girls' tests are harder than those given the boys.

The time came for the vows. While I was in the hut in the Bush, an image was made in copper, eight inches long and two inches thick, and this thing was placed on a brass tray and kept by my

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match-maker until the day of the vow. On that day all the girls were lined up by their own match-makers. Young boys brought in the tray with the image and placed it on the ground in front of me, and then ran away. While running they sang a native song meaning: "Your manhood is perfect; so use it; so use it." All native songs are repetitions, so they sang the words over and over.

The girls watched this performance, and when it was finished, each girl was led before me singly, by one of the old women. Each girl was commanded by the old woman to kneel down in front of the image and to kiss it. Then they sang a marriage song, which means: "What a delight to me! What a delight to me!" The native words are:—*Aah-gu-ru-ma Guru-ma, Aah-gu-ru-ma, Yay-gaga-hogya, Yay-gaga-hogya, Yay-ga-ga guru-ma.* The girls danced to this song for hours, and I sat there and witnessed everything. The people gathered closer, and every one present came up and examined the image and made complimentary remarks. My father took away the tray and kept the image as a trophy.

Before the trial, my eldest brother made an accusation against me. If he had proved his case, my wedding would have been put off for another native year and both Gooma and I would have been subjected to indignities. My father and old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li were ordered to present us before a special council. I was surprised because I did not know what it was all about, and when I asked my father he replied: "Your new ideas bring shame on my head; you will smart for your deviltry." Neither he nor Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li knew who accused Gooma and me.

The council consisted of all the match-makers and the chief Witch-Doctor, who presided. Gooma and I were ushered before the council, and we sat directly in front of our fathers, but dared not look toward each other. We sat in our masks, and Oh! how I would have liked to speak to Gooma, and ask her what it was all about.

You could have knocked my poor old father over with a feather when he saw my own brother accuse me before the council. My brother saluted every one in the usual manner; then the Witch-Doctor chanted a song, supposed to exhort the spirits to clean the tongue of the accuser to enable him to tell the truth. My real accuser was a boy who said he had seen each of us do something unlawful. No boy can accuse another boy before a council; he must state his case to some adult, and if the adult thinks it proper to believe the boy he makes complaint. Everybody present was dumbstruck when my own brother accused me.

When one accuses another before the council he never jumps into the business right away, but makes a long speech and says a number of native sayings before he mentions the subject of importance. That was the way my brother proceeded: "Gazelles are fleet of foot, always," he said. While he talked, every one repeated what he said. He continued: "A snake is slow, but I do not know an animal that can out-run a gazelle, nor a reptile that can fool a snake. It is sad when a bird tries to mate with an elephant; it strikes me the poor thing must waste a lot of energy. Have you ever known an elephant who could fall into water without making a splash? I am sure a lizard would know that it is impossible for a monkey to become a zebra. Buffaloes are hard-headed, and so is the son of my father hard-headed. I am convinced that even our laws must

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be obeyed, or we would never have goodness in the land. But how can you heal up a sore before it has become worse? When the evil spirit told my father's son to break his vows, he did so and he should accept his punishment. One whom we all know, and whose father has given him wonderful girls to wife, has sorely pledged himself to save our good and holy law from being profaned; that person saw with an unsleeping eye, an act that makes the blood of our fathers jump. A female knows no better than to be loyal to him whom she loves; therefore I feel that Gooma also has an evil spirit. I say that the son of my father is guilty, and that he deserves the punishment of fire, lest the spirits avenge themselves upon our families. Burn them! Bata Kindai and Gooma! Burn them!"

I was dumfounded because I knew that I had committed no offense, neither had Gooma. Poor girl, I see her now, as she sat gazing with her brown eyes, eyes that did not belong to people like those around her. Gooma wept, because she knew that all the charges were lies, wicked black lies. The entire council arose, held up hands, and the chief Witch-Doctor screamed aloud: "Fathers of your children! Put this to the test! This must be so!"

When old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li and my father jumped up to protest because they knew what such action by the council meant, the chief Witch-Doctor asked my father and O-Lou-Wa-Li this question: "Did you ever know any one that is accused tell the truth?"

These men were guided by the heathen religion of a primitive and ignorant people. Our fathers had to abide by the decision, which was final.

Gooma and I were taken to our homes and put through a kind of third degree to make us admit the charges. Under the circumstances we were lucky because our own fathers did the testing, and not the devilish Witch-Doctors. When a case of this kind is given to the Witches and Witch-Doctors the poor victim seldom lives to admit anything. My father, I know, was sorry, but he could not show it. If he had cried that would have been unpardonable, because a man should never be weak enough to cry; if he wishes to cry he gets his women to cry for him. My father acted harsh and cruel in order not to break down, but I know that his heart nearly broke every time he hit me.

The women in my father's compound were commanded to come forth and to weep and wail. If a woman does not feel like crying or cannot cry, there is always a certain preparation that they find which makes tears fall like rain, and then all the women have to do is to scream. That is why we say when we see a woman weeping, that it is only *Mas-Kara,* meaning, "Crocodile Tears." No one ever sympathizes with a woman in tears, even if the tears are real.

Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li loved his child beyond the understanding of his own wives, but he had to torture her to make her confess. Gooma took the greatest oath that could be taken in my country, to prove that she was innocent. She said that she would stand upon the head of the Crocodile, our Sacred Animal, to prove she told the truth. Gooma was only a little girl, and I, a little boy barely thirteen years old. Poor Gooma was tied to stakes, stretched out flat on the ground, and she was whipped and whipped and whipped, and her eyebrows were burned off, and she was starved to make her admit that she had broken her vows, but she stuck to her denial, and so did I. Old Chief O-Lou-

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Wa-Li did not administer the punishment to Gooma, but he witnessed it. His wives did the torturing, so the poor child suffered greatly, because the women of the old chief did not like Gooma, and they heaped curse upon curse on her head. The names they called her made the blood curdle.

In my case, my father did the punishing, and I believe that I made him more cruel, because every time he struck me with the stick over my bare back, I said that I would go back to my White Father, in Scotland, and I continually called on my White Father, and on his son, my friend, so my father hit me all the harder. I bear the marks on my back to-day from the severe floggings that I received, and the whole accusation was false.

The severe beatings, and the torture of hot needles in my tongue, stopped, but my statement was still a complete denial, and it was the same with Gooma. My eldest brother began to feel worried because it looked as if he were to be laughed at as a false accuser.

The council was called again, and poor Gooma and I were dragged to the place of meeting. My brother explained how he came by such a tale as he had related. He said that he loved me, his father's favorite son. At this my father objected, and said, "Principal son"; so my brother continued that it pained him to accept a story against his good little brother, and he could even then hardly believe such a thing. He warmed up and tried once more to force the case against Gooma and me, and continued talking. He added that his information had come from a reliable source, a small boy, and that it is as impossible for a little boy's mind to tell a straight lie as it is for the leopard to drink with a lion. "Therefore," he said, "this pair deserve to be burnt." He stopped talking, because he had again demanded that Gooma and I should be tortured.

Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li could bear no more. He jumped up and answered by saying: "We must leave this case to *Oro!*"

No one dared to oppose this, because every one knew that it was just. *Oro* is a native Fetich superstition; the people believe that the *Oro* god can find out all wrong-doers, because every one who has committed wrong of any kind must admit that wrong to the *Oro* god when it is brought around, seven times a year, and seven days at each time. No native would think of hiding wrong from the *Oro,* because he believes that in so doing he would bring terrible disaster upon every one. We had to wait until *Oro* sounded.

The Chief Witch-Doctor stood up and said that he knew that O-Lou-Wa-Li was just in wishing to refer the case to *all-seeing Oro.* He added, "Woe be to the one that *Oro* puts his finger upon; it would be better for that one never to have been born." My brother did not feel comfortable, because he knew that he had put the devil in that small boy's heart to say what he had said, all lies.

In the days that followed, my brother tried in many ways to be friendly with me, but my father kept me from him as much as possible. In the case of Gooma, all the women who had flogged that poor girl unmercifully wanted to be kind to her, but O-Lou-Wa-Li kept Gooma from them as much as possible. The women had not taken part in the accusation; they had done only what they had been ordered.

The time for *Oro* came, and everybody prepared. Women dare not show themselves during the seven days of *Oro;* they must confine themselves to

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their own compounds until it is all over. On the first night of *Oro* nothing unusual happened. Gooma and I did not go out to meet *Oro* because we had done no wrong. The little boy who had told the story, and my brother, did not appear either. The little boy was a Fetich-worshipper, and my brother belonged to the "Strange People." The little boy had no one in his own faith to consult, because no Fetich person would give him any encouragement in the wrong that he had committed. My brother had the Rabbi of our own Faith, with whom he could talk the matter over before going out to the *Oro*. Although we are a separate people, with an entirely different religion, we are nevertheless compelled to comply with all Fetich laws, regarding taboos, and secret organizations of the government. One thing we did have above the other people, and that was seven Rabbis, who were the guardians of our Faith and Morals. Whatever difficulty arose we had the Rabbis to consult. In this business the Chief Rabbi was unwilling to interfere, because it would bring down severe abuse on our community, if he dared to condone one in the dreadful evil of delivering one of his own blood up to another people. So my brother was advised to go out to *Oro,* after the boy had gone, and tell all he knew of this affair, and let all be the truth.

The next night *Oro* sounded, and it was louder and more weird than ever. Three men went before *Oro* on complaint of their wives. Every one of these men had ten wives, and the complaint was that every man had stayed too long with the last wife. One man had refused to go with any of his other wives; another had taken his new bride into his own house to live with him, saying that she was too delicate to do work around the compound with other women; while the third had kept with his bride all the time. All three men lost their wives, and all three were so mutilated that one of the three died, and the other two lived in mockery the remainder of their lives, in a compound called, "The Place of the Agha," meaning, "Eunuchs." On this same night many other punishments were decreed. Two girls lost their fingers for stealing something; a boy was ordered put to death by the Ogboni Society, for disobedience; and two married girls were mutilated for being caught in adultery.

The little boy in my case did not appear before *Oro* that night. On the third night the boy appeared and related his story. He said that he was not friendly with Ibn LoBagola, neither were any of the other boys, because of the strange way that Ibn LoBagola had of associating with girls, and actually talking with them, and playing with them, and because Ibn LoBagola had brought forbidden ways into the land. He said that he had told the brother of Ibn LoBagola how he had seen me and the girl Gooma, who was possessed with many devils, in each other's company many times, and that the brother of Ibn LoBagola had urged him to repeat his statement over and over again, and had added a few words every time.

The case became controversial, and therefore no punishment could be given until ordered by the particular council where it was first heard. My brother appeared before *Oro,* and his statement was brief, saying that he had no evil intentions, and that it was justice that prompted him to bring complaint against the son of his own father. During all this time, my father was not asleep nor was old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li. Both had received the report of the find-

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ings of the guardians of *Oro,* and they pushed the matter ahead quickly.

It was the day just before *Oro* stopped when my brother gave his statement to *Oro.* I can never forget that day. If the case had turned against Gooma and me, it would have delayed my marriage another year, because the burning that I would have suffered would have been a long while healing up.

The meeting of the special council was called. Oh, what a meeting! Gooma and I cried! We pitied each other's state. I was still tender, and so was that flower, Gooma. Tears bring no pity in my country, but usually scorn, but we cried, nevertheless. I am crying now, as I write about it. I honestly believe that my brother was prompted by a sense of duty, and not by spite. Although my brother had me tested by ordeal and torture, and had me flogged, he was prompted by his natural sense of right. Had I not learned many strange things during the four years that I had been out of my country? When the meeting was over my father gave me his hand to kiss; and my! how I kissed his hand! Never before had I clung to the hand of my father as I did then. Gooma kissed the foot of old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li, and washed his foot with her tears. We kissed the hands of all the adults present, and then sat down greatly relieved.

I was willing to take as many wives as my father desired me to take, which was a stupendous task, because he had already chosen six girls for me to marry at the same time, which was a little out of the ordinary, but my father was eager, so I bowed to his will.

My father stood up, which meant that a storm was brewing in his breast, and addressed the council in the following manner, saying: "It may be that the father to the mother of that son who calls me father, ran fast after the woman that bore the mother who gave birth to the mother of the son that calls me father. If he only ran after her, let us rejoice, but it is plainly seen that he caught her, and I have my hairs to witness that the female was a monkey." This was a terrible statement. When my father said this my poor brother screamed, *"Ya Bah!"* meaning, "My father!" But my father kept on, saying further: "As the bold fighting leopard finds himself in a crowd of snakes, so I find myself, when I took to my own compound, the offspring to that mysterious union; I conjure all, to bear witness for me, that I have not stayed with the Mother Monk; still, how could a female be born to me, one who resembles a monkey so perfectly, in nature?"

What cruel words! My poor brother shrieked, and he dripped with perspiration, and he cried out to the Chief Witch-Doctor to save him from harshness from the lips of his own father.

My father continued in a loud voice: "My birth-right I have nursed; it has been profaned; I gave it to my rightful heir, the very core of my heart; I have had anguish that no other nobleman has ever known; I have faced death without the distinction of seeing my heir, The Sole Of My Foot (the meaning of my name, "Bata"). I want to know if one father has had an heir, who has actually died, who has ever come back to life again. My own child, him of my first thoughts, was as if dead, but he has returned to us, whole and clean, and now is about to complete the most Sacred Rite in our noble land, to take to himself as my choice and my wish, a household and a bride. This one here who calls me *'Ya Bah,'* this son of the monkey, not of mine, has tried to dash my every bone to the water."

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My poor brother interrupted again by running to where my father stood, and falling down before him, kissing his feet wildly, and doing the same to all the men present. Oh, what a trial! It was not of much importance at first, but it had developed into a tragic event. My father was compelled to stop talking from exhaustion.

Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li rose and began to talk. He started slowly, but he became excited and screamed. He demanded that this affair be left to the "Circle." Now the "Circle" in my home is a bad thing. Any one who is accused in a "Circle" is always killed, in a horrible way, for the pleasure of the King. The "Circle" is an ancient custom seldom followed. Its purpose originally was to discover those who had evil in their hearts, and conspired against the King. The Witches and Witch-Doctors had charge of the "Circle," and it was their business to smell out guilty persons. This practice had been abolished but could be revived at any time, at the pleasure of the King, only. Now when old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li called to the Chief Witch-Doctor to let the "Circle" decide the case, he surely had it in mind to have my brother killed.

The chief Rabbi of my people forced my father to oppose the terrible suggestion. My father said aloud, "Not a drop of my son's blood shall run."

["A Mating in the Jungle," by Ibn LoBagola, the account of the strange marriage ceremony and the fate of the beautiful Gooma, appears next month.]

# The Southern Legend

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

SECTIONALISM is defined to be devotion, especially when disproportionate, to the interests peculiar to a section of the country. It is supposed to be characteristically a Southern complaint. Yet when one views current Northern ideas about the contemporary South—ideas that in many cases are still as naïve and absurd as those movingly set forth in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—one is at least sympathetic to Southern weaknesses. Professor Roulhac Hamilton points out that for over a generation Southerners have complained that their section has been given insufficient attention by writers on American history, and though, as he indicates, it is Southern carelessness and not grasping Yankee cunning which is responsible for an undue emphasis, the undue emphasis remains. Because the classics of American letters are so frequently Northern products, Southern school-children learn about the barefoot boy and the over-soul and the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow; whereas, unfortunately for regional understanding, the scenes of Poe's stories are laid in the misty mid-region of Weir. The results are natural enough; but it is also natural that Southerners should relish Mr. Pattee's dry witticism that Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America" ought to be renamed "A Literary History of Harvard University, with Incidental Glimpses of the Minor Writers of America." As the colored heroine of T. B. Campbell's amusing novel, "Black

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Sadie," remarks, you "gits tired" of Yankee white folks—"they don't know how to treat niggers."

For, despite the good feeling between the sections, despite the increased migration and communication north and south, most Northerners know less about the former Confederacy than they do about any other section of the country. Characteristic of their hazy ideas is the opening of T. S. Stribling's latest book, "Bright Metal." When that narrative begins, John Calhoun Pomeroy of Tennessee is motoring home with his very new and very Northern bride. To her "the South in which she was going to make her home was a colorful region; a land of colonial mansions, of handsome men and beautiful dark-eyed women, of antique courtesy and overflowing hospitality," for such, says the novelist, are the "implications which the word 'South' always holds for Northern minds." "Pom," she asks on the first page, "are there any magnolias on our front lawn?" When Pom informs her that one hardly if ever sees a magnolia in Tennessee, Agatha's long disillusionment begins. Alas, the world of the colonial houses, the faithful darkey, the Southern belle, the duello, and perpetual moonlight has faded, if indeed it ever existed, and in Southern letters, at least, has left not a wrack behind.

It is to be hoped that most of us are better botanists than Agatha, but the tendency to read the South, not only in terms of its legend but also in terms of its failings, is well-nigh universal. There must be hundreds of persons who, on the basis of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the annual report of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, believe that, anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, every negro, as soon as he wakes up, begins the daily business of trembling for his life. Immediately upon the defeat of Al Smith the editor of a national magazine wrote me, requesting that I contribute an article on what he called "the domination of ignorant Methodist and Baptist clergymen over the minds of Southern people." He spoke of "the blight which Protestant priestcraft" has put upon Southern culture, and he said it would make a tremendous article. It certainly would. But having lived in the Middle West and having observed the smug morality of Gopher Prairie, not to speak of some curious religious phenomena in Los Angeles, I declined to confine my discussion of such blighting as may exist, to any particular region.

But the legends will not down. The wife of a Massachusetts professor who had moved to a leading Southern university, and who bought a house in a most respectable residential section of a little Southern city, having been told in Boston that it was unsafe for any woman to go out alone in the South, sat meekly at home all day long while her husband attended to his academic duties. What fearful calamities she anticipated I do not know; to date she is a disappointed woman. But is not the South the land of lynching, the Ku Klux Klan, the night rider, the shot from ambush, the feud, the voodoo murder, violence, passion, and sudden death—in short, a kind of immensely extended and rural Chicago? The good lady was merely acting on what many believe. She was as honest as the Italian who expects to find Tom Mix killing wicked cowboys immediately west of New York, or the Southerner who imagines that every one in the Windy City has to buy an armored car.

When the picture is not one of vio-

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lence, it is one of primitivism, delightful or dreadful as the case may be. Let us take the delightful one first. It is a picture which a good many Southerners have helped to create—this legend of the folk. In many ways it does not lack charm. In a land that is always afternoon, platoons of perpetually grinning darkeys line up in the cotton fields, prepared to burst out with "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" the moment a white man appears. Others, in snug cabins, feast perpetually on the possum and the coon to the rollicking music of a banjo. Around the corner, in the shade of the persimmon-tree, Miss Sally's little boy listens forever to tall tales from Uncle Remus, while from a chain-gang up the road the lyrical voice of an undiscovered Paul Robeson croons the plaintive measures: "Water-boy, where are you hidin'?" All female negroes in sight are prepared at a moment's notice to dish up a meal of "Southern cooking"—food that I have never found satisfactory except in a Northern restaurant; and up yonder in the ditch by the road the colored laborers are so delighted with the opportunity to swing a pick and manipulate a shovel that they sing at their labor, while a collector of folk ditties in the shade takes down the words and music of their songs.

Meantime, in the mountains to the rear, the simple Southern highlanders converse among themselves in sentences impartially compounded of "hit," "you-uns," and "tote," a vocabulary which they find sufficient for all ideas. The cultivation of four rows of corn supplies their needs, and their babies cry out for moonshine as soon as they are born. By day their chief occupation is to sit; by night they sleep seven in a bed, though they will promptly vacate the bed on the approach of a "furriner," and migrate to the floor, which they prefer. They wear nothing but sunbonnets and blue jeans, none of them has ever seen a train, and in the intervals of singing "ballets," they ejaculate from time to time, "Yeh ain't done right by our little Nell," and immediately shoot everybody in sight with a rifle which saw service at King's Mountain. Delightful simplicity! Arcadian perfection! Elsewhere

> "There is confusion, worse than death,
> Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
> Long labour unto aged breath,"

but they, like the lotos-eaters, are content with "music centred in a doleful song," dancing all night to the music of a mountain fiddle, and spitting all day!

No doubt I exaggerate, though I sometimes think that nothing is too weird and wonderful for the Northern tourist to believe. Take the other side of the picture, for example—the dreadful side. The South is the land of ignorance, superstition, and hookworm. It denies its negroes the poor privilege of learning to read and write, and, on occasion, it burns them to death. Its average mentality is measured by the absurdities of the Scopes trial (wasn't the late William Jennings Bryan born and educated in Illinois?); and if you want further proof of its ignorance, isn't it true that Arkansas has just passed an anti-evolution bill by popular referendum, and that any Southerner, if you ask him the proper question, will immediately grow red in the face and retort fiercely, "Would you want your sister to marry a nigger?"

Well, I suppose there is little merit in bandying epithets back and forth. It might be interesting to weigh the stupidities of the Dayton trial in a little Tennessee town against the cruelties of the Sacco-Vanzetti case in cultivated

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Massachusetts, just as it would be possible to balance the power of travelling evangelists to sway illiterate whites against the morbid hold of tabloid newspapers over the emotions of half-baked clerks and silly stenographers. The obvious truth is that ignorance and failure are peculiar to no region, just as the obvious fault is that the dust in your neighbor's eye is always a beam, while that in your own is always a mote. Against the current legends of the South let me set a despatch to the New York *Times* from Dallas, Texas.

But first, a word about Texas. When the Wrenn Library, that priceless collection of original editions and rare books, went to the United States, the late Edmund Gosse, the distinguished critic, lamented in a signed article in The London *Times* that this invaluable library should have gone to Austin, Texas, "a little town on the Mexican border," and, in Mr. Gosse's opinion, apparently an inaccessible and forbidding place. Mr. Gosse seems to have attributed the purchase to some eccentric insanity in a cowboy millionaire. The mere detail that the distance from Austin to Laredo (on the Rio Grande) is about the distance which separates Liverpool from Edinburgh, or that an army of invading Mexicans would have to travel nine hours on the train before setting fire to the library—these items merely contribute to the charm of Mr. Gosse's geographical fancies. Like most people he didn't bother to look up the facts. His literary judgment, however, was correct, and one of the finest university libraries in the country remains obstinately in Texas. To it have been added in recent years the Aiken collection of English literature; and, escorted out of Mexico by an armed guard, with a librarian sitting on top of a freight-car, the great Garcia collection of Spanish-American literature. But to get on to my despatch.

Commenting on the wealth flowing into Texas, the writer of the article in *The Times* remarked on the extraordinary cultural activity which this wealth has brought to Dallas alone. In that city the Little Theatre, entering its eighth year, has just opened a playhouse in the Spanish style, equipped in the most modern manner, at a cost of $100,000 —all this for an "amateur" theatre. So far as he knew, Texas is the only State in the Union which supports a book club of its own—the Book Club of Texas, devoted to artistic printing. In Dallas is *The Southwest Review,* which, with *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* disputes the privilege of being the liveliest magazine in the South. Musically, Dallas is a flourishing metropolis; and it is now beginning actively to encourage the other arts. And the article concludes that "it is significant that here is being produced a native American art smacking of American spirit and pungent with the damp smell of fertile American soil."

On the other hand, when Mr. Philip Guedalla, the English historian, visited Texas a year or so ago, his description reached its climax in a fact that, he says, "thrilled beyond all others. Did we not feel for an incomparable instant the delicious proximity of the Southern gentleman," armed, it seems, with a shotgun? Yet a New York newspaperman recently found it profitable to write a column about the Dallas Little Theatre and its associated arts. Doubtless they both tell the truth, though personally, after living in Texas for five or six years, I must report that while I met a number of gentlemen, Southern, Western, and Northern, none of them, so far as

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I know, carried a shotgun. The point for us lies in the remark of the witty Frenchman who warns us to beware of looking for anything, for we shall be sure to find it. I hope Mr. Guedalla saw his shotgun. I know the New York newspaperman saw his theatre.

The truth is that nobody in the North knows what is going on in the cultural life of the South to-day; and, for that matter, not many Southerners know either. The intellectual quickening which has accompanied its industrial development has resulted in a series of bewildering shifts of values. It is a Georgia newspaper, the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun*, which first effectively shattered the silence of the Ku Klux Klan. It is to Southern writers like Howard W. Odum, Paul Green, Julia Peterkin, and Du Bose Heyward that we owe our most illuminating studies of the capacities and incapacities of the negro. It is to the University of North Carolina Press that Southern social workers look for publications that will guide them in their labors. It is to Charleston and New Orleans that the inquirer must go to find cities where culture grows naturally and not as an artificial product. The State of Virginia has just reorganized and modernized its system of government. Louisiana recently rebuilt the entire physical plant of its State university and now supports it by a modern system of taxation. Three Southern States went Republican, and lo! the sun stayed in the heavens. A vast and vehement literature is coming out of the South. In short, there is a general stirring of dry bones; and the gibe of Walter Hines Page that the mummies are in the saddle has not been true for a decade.

This is, I think, the most remarkable development in contemporary American civilization—this renaissance of the South. But the North goes placidly on, ignoring the facts, and believing what it has always wanted to believe. Does this seem "sectional" on my part? Take the latest instance of Northern blankness which has come to my attention—the publication, under the editorship of Kirby Page, of "Recent Gains in American Civilization," a book by "a group of distinguished critics of contemporary life" determined to find out what has been going on in the United States since the same publishers issued "Civilization in the United States" six and a half years ago. The only person in the South thought to be competent to contribute to the volume is Charles S. Johnson, of Fiske University. Mr. Charles A. Beard is cheerful about American government in this volume, but he displays no knowledge of advances made in Southern state affairs. Mr. Stuart Chase is optimistic about business, but he does not discuss the prodigious increase of business in the South. Mary Van Kleek thinks that industrial relations are improving, but mill villages do not come within her ken. Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has a chapter on religion, but if there is a religious problem in Dixie, he succeeds in concealing the fact. There is a chapter on literature by Mary Austin; and though, in the opinion of many, the most interesting literature being written in the United States comes out of the South, her chapter exhibits not the slightest familiarity with the work being done. Doubtless Southern sectionalism is deplorable, but in view of Southern accomplishment during the twentieth century, in view of the persistence with which Northerners misread or neglect the South, Southern sectionalism is about the only defense which the progressive can turn to.

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# Cassidy's Road to Rome

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

STRAIGHT as a transit line through the depths of the swamp stretched a moss-covered, irregular stone barricade. On either side of it reeds and grass had been frost-bitten to a burnt-umber shade and lay winter-brittle underfoot. Scrub-oaks and underbrush stood leafless and lifeless about pools of stagnant water. Mist shrouded the surrounding hills, and through the mist an east wind drove a fine, cold rain like myriad silver wires.

Behind the stone rampart, but scarcely sheltered by it, lay the enemy. The enemy was divided into two parts. The larger half was Terrence Cassidy; the lesser, Tom Riley. Beneath them were their slickers, stretched out upon the soggy turf.

Cassidy thrust a head and neck, not unlike a snapping turtle's, out from the shell which his upturned coat collar formed. He cautiously peered over the stone barricade at the open field, which his battalion of imaginary machine-guns were supposed to sweep.

"If this was decent weather, or if we was handy to a saloon or a woman, they'd never leave me and you be the enemy," growled Cassidy.

"I dun'no. We might," retorted Riley. He disagreed on principle with everything the other sergeant said. Riley's happiness depended upon contradictions.

"Well, then," Cassidy spat, "why ain't they comin' to o-bliterate us?"

"They won't try it." Riley spat more loudly and forcefully than had Cassidy. "They'll try flankin' or turnin' our wing."

"Naw. Naw. That would take two hours. The old man don't like these-here-now war-games any better'n I do. Grenades and rush and get back to mess is his style."

Riley thrust his head and neck out of his coat collar, completing his resemblance to a smaller but even more savage snapping turtle. "What'd you know about tactics?" he demanded. "You can't grenade machine-guns out of a resistance line like this. Not with all these-here stone to lay in behind. If they can't bring up artillery on us, they got to flank."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"I was a sergeant when you was . . ."

"Yeah. And I was a corporal when you was in the guard-house."

That referred to an incident still fresh in the minds of them both. Cassidy tactfully turned the subject.

"I wan-na know who dumped these stone here, anyhow. Hewn stone, too. Must have been an old church or a castle."

"Yah." Riley laughed mockingly. "A church. Must of been a church, says you. Whoever heard of a church a mile long? They'd have to put the altar-boys on bicycles."

"What was it then?" demanded Cassidy. "You must be the guy that made the map. That signal-corpse map that had the river runnin' up-hill."

"It was a road. A Roman road."

"Who says . . ."

"Th' major says so. Shows it to me on a map. 'There's your resistance line,'



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he says. 'Back of them stones. The old Roman road. We attack you from the village without no artillery preparation an' keep your eyes open,' he says, 'because . . .' "

"You flat-footed re-cruit. Don't you know Rome is in Italy, where the Pope is? This is France. It's further from here to Rome than it is to Chicago. Roman road. You'll be tellin' me it's part of th' Lake Shore Drive . . ."

"I'll tell you plenty."

"You can't tell me nothin', stockyards Irish."

"Switch-shanty Mick . . ."

The enemy turned to do battle with itself. Cassidy, rising to strike manfully for the honor of his home in Ashtabula, happened to glance across the stone wall.

"Here they are. . . ." Cassidy hissed. "Gimme that signal-flag." He wigwagged the advancing battalion violently. "What's our range, Tom?"

"Call it six hundred."

For twenty minutes theoretical rifle grenades, imaginary one-pound cannons, supposititious musket fire and non-existent bayonets annihilated, decimated, dissolved, dispersed, killed, mutilated, and wounded Cassidy and Riley. Rushes carried the attacking forces up within striking distance. Meanwhile the valiant Cassidy signalled and criticised the enveloping soldiery.

"Get a load of that Lieutenant Robbins's talk. He swears a mean war . . . Never mind, captain. If we was only firin', you wouldn't have-ta worry about them birds. They'd all be dead . . . That would take a load off from your mind . . . Save your voice, sergeant. They'll keep their heads down when the time comes. One shot over them and they'd stick their heads into the ground like fishin'-worms . . . Tom. Take a look at that scout platoon. They waddle up like a lot of ducks . . . What a laugh the Dutchmen are goin' t'git out of them . . ."

On their right five hundred men with fixed bayonets clambered over the stones and made gestures at the underbrush. Just behind them a whistle blew four times. Cassidy put down his signal-flag and saluted.

"I didn't see the colonel, sir."

"Well, sergeant. Have a nice sleep?"

"We wasn't sleepin', sir," interposed Riley. "It was too cold."

"C'n I ask th' colonel a question?"

The officer looked at Cassidy, with a suspicion of a smile crinkling his mouth corners.

"No use, sergeant. No passes for anybody. No passes anywhere. There'll never be any more passes."

"That isn't what I was goin' to ask th' colonel." Cassidy's tone was grieved, for he disliked having his motives impugned. "What was all these-here-now hewn rocks dumped here for?"

"Road," said the colonel. "Roman road."

"Yah," Riley shouted. "What'd I tell you? Church says you. Yah. Church. You're ignoranter than a pig."

The colonel laughed until the silver eagles on his shoulder-straps seemed to flap their wings. "I guess Riley's right, sergeant. It certainly wasn't a church. Just part of the old Roman road that ran up from Marseilles to Calais."

The colonel turned to receive the report of his regimental staff. Cassidy spoke quickly, but feelingly, under his breath to Riley.

"One more 'church' crack from you and you're goin' on sick report. And not from nothin' that happened to you in the line of duty, understand?"

"Yah. Church," snarled Riley. Be-

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cause of the proximity of the staff, nothing followed.

That evening Chaplain Brewster was reading in his quarters when there was a discreet tap at the door. "Come in," called the chaplain, expecting a budget of letters to be censored. But Cassidy stood before him. Cassidy had never been a member of his flock, but, rather, a jeering infidel.

"What was it, sergeant?"

"Why was them Romans buildin' roads up in this part of the world, father?"

There was no particular reason why the Calvinist chaplain should have been flattered when addressed as "father." Or at being questioned by the unruly Cassidy. But he found he was.

"Sit down, sergeant. I'll tell you." To his astonishment, Cassidy sat.

"You've heard of Julius Cæsar, sergeant?"

"Who was he?"

Taps was being blown when Cassidy rose from his chair. "Thank you, sir," he was saying. He obviously meant it. "And if the chaplain should happen to get that book for me I'd be much obliged to the chaplain, sir."

Instead of being ushered in with crocuses and violets, spring arrived with a half-dozen offensives, a regimental casualty list, and a weedy mob of replacements. The battles and the casualty list were moderately welcome; the first was a change from perpetual drills, and an unpopular officer headed the latter. But to Cassidy, now First Sergeant Cassidy, the first respite from the front-line duty brought only distressful cares.

In a dirty village street, to the rub-a-dub-dub of distant gun-fire, Cassidy tore out his bristling hair as he tried to teach the recruits the school of the soldier. "You've heard tell of the three 'r's' in the old grammar-school," Cassidy made oration to the attentive rookies. "In th' army, it's th' three 'l's'—liquor, lovin', an' lyin', within reason. Pay attention to them, an' do as I tell you, and you'll look like soldiers, even if you ain't. Dismiss."

At Cassidy's elbow stood Riley.

"Th' comp'ny clerk says you had mail come," began Riley belligerently.

"What if I did?" returned the first sergeant.

"It was a package, he says."

"That clerk'll get in trouble; he talks too much."

"That package," continued Riley, thrusting out his jaw, "was flat an' heavy. It hefted like choc-o-lat."

"Naw. It wasn't nothin' to eat."

"Anything to smoke?"

"Naw. Nothin' to smoke."

"What th' hell was it, then?"

"Book."

"What're you doin' with a book? You ain't never read a book. Why don't . . ."

"List'n." Cassidy tapped Riley's chest with his trigger-crooked forefinger. "Supposin' it was so, that I never took time off to read a book, I can read it, can't I?"

Riley shrugged. "How should I know?" he inquired, as he walked rapidly away.

"He don't know if I c'n read?" snorted Cassidy to himself. "Let's see what he knows."

It was afternoon a week later when the company found shelter in a ruined stone barn, from which its former occupants had been pried with bayonets and no little difficulty. A gaping hole made in the centre of the roof by a high-explosive shell had removed both tiles and laths. But the upright walls, quickly loopholed for rifles and machine-

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guns, made a not-unworthy fortress.

Close against these walls, so as to be concealed from an enemy machine-gun that was still sputtering in the steeple of the village church, lay the members of the company. Riley posted his platoon and then threw himself down beside Cassidy.

"Pretty slick in here, Terry." Riley shifted his gas-mask from chest to back and used it for a pillow. "It makes a good cover, don't it?"

Outside bullets spattered against the stone, while in a street parallel with the one they dominated could be heard suggestive sounds of "mopping up" made by another battalion.

"It's like an a-trium," Cassidy said slowly.

"What?"

"A a-trium. You wouldn't know about that. A a-trium's the big front room in a Roman house. They're built with a hole in the roof like this here barn."

"I know." Riley wrinkled up his nose scornfully. "And when it rains they all run around the library table and say 'quack, quack.' "

Cassidy paid no attention to this scornful comment. He continued, as if he were repeating a lesson he had scanned many times. "The Romans loved sunshine. In city houses as in country villa they made adequate provision for basking in its warmth. Shielded by awnings when necessary . . ."

"Terry! Terry!" There was deep concern in Riley's tone. "Was you hit or somethin'? List'n, Terry. Was you shell-shocked by that grenade?"

"I ain't hit. I'm tellin' you about them Romans . . ."

"Turn over and lem'me look at you. I'll bring you back to the dressing-station. . . ."

"Take your mitts off me. Th' Romans . . ."

Riley swore, hoarsely and fervently. He raised himself upon his elbow and shouted across the barn to a nervous private. "Hey! You! Cusack, there. Quit playin' with them grenades before one of them goes off in your hands and you wake up th' major." His duty performed, he turned back to Cassidy. "Yeah, Romans. I mind them now."

"Th' Romans is the greatest people that ever lived," said Cassidy.

"Sure," agreed Riley. "They built that mile-long church you was tellin' me about, last winter."

Even that insulting recollection did not anger Cassidy. "Maybe they had churches a mile long and maybe they didn't. That'll be under 'C' and I ain't had time to read that far yet. I just read all of 'A' and into 'B' as far as bakeries."

"All right. Have it your own way. The Romans was all hellers." Riley's hand went into his pocket. "I'll roll you for high dice and we'll settle when we get paid."

"Not me," returned Cassidy, his hand going into the leather despatch-case he carried. But instead of bringing forth the company records he produced a thick volume entitled "Roman Life," and opened it to a page marked with a folded and unread divisional order. "I'm goin' to read a piece in my book."

"Where's your mornin' report?" demanded Riley, pointing to the case which should have contained it.

"Throwed it away. There wasn't room in this case for it and my book, too."

Riley was aghast. "How're you goin' t' make ration returns? Don't you think we wan'na eat?"

"List'n, rookie." Cassidy paused in his classical studies to glare at the pla-

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toon sergeant. "When there's no mornin' reports made out th' company draws rations for full strength, two hundred and twenty men. Because, without mornin' reports they can't prove we ain't got our full strength. Th' mornin'-report book is lost in action, and we'll be eatin' better'n any other company in th' regiment. Now leave me be, to do my readin', and don't try tellin' me how to top-kick my company."

Riley's jaw dropped. "If I thought you learned that one out of your book, I'd read it myself."

First Sergeant Cassidy was, in all probability, the only non-commissioned officer in the American Expeditionary Forces to use a volume of "Roman Life" as a military manual. Riley, and indeed the rest of the company, grew to hate the very thought of it.

Worse conversationalist than the man with one child is the man with one book.

On night marches, or when the men were scantily sheltered in fox holes, waiting for the rocket signal to attack, it was army courtesy to talk of women, good jobs on the outside, liquor, gambling, home, square meals, and other professional matters. On such occasions Cassidy spoke unendingly of the Romans.

Sloughing along, at the head of the column, he would approach the captain.

"Capt'n. Could th' captain tell me if them Centurions in th' Roman army was commissioned officers? Or was they non-coms, like me?"

"I don't know, Cassidy."

"Well, if they was non-coms, how is it they was let in on councils of war and their opinions accepted by the generals in preference to . . ."

"Better drop back to the rear of the column, sergeant. See if there are any stragglers."

And, obediently halting until the last file approached, Cassidy would swing in beside Lieutenant Chambers.

"Lieutenant. You was to college and you ought to know. How'd them Romans make out when they went over and tackled th' Irish?"

"Just keep track of the column, sergeant. I want to go up front and talk to the captain."

Such evasions were well enough for the officers, who could, when worst came to worst, peremptorily order Cassidy to cease his clatter. But for the men, over whom Cassidy reigned like a perpetual threat of ration-carrying and burying assignments, there was no escape.

"Did I ever tell you how them old Romans used to fetch water down-town from out in the country, corporal?"

The unlucky corporal, with a mental groan but a great fear of losing his chevrons, would reply: "Naw, serg., I guess you never did."

Again it might be a harassed private whom Cassidy found beside him. "Soldier. They got a great system in Rome for marryin' off people. The fella an' th' girl shakes hands and puts flowers on their heads and then everybody gets tight and they carry the girl over to the guy's house and call it a day. Ain't that better'n foolin' with a marriage license and such truck? And it ain't legal unless the Roman fella carries the dame into his front room himself. That's so as puny guys can't get married and breed runty kids. You can't have a woman unless you're strong enough to carry her."

Once Riley made a wild attempt to steal the book. He wore a black eye for several days thereafter, and only said,

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when questioned: "If that half-wit had to take up readin' books at his age, I wisht it had been somethin' about love an' politics."

When the company changed fronts in August, Cassidy really came into his own. His book gave him a classical precedent for each and every thing which he chose to order done. They marched through the Marne valley, where, unscarred by war, fields blossomed and vineyards spread and where regulations against "borrowing"—an American soldier never steals or loots—were strictly enforced.

But the first night of the march, when Cassidy glanced at the cook's pathetically simple supper, he signalled to a hungry soldier.

"We passed a potato-field two kilos back. There ain't no house or nothin' near it. Take four men, corporal, and go back there an' dig us some Murphys. Bring enough for two or three days. My book says that th' Roman soldiers allways added to their scanty field rations by levyin' contributions on the fields through which they passed."

The following afternoon found them billeted beside a muddy canal. The water was tempting, in spite of a coating of green scum in the shallows. But a hard-hearted medical officer had posted a conspicuous order. "Water Foul. NO SWIMMING. By order of So-and-so."

Cassidy pulled down the sign.

"Go ahead, fellas. Swim all you like. No Roman went through the day without his bath. I guess them Romans knew more about fightin' than any iodine swab we got in our army. What th' hell! That water won't hurt us. We's dirtier'n what th' water is."

Riley approved of the sentiment, but not of the authority which Cassidy quoted. Riley, seated on the bank, had removed his shoes and unwound his puttees. On his tongue was a long-considered sarcasm.

"Cassidy, wasn't you tellin' me that them Romans captured France in two summers? Ain't that what your book says?"

Cassidy, entirely nude, and poised for a dive into the canal, nodded. "It's so. Th' book says . . ."

"Then, Cassidy," Riley grinned in malicious triumph, "why didn't they hang on to the country and put the Dutchmen out of it theirselves, without botherin' us?"

"I'll tell you, just like I read it in th' book." Cassidy grew very serious. "Th' Roman non-coms, well, they licked all of France in two years, an' most of Germany to boot. A guy named Julie Cæsar was C. in C. and Galba was his chief of staff. But then, after they'd got France they looked it over and seen it was no good. So they give it back to the Frogs. C'n you blame 'em?"

Cassidy dived into the questionable water.

Riley, half out of his trousers, nodded at the other's logic. "If he knew his Bible like he knows that Roman book, he'd make a good cardinal."

It is not difficult to understand why Cassidy was never court-martialled for his impudent high-handedness. Good non-commissioned officers were hard to find, and, when it came to placing effectives on the firing-line Cassidy was one in a thousand. He was like a horse that must be allowed to take his own gait, but at that speed is both willing and tireless.

The company was marching toward Verdun, one night, when a mounted orderly delivered an order. Their com-

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missioned officers had been transferred to units which had no Cassidy to handle them.

"So the major says for us to hurry?" Cassidy mocked. "Go back an' tell th' major, First Sergeant Cassidy said the Roman legions marched three miles an hour, no more, no less. And that's plenty fast enough for us."

The message was delivered: "First Sergeant Cassidy reports that he's hurryin' as fast as possible, sir." It was really what Cassidy meant, and every one did a little paraphrasing for him, when military usages demanded it.

It must have been on September 29, three days after the opening of the new battle on the Verdun front, that a company runner came to Cassidy in a shocking state as to clothes. He had hurriedly, and in the line of duty, become entangled with much barbed wire.

"Got a minute, serg.?"

"If you just brought me another order from th' colonel, you c'n tell 'im you couldn't find me."

"It ain't th' colonel, serg. Honest. It's me."

"Well?" grunted Cassidy ungraciously.

"Take a look at my pants, serg. There ain't nothin' left of them. I can't go on like this, serg. Lem'me go back to division headquarters and see if I can't get me a new pair. I'd turn 'em around an' wear 'em hind side before, but the seat is worse'n th' front. List'n, serg. It ain't right not to give me no pants. If there was women around here I'd have to be wearin' a barrel. Look at 'em, serg."

Cassidy did not deign to glance at the man's legs.

"Th' Romans, young fella, always took off their togas and done their fightin' in their underwear. And if you live to be a hundred you'll never be the soldier them Romans was."

Once Cassidy's erudition was immortalized in despatches.

On the outskirts of Corneville stood an elaborate stone smoke-house, in which, for generations, the villagers' hams and bacon had been cured, after hog-killing time in November. The battalion of which Cassidy's was the centre company took the place with a pretty exhibition of street fighting. Next day the Allied General Staff in the *Official Communique* reported: "The ancient Roman burial tomb north of the Meuse and the village near it was occupied yesterday by American infantry, who later held their position against strong counter-attacks."

Antiquarians were electrified by the news, for Roman relics had never been located near Corneville. Doctor Armand Jean du Plessis, of the University of Nancy, made a patient investigation, which required two years, and submitted his conclusions to the French Academy. "It seems most probable that, near the village, a long-lost Roman tomb was discovered during intrenching operations. It was later destroyed by shell fire."

The slight error was, of course, Cassidy's. He had noted the similarity between the cone-shaped roof of the smoke-house and the photograph of the Tomb of the Gracci, in the appendix of his book. In the absence of a commissioned officer, he had written the first report of the taking of the village, and a sleepy adjutant at regimental headquarters had passed it along to divisional and army headquarters, where the archæology was not questioned.

About the 1st of November the com-

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pany reached the banks of a little river. Ice crystals feathered over quiet pools, and opinion was practically unanimous that the stream should be crossed by a pontoon bridge, which the men could see a few hundred yards down-stream.

Cassidy, not heeding loud and pointed hints about the bridge, led his cohorts to the water's edge.

"It ain't very deep. Let's go," ordered Cassidy.

"Now, serg.," wailed one of the leading files. "There's a bridge over there an' . . ."

"We'll use no such bridge as that," retorted Cassidy. "I don't like the looks of it and it ain't built right, anyhow. If we had time we'd build a bridge our own selves, just to show them engineers somethin'. In my book I got a picture of a bridge Julie Cæsar built and it don't look nothin' like that."

"But, serg. Th' water's cold an' I can't swim."

"Then get drowned and be damned to you."

Riley elbowed a half-dozen men out of his way and faced Cassidy. The light of battle was in Riley's eyes.

"You c'n take your book and swim, Terrence Cassidy. An' if you gets drowned, it'll be for th' good of th' service."

"Says you."

"Says I," repeated Riley. "This outfit's fed up with you and your book. I'm goin' down and walk over the bridge."

"Refusin' orders in th' face of the enemy, Sergeant Riley?"

"Refusin' Roman orders, Sergeant Cassidy. Roll that up in a cigarette paper and smoke it, you, you, coal-stealin', lantern-bustin', crossin' watchman, Ohio bum."

"I could shoot you. I could have you shot. I could put you under arrest, or I could wrap that-there machine-gun about your neck . . ."

"And I," shouted Riley, "could take th' pages of your Roman book and feed 'em to you for cabbage-leaves; and your own mother wouldn't know you wasn't a back-yard billy-goat."

"Shut up about me Roman book an' me mudder . . ."

A long whine, like a steamboat whistle, deepened into a roar like that of an express-train in a tunnel. The combative sergeants and their charges became like ostriches, burying their heads in the river mud. Then followed an explosion that rocked the neighborhood. Cassidy, Riley, and the company arose. The disputed bridge was gone.

"Whew!" gasped Riley.

"I told you that bridge wasn't no good." In his triumph Cassidy was even magnanimous. "You c'n just be glad you got me to look out for you, fella."

That night, in his fox hole, Cassidy gave an expurgated version of the affair to his acting captain.

"If Black Jack Pershing an' Bullard had studied up on them Romans, like I done sir, this war would-a-been over long ago. Julie Cæsar licked the Germans first, when they was fresh. Hadn't we ought-ta go after them th' same way, now that we got 'em on the run? In my book it says . . ."

The acting captain, who had been quite comfortable, rose stiffly.

"I'm going over and make sure that we've established liaison with E Company," he said, as he departed to sleep elsewhere.

The armistice was but six hours old when Cassidy sought Riley.

Riley was happy. Beside him was a canteen of captured schnapps, which had been taken from a German prison-

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er. He was lying in a comfortable German dugout, talking to a pair of loaded dice. The dice, long inactive, were being promised much employment. Four months' back pay was due the company. Riley was practising rolling sevens on a blanket.

"Tom," said Cassidy, "do me a favor."

Riley looked up.

Below Cassidy's battered helmet was the first sergeant's worn and unshaven face. And below his face was his filthy tunic. And tied to the second button of the tunic was a white "wounded" tag, such as were filled out in first-aid stations and tied to the unfortunate who was being evacuated to a base hospital.

"Gawd, Terry. What happened to you?"

"Nothin'. Just you tell th' actin' captain I said you was to take charge of th' company. An' tell 'im to watch them cooks. They're stealin' bacon and tradin' it to the Frogs for red wine. They drunk up our breakfast, just now."

"I'll kill them grease balls."

"An', Tom. Half th' company needs shoes, an' you should try an' get more sugar for th' coffee. That's bein' stole down to regimental. Don't let Private Pitkin go on sick report. I looked him over and there ain't nothin' wrong with him. And Dunn ought-ta have three days' company punishment for talkin' back to his sergeant an' . . ."

"Terry. What's wrong with you?"

"Nothin', Tom. I wisht you good luck with th' company. Oh, I most forgot. You should requisition blankets and tell th' men to go around and steal whatever ordnance equipment they're short. They can steal it easy off these-here National Army guys. Some son-of will be along in a day or two and survey us for ordnance . . ."

"Will you tell me what's happened to you?"

"I'm comin' to that," continued Cassidy. "You c'n report that I was hit yesterday, but I says nothin' about it, hopin' to stick it out with th' company. But while carryin' out th' orders of th' actin' captain with regard to burial parties my wounds was reopened . . ."

"So help me, Terry, I didn't know it. I'd of done your work and glad to. Jeze, Terry, you had of ought to told me so's I . . ."

Cassidy looked gravely at Riley. "One thing more, Tom. If that regimental supply sergeant don't honor your requisitions for shoes an' blankets, you tell him you know where he sold them ten pair of rubber boots . . ."

There were tears in Riley's blue eyes. "Terry, I want-ta take back what I says that day, about feedin' you th' pages of your Roman book."

"Good-by, Tom. They'll give you your first sergeant's chevrons, next month, sure."

"But you'll get well an' come back, Terry. If you don't . . . so help me . . . I'll transfer out-a th' damned regiment. I'll transfer into this carrier-pigeon service or . . . or . . ."

"I won't be back." Cassidy leaned over and whispered in Riley's ear. "You c'n write me at Rome, care of th' general delivery."

"Rome. What you mean, Rome?"

Cassidy nodded his head. "Goin' to live there. Enlist in the Roman army. You gotta enlist for twenty years, so there ain't much chance of me seein' you again."

"List'n, Terry." Riley grabbed his arm. "You can't do that. I wouldn't blame you for takin' an A. W. O. L. But desertin's desertin'. Some M. P.'ll

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grab you and you'll be breakin' stones in Leavenworth . . ."

Cassidy thrust the white ticket under Riley's nose. "Take a look at that card, kid. It says 'American Hospital at Rome,' don't it?"

"But some M. P.'ll know it looks more like your writin' than th' medical captain's."

Cassidy laughed triumphantly. "They won't get no sample of my writin'. I'm goin' to bandage up both my hands and make people light my cigarettes and feed me, all the way to Rome." Cassidy put out his hand and gripped Riley's. "So long, soldier. I'll send you a picture of me in Rome."

The days that followed were comprehensive torments to Riley. Every time an official letter came for the company captain he feared it was notification of Cassidy's arrest. And, to add to his discomfort, there was a tendency in the regiment to make something of a hero out of Cassidy.

Nor were Riley's misgivings all on Cassidy's account. He had cheerfully reported the first sergeant's wounds, without realizing that the report, ipso facto, made him an accessory to the lie.

When first questioned, Riley had given gory descriptions of the wounds, repeating all of Cassidy's story and inventing more. The colonel, furious at his medical staff for obvious neglect of duty, made heroic efforts to learn to what hospital Cassidy had been taken.

"If he was bad as you reported, sergeant," said the colonel to Riley one afternoon, during the march to Coblenz, "the poor fellow may have died by the roadside."

"I hope not, sir," Riley choked.

"Damned medics. Going out and getting drunk that afternoon," growled the colonel. "Some one should have been there to evacuate him. I'll make 'em sweat for it."

Even his Roman-ridden company forgot Cassidy's faults and spoke of him as a square-shooter, the best top-kicker in the army, and compared Riley to him, much to Riley's disparagement. And the colonel, chiefly to annoy his medical staff, recommended Cassidy through military channels for a decoration.

And Riley himself, far from receiving his warrant as first sergeant in the deserter's place, was left "acting," while the officers patiently waited for the wanderer to return.

"If I thought he ever really got to Rome," said Riley to himself, the night Cassidy's citation for bravery was read to the regiment, "I'd go A. W. O. L. myself, go to Rome and beat his roamin' Roman nose in, for him."

It was an afternoon in late December. In the streets of the little German village hobnailed shoes plunk-plunked in rhythmic beat, as the companies swung down the street from the drill-field, where the regiment had stood "retreat."

"Squads—Right," bellowed the captain, "acting captain" no longer. "Company—Halt." One, two; one, two, three, in marching cadence, the rifles came down to order arms. "Sergeant."

"Sir." Riley stepped out from the line of the file-closers.

"Sergeant. Dismiss the company." The captain with his lieutenants passed into the headquarters building.

"At ease," droned Riley. "Th' follow'in' men are detailed for t'morrow. Kitchen police: Privates Adomoli, Kebala, Ponti, and Smith. . . . Fire guard: Privates Jamison, Linter, and Op-nop-a-zoff. . . ."

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A gasp sounded in the three ranks of the company. Riley looked at them, in soldierly horror.

"ATT-EN-SHUN" he bawled.

Then, behind him, sounded a familiar voice. "Sergeant. Post." Riley whirled.

There stood First Sergeant Cassidy. His uniform was new serge, into which he fitted like a cartridge in a rifle chamber. First sergeant's chevrons and gold-leaf service and a wound stripe adorned Cassidy's sleeves.

"You. You . . . gold-brickin' . . ."

"Sergeant. Post."

A command is not lightly disobeyed, when on parade. Riley, his fists clinched, marched to his old post in the third rank with the file-closers. Cassidy clicked his heels and addressed the unit.

"This company has got sloppy since I been in th' hospital. You'll do an hour's special drill a day until I get you back where you was when I left you. And one thing more. I don't want to hear nothin' . . ."

First Sergeant Cassidy paused and looked meaningly in the direction of Sergeant Riley.

". . . nothin' more about them Romans. I seen . . . I mean they tell me, them who knows, that the Romans has all died off, and left nothin' but a bunch of lousy wops."

"Inspection—Arms. Port, arms. Dismiss."

# Death Watch

By John Frazier Vance

The hammers ring at sundown
  Upon the Hangman's Tree,
And when the sun comes up again
  The town will stare at me.

I shall not die a coward,
  But those who gape will say,
"Oh, yon's a brazen rascal
  That meets his death to-day."

And as the cap is lowered
  I'll flash a parting grin
Down on the pallid watchers
  Who have decried my sin.

And they will stop to think on theirs
  And cast a furtive eye
Behind them as they go their ways—
And envy him who blithely sways
  Against the morning sky.

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# Mad Anthony Wayne

## STONY POINT

BY THOMAS BOYD

COMMANDING the Pennsylvania Line since the late spring of 1777, Anthony Wayne was finally superseded by Arthur Saint Clair in the winter of 1778–79, which sent him sulking back to Philadelphia; but not before he had written General Washington to suggest the formation of a light corps with himself at the head. In that, his Excellency assured him, he would very probably be accommodated. And when summer of 1779 began and action was once more to be expected Washington sent Wayne a hurried note: "Join the army as soon as possible."

### III

ON July first, 1779, Anthony Wayne left General Washington's headquarters near West Point and rode down to Sandy Beach where the First and Second regiments of the American Light Corps were encamped. He went slowly, for his Excellency had informed him of a plan that needed pondering, a sheer piece of apparent recklessness that would require incessant caution, silence and foresight up to the minute it was carried to failure or success. But what he had been offered was no more than what he had asked for; also he may well have been flattered that Washington selected him and that the officers gathered under him down the river at Sandy Beach were chiefly those he would have chosen if given the pick of the entire army.

For the light corps had been formed; composed of four regiments of two battalions each, there were nearly 1,400 men in this special command, some from Wayne's Irish Pennsylvanians, others from Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina, a battalion from Massachusetts and another from Connecticut. Riding down to Sandy Beach Wayne found Dicky Butler in charge of the Second Regiment. Butler, he had often observed, was popular with his men, spirited in danger and an admirable friend. Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Fleury was next—under Christian Febiger, who had the First. Fleury had done well rallying the troops at the Battle of the Brandywine where a horse had been shot under him; later that same year when the British were lifting the blockade on the Delaware Fleury had continued for hours repairing the walls of Fort Mifflin under the destroying guns of Sir William Howe. Light Horse Harry Lee, a little jealous of Wayne, a little disapproving, but liking him then all the same, was to lead the scouts. Captain Allen McLane, who had knifed the sentries at Germantown, was one of the subordinate officers. Major Jack Steward, who had a name for gallantry in the Maryland Line, and Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hay were Dicky Butler's immediate officers in the Second



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Regiment. Those men Wayne had known in battle long before he had come to Sandy Beach on the Hudson.

The rest of his corps lay across the river, the Third Regiment under Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs, who had Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Sherman and Captain Henry Champion as battalion commanders; and the Fourth was under command of Colonel Rufus Putnam with Majors Hardy Murfree and William Hull. But for the Third and Fourth Regiments Wayne had no need as yet. Taking his quarters in the low-built farmhouse of Benjamin Jacques, around whose land Butler's and Febiger's regiments were encamped, he began walking observantly over the rocky hills that rose up from the river, trying the rugged passes, the narrow paths which led between the stone cliffs and the broad, swift Hudson.

Two days after he arrived Wayne climbed the heights of the Donderberg and looked down upon the surrounding hills. Jagged, dark with shadows in the summer foliage which covered their sides, they stood in a massive chain up and down the river. Below him, rising out of the water near the shore, he could see the bald head and craggy shoulders of Stony Point. Steep on all sides, it was almost perpendicular where it had been severed from the mainland. There it rose up in a perilous slant for one hundred forty feet above the water even when the tide was high. A few years before the Point had been entirely apart from the west bank; later American soldiers had built a causeway of dirt and stone to span the narrow channel. This had made a sand-bar until now the Point and the bank were joined by a slender beach which at low tide was passable.

General Wayne was impressed. The Point was a hundred acres of solid rock; when the British had captured it a month earlier they had gone to work, as one of them said, like "a parsels of Devils in fortifying" it. Only six hundred and ten men made the garrison, it was true, but in their various breastworks they had two twenty-four-pounders, two eighteen-pounders, four twelve-pounders, half a dozen six-pounders, a ten-inch mortar, an eight-inch howitzer, two Royal Mortars, two cohorns and three one-pounders. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Johnston, who had taken one of David Frank's daughters from Philadelphia, was in command and spoke of the place as Little Gibraltar. And opposite the point, as a further guard, the war-sloop *Vulture* lay at anchor in the middle of the Hudson.

Yet it was to attempt the recapture of Stony Point that General Wayne had been called to headquarters and his Light Corps organized. Old King's Ferry, with its landing from Verplanck's in the cove on the north side of the fortification was useless so long as the British kept the garrison; and more important still General Washington had great need of making a tactical move. For the enemy were marauding along the Connecticut coast and Sir Henry Clinton was closely watching the American Commander-in-Chief, hoping he would detach several brigades to Connecticut's support, in which case Sir Henry meant to fall on his main body and destroy it. But Washington, sending no more troops than he could spare, had determined on an answer that would surprise the British and engage them in an unexpected direction—a daylight storming of Stony Point.

But now General Wayne had become doubtful. His Excellency, he said, had better look at the Point again. The

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pickets, he would find, were placed well around it on all sides except the east, where the rocks were washed by deep water and within plain sight of the *Vulture*. He would see the two encircling rows of abatis which would have to be broken through before the summit could be reached. It was a generally accepted convention that all men had to die; Wayne minded the ordeal less than most, nevertheless he saw no pleasure in the image of himself sliding down one hundred and forty feet of jagged rock with a bullet or bayonet wound in his head. No, General Wayne had no faith in an attack by daylight.

His Excellency was persuasive. It was a necessary business and Brigadier Wayne was the man to accomplish it. And while an assault up the side of Stony Point might be impracticable in daylight there were, fortunately, other hours when General Wayne's Light Corps would be less conspicuous. His Excellency realized that it must be a surprise and that the result would hang on the thoroughness with which that element entered into the affair.

General Wayne had respectful memories of night surprises, but little liking for them. There was the so-called massacre at Paoli, almost within sight of the home he had so recently left, where Major-General Sir Charles Grey had put the Pennsylvanians to rout with only the sword, pike and bayonet as weapons. There was a more recent occasion when the same General Grey had come out of the night and stabbed most of Captain Baylor's detachment. And while a stealthy assault in the darkness was against Wayne's nature—which stood boldly open—there was much to be said for it now. Scheming with his Excellency, he interrupted fervently to exclaim:

"General, I'll storm Hell if you'll only plan it!"

It was agreed, then, on July sixth that the recapture of Stony Point was to be attempted. Wayne's moment of doubt was quickly gone; now he was confident and audacious again. He had, he discovered when he considered what his new command had brought him, nothing to complain of and everything to exult in. First, he was in the army and away from Arthur Saint Clair; second, he could not have hoped to find a better body of men in the army; third, the daring of the business to be engaged in gave him the right to forward one of the foibles which he had held long and dearly—it was his privilege to demand an elegant uniform for the Light Corps to wear; fourth, he would have for the first time since he entered the service a fight all to himself, free to act in any way within the bounds of sense; and last, every one of his men would be equipped according to his orders, each private would be fitted with a good bayonet, each non-com with one of those short-handled spears called espontoons and each officer with a cutting-sword. That was certainly more than he had ever had before.

The espontoons he wanted quickly, for many of the sergeants were unfamiliar in the use of them, which would have to be remedied. He also wanted all of his officers to be supplied with copies of Baron von Steuben's book of instructions in the manual of arms and field manœuvres. There was not enough concerted movement among the troops as yet.

He got the espontoons. They were parcelled out to the unsuspecting corporals and sergeants a week before the attack. A few copies of von Steuben's book also came. But as for the elegant

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uniforms he would have to be satisfied with white feathers or bits of paper worn in the hats of the men.

Meanwhile the four regiments passed the days in swift and profitable drilling. Meigs's and Putnam's commands still lay on the east side of the Hudson and Butler's and Febiger's remained encamped at Benjamin Jacques's farm. For Wayne had left the Third and Fourth Regiments on the east bank so as not to excite an alarm which might be communicated by some spy or deserter to the British garrison at Stony Point. The surprise he intended to manage with thoroughness.

On July tenth the plans were completed. A party of riflemen from the camp at Jacques's farm were to be kept hovering about the point with orders to harass the outposts continually, worry the garrison and prevent any deserters from passing through to the enemy. On the eleventh Wayne rode forward on another reconnoitring party; taking Dicky Butler and Christian Febiger, he followed a footpath to the southwest end of Donderberg mountain which came out near the rocky farm of David Springsteel. From there he looked down on the steep-sided, bulky fortification of Stony Point. Water lay in the weedy marsh and over the sand-bar which he would have to cross on the night of the attack, but at low tide passage from the mainland to the point would be unobstructed, it was believed. Going down to the edge of the heavy stand of trees on the hillside he could see how a part of his men might make a deceptive move against the butt of the point where it was nearest the mainland while two small columns passed around the sides and climbed up to the top near where the point thrust farthest into the deep water. Each preceded by about twenty men who would cut openings through the two lines of abatis, the columns would clamber upward, one to the left and one to the right and be upon the garrison with their bayonets.

A simple plan, but its success was imprisoned by a network of difficulties. The barking of a dog on the night of the attack, a rumor brought beforehand into the garrison by some countryman carrying vegetables or meats, failure to take the advance pickets without alarm, inability of the pioneers to make an opening through the lines of abatis quickly and noiselessly, a shot from the mainland before the columns were on their way to the top, lack of fortitude in any of the men—all those strands would have to be cut before victory could be free.

Wayne, Butler and Febiger rode back to Sandy Beach where the First and Second Regiments were at drill on the field. It was only a few days now until the assault. Wayne talked with young Light Horse Harry Lee, short and slender like Alexander Hamilton; with Captain James Chrystie and Allen McLane. A little while later Lee and Chrystie went out with a body of scouts to destroy every dog that could be found within three miles of Stony Point. McLane left with instructions to mark the positions of the pickets and arrest any persons who were about to go up to the garrison.

On the fourteenth Wayne ordered the Third and Fourth Regiments from across the river. Colonels Meigs and Putnam brought them to Sandy Beach and when they landed, the men of the First and Second, sweating for so long a time in apparently useless drills, began to suspect they were soon to move toward the British. By that time the young English Whig, Henry Archer, had ar-

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rived and offered himself as a voluntary aide to the general. He would, he was assured, see action soon.

The soldiers' suspicion grew as Lee and Chrystie came back that afternoon with a string of dogs. A little later Allen McLane appeared with the widow Calhoun and another woman, each of whom carried a basket of greens and some dressed chickens hung on her arm. The provender had been meant for the table of Colonel Johnston; it now was cooked in the officer's mess at Sandy Beach.

The rest of the day passed quietly. By nightfall the Jacques farmhouse was dark and the impromptu tents of brushwood with bark roofs in which the soldiers slept were silent save for speculative whispering. Doubtless General Wayne was restive, for a night attack to his mind was a poor manner of waging war. Also the plans were a little finicky for so bold and emphatic a nature. They had been made after much zealously sought information had been gathered; time after time General Washington and he had discussed them. Now one night more and the two slender columns would be moving like long, wary arms to encircle Stony Point. Meanwhile if any of the British sentries moved their positions, if the garrison had had an alarm, if any of the attacking men lost heart or grew loudly flustered after the sand-bar had been crossed it would be death and failure. But against that event he proposed esprit de corps and the bayonet. He sat thinking of the general order which would be read to the troops on the following day.

Morning came. The drums beat reveille, but there was no call to drill after breakfast. The men, accustomed to rigorous manœuvres throughout the day, were surprised at the command to break ranks and gathered about in rumor-breeding knots. Where were they going? What was Mad Anthony up to? Wherever he went there was sure to be a fight, that was certain. But what was there to fight around Sandy Beach? Nothing but the British garrison across the river at Fort Lafayette on Verplanck's Point and another opposite it at Stony Point. But the Third and Fourth had been drawn away from the side on which Fort Lafayette stood. Only Stony Point remained. And nobody with a pinch of sense, not even Mad Anthony, would risk an assault where it would take a cast-iron mountain goat to travel safely.

Rumor was quieted by excitement when at about eleven o'clock an order was passed for every man in the four regiments to fall in for inspection with full equipment. Muskets were to be cleaned, rations kept intact and each soldier was to be freshly shaved and powdered. Their readiness for service, the order said, was to be judged by General Wayne.

Formed in two ranks facing the Hudson, the Light Corps stood at attention while their commander, followed by Colonels Butler, Febiger, Meigs, Putnam, the adjutants and aides, walked slowly in front of them, scrutinizing their firelocks, the lively expectancy in their eyes. Wayne's own eyes changed swiftly as he passed from man to man; bright with scorn for the youth that came haphazardly arrayed, they became warm and congratulating before the soldier whose alert figure gave arrogance to his ragged shirt and buckskin breeches. It was that kind of man, Wayne felt, who would volunteer for the business at midnight.

At noon the long inspection was ended. Ranks were closed and the men be-

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gan glancing furtively backward toward the rows of iron kettles from which they expected soon to be fed. But that, they suddenly discovered, was a delusion. Instead of being dismissed the two long lines were faced to the right and given the command to march. Their general leading, they tramped south to Fort Montgomery and passed in single file through the gorge between two humped and jagged mountains. For five miles they pushed through a wilderness that was marked only by a deer-path. They went quietly, for there had been an order from the General for them not to talk. Once they rested beside a brook from which they drank. It was by Clement's farmhouse. No man left the column. Soon they were marching on again; at eight o'clock, with shadows below and twilight above the trees, they wound into the clearing beside David Springsteel's cabin which lay half-way down the valley at the southwest end of the Donderberg. Stony Point was a mile and a half distant. The long line halted.

In the dim light that filled the Springsteel clearing Anthony Wayne stood watching Colonels Febiger and Butler form two columns as the filing men straggled up and stopped. The regiment under Meigs was joined to the tail of Febiger's and then came the men commanded by Hull. Back of Butler's troops moved Putnam's soldiers, while off to the side in the wood Major Murfree held his battalion motionless. As the last troops stepped into position the brisk voice of the adjutant sounded out, requesting commanders to call their units to attention. A final shifting of the four regiments was about to be made and the men were nervously wetting their lips and silent.

Three hundred men with determined natures were wanted, half from each of the two main columns. Orders were spoken in small clear voices. Youths and their seniors began to fall out on the right and trail their pikes and muskets forward until they stood, one hundred and fifty men, heading either of the waiting regiments in the advance. One stopped in front of Febiger's troops and the other before Butler's column. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury marched to the lead of the first and Major Jack Steward to the other.

Then as the sun went down and the ranks stood still the adjutant began peering at the paper which General Wayne had given him. He started reading. Stony Point, the Light Corps learned, was to be assaulted at midnight. Excepting those men who made up Major Hardy Murfree's battalion no soldier was to carry a loaded musket. By the fixed bayonets in the hands of the three hundred volunteers and by the espontoons and swords carried by the officers the attack was to succeed or fail. Instant death was to follow any disobedience of orders after the march had begun. Rewards of from one to five hundred dollars were to be given the first five men who entered the enemy's works. Their General had the fullest confidence in the bravery and fortitude of the corps, but should there be any soldier so lost to the feelings of honor as to attempt to retreat one single foot or skulk in the face of danger the officer next to him was to put him immediately to death that he no longer might disgrace the name of a soldier or the corps or state to which he belonged. And, the adjutant's voice concluded, as General Wayne was determined to share the dangers of the night, so he wished to take part in the glory of the day, in common with his fellow soldiers.

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There was not a false word in the order. Mad Anthony was determined to share the dangers of the night. So, then, was every man attached to the corps. When Dicky Butler and Febiger each began to pick twenty men from their advance columns to precede them and destroy the abatises with axes the soldiers were exultant enough to fear not that they would be chosen, but that they would be left out. And when the choice had been made there was a quarrel between the junior officers for the privilege of leading, which had to be settled by drawing lots. Two meals missed, a fifteen-mile march and now no sleep in sight, but that was all right, for they were going behind Mad Anthony Wayne.

The clearing darkened. A candlelight glowed weakly from a window in Springsteel's house. General Wayne took a few of his officers and stepped cautiously down the hillside toward the sand-bars over which the part of the Light Corps that took part in the action were to pass. He could hear nothing which showed that the British sentries were unusually alert, and could see no obstructions on the causeway except a few feet of water. After repeating the final details he went slowly back to Springsteel's house from which he was to lead Febiger's column at exactly half past eleven.

A beaver infantry cap beside him, which would soon sit jauntily on his white, powdered hair, General Wayne sat over a late supper in the Springsteel kitchen. He felt a little melancholy. Back of him were those recent days at Waynesborough from which he had been called. Polly had been so lovable and dear that spring; now if he were killed he was afraid she too might die. That damned Congress, supine, parsimonious, and full of folly. How badly they had prosecuted the war. He felt death close, for he would be in the vanguard of the column, but before he left he wanted it known what he thought of Congress; and he would like to have it written down that if ever a great and good man was surrounded by difficulties it was General Washington who, because of Congress, would be impelled to make other attempts with inadequate numbers to save his country. Well, he had had his supper, but where to breakfast . . . setting on his cap, trying his cutting-sword, he wondered as he walked from the Springsteel cabin down through the tall, wet grass to where the troops were waiting.

Half an hour before midnight General Wayne stood at the head of Christian Febiger's column and said: "Forward!" There was no more talking, there was scarcely audible breathing as the men followed eastward down the hill toward the marsh through the darkness.

Some yards away from the flooded marsh Wayne halted. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury whispered to Captain Gibbons who came with twenty men each carrying an axe in his hands and a musket slung over his shoulder. Wayne saw them place themselves at the head of Dicky Butler's column and begin moving around to the left where they would cross the sand-bar at the north end of the marsh and then skirt the old ferry landing and push up the side to the point. Major Murfree's battalion stood fast, the broad face of the rocky hill rising directly in front of them. Wayne looked forward and to the right. Waiting for Lieutenant Knox to lead with his pioneers, he then joined at the head of Jack Steward's column and with Febiger and Henry Archer turned to the south to

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make the long circuit that would end close by Stony Point's furthermost tip.

Winding cautiously downward, the one hundred and fifty men with whom Wayne was marching near the head turned to the left through the marsh. The soldiers stepped warily into the water, which grew deeper as they approached the hill they would have to climb. Soon they were holding their muskets and powder-boxes above their heads while the backwash of the tide came between their waists and armpits. There was a splash. A British sentry who watched on the low ground beneath the point heard the noise. He nervously called a challenge. The riffling of the water was the only answer. He called again, then snapped his musket quickly and the ball sang over the flooded marsh.

Secrecy was ended. "Advance, advance," Wayne bawled and scrambled to the island shore. The shot had been heard by Murfree whose men waited at the edge of the mainland with loaded muskets, ready to draw the British garrison's attention with their fire. Murfree's fusillade clattered furiously, red streaks slashing the night while Steward, Febiger, Wayne, Archer and the file of men pushed hurriedly around the foot of the cliff and up the side.

They came to the first abatis which Lieutenant Knox and his twenty pioneers had begun feverishly to demolish. "Advance, advance!" The words hurried the troops and they struggled through and upward. Up on the heights the drums were rolling and British sergeants shouting commands for the gunners to stand to their pieces. But the axes were cutting the trunks and stakes of the second abatis and Wayne's men were going through.

Now the British discovered that they were being assaulted from both sides as well as from the front. A few minutes more and the result of the action would be known. If the British pitched Fleury's column down from the left, if there was any faltering . . . Wayne went on. Up above him the muzzles of Colonel Johnston's cannons became crimson rings in the night through which grapeshot and solid ball whirled down. At the abatis seventeen men sprawled on the rocks and lay with the lead inside them. General Wayne, climbing through the stakes and logs, felt himself grow dizzy and the blood run down from his infantry cap. Well, he had thought a bullet might strike and kill him and here it was. "March on!" he bawled to the men about him. His knees were sagging. He couldn't stand up. The column, scrambling like a nest of beavers, went on.

His aides took hold of him. He could feel their hands under his armpits and their grasp around his shoulders. Though he died nothing could prevent the corps from overrunning the heights and taking the British garrison with their bayonets. Fleury would come up, Steward would push on. . . . Lifting his blood-covered face, he ordered determinedly, "Help me into the fort; I mean to die at the head of my column." Supported by soaking, mud-stained legs that were not his own, he was carried up the side of the rocky hill. And as his bearers neared the top they could hear the cry that was Fleury's signal:

"The fort is ours! The fort's our own!"

It was a call of triumph like that from a brazen instrument, a shivering, echoing shout that travelled down the north side of the point, through Fleury's laboring columns, down the south side through Steward's men who were scrambling forward with eager bayo-

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nets. British gunners were backing away from their redoubts, pleading "mercy! quarter!" The garrison's commandant, Colonel Johnston, stood inside a ring of American bayonets. Colonel Fleury was jerking down the enemy flag. Pennsylvanians, Virginians, Marylanders, soldiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut with bits of white paper in their hats to distinguish them in the darkness were running, stumbling and stabbing.

General Wayne sat between the ruins of a blockhouse and a lone farmer's cabin, ordering the bayonet work to be stopped. There was a bandage around his head and his beaver infantry cap, with its ornamental crest of white horsehair, lay beside him. It was then about one o'clock in the morning of July sixteenth and with the vengeful spirit quelled by the officers the men were rounding up the British and taking charge of the fort. The General was feeling better and the surgeon, when a light was brought and he was carried into the farmhouse, used probing instruments and explained how the bullet had struck the good, thick skull which, with the beaver cap, had doughtily turned it aside.

By two o'clock there were American sentries and an American officer of the day on guard. General Wayne held a quill pen over his old portfolio. He was making great, bold letters which would inform his Excellency of what had taken place: "The fort and garrison with Col. Johns(t)on are ours." That was one sentence, merely the beginning. But his head hurt and it was difficult to continue. However, "Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free." There was, for once, no more to say. Handing the despatch to an officer who would ride swiftly to General Washington, he put aside his pen.

[Wayne's fighting with Lafayette in Virginia and his gallant part in forcing the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown are told in the June SCRIBNER'S.]

# Danger-Point

BY KATHARINE L. WARD

TO-NIGHT bewildered winds will shake the door
And make the silent candle-flames bow low,
And stir the drowsy falling fire to throw
A pool of crimson on the sombre floor.
And the old fires will wake in you once more.
You'll leave the hearth, go pacing to and fro,
Turn to the small dark windows, long to go
Where the salt tides are turning on the shore.

You will lean out across the window-sill,
Searching with straining face the sea and sky.
Behind you all the home-things will be still,
Playing me false, without a sound, a cry—
But the candle-flames will shine upon your hair
As though they called. . . . And I shall not be there.

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# Nine Weeks of Omniscience

BY KENNETH CARL WALZ

To conduct a group of strange women to Europe may be courageous. But to attempt it before one has himself been abroad is madness. I had never been east of Staten Island.

Nor were the deep, vibrant blast of an ocean liner and the shrill sirens of a hundred answering tugs particularly reassuring at the midnight hour of departure. I grasped the deck-railing for support. Witch fires from the waters of New York Bay winked up at me, until, growing dizzy, I closed my eyes. From behind, the steady tramp of passengers, the mingled babble of parting friends noisily recalled that somewhere in their midst were the members of my party, as anxious to meet their leader as I to meet my charges. Perhaps, even now, one was brushing by me. Perhaps that absurd laugh——!

To search them out, however, before the visitors had departed would be futile. Meanwhile I must circle the deck, swing my arms, and try to arrest the little nervous tremors that kept twinging my finger-tips. Around and around I tramped, looking hopefully yet fearfully into every face that passed. Nor could I help recalling the chance remark that was responsible for my present anomalous position. To relieve an awkward moment at my first faculty reception, I had casually stirred my tea and inquired: "What would you advise me to do next summer?"

My query was altogether proper, for among teachers the need for "doing something with one's summers" is socially imperative. Hence it is that they never speak of loafing. Their travel, they will have you understand, is not for pleasure but for intellectual acquisition; their play is recuperation from an arduous winter in preparation for one still more arduous; and, if they intend to do nothing at all, they speak seriously of "getting some reading done." Such is the necessity of preserving the illusion of perpetual labor before a public ever envious of leisure.

My query not only relieved an awkward moment but opened up an exciting prospect. For "Why not go to Europe?" the suggestion which followed, though by itself ludicrous for one solely dependent upon the meagre salary of his first year's teaching, was happily amended with an outline of the means: I should join a travel bureau.

The plan had appeared capital. But the letter in response to my inquiry was not encouraging. For the position to which I aspired not only the strictest educational attainments but special temperamental endowments were necessary. But, in time, an interview was arranged in which the duties were faintly sketched, my temperament adjudged, and the confession extracted that I had never been abroad. Notwithstanding, after several months, I was informed of my acceptance. Then came a startling revelation: I was to conduct a group of girls, freshly graduated from a foremost women's college, to Europe and en route to acquaint them with the problems of travel and the "general phases



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of English literature"—*all in three lectures*. The problems of travel I could better discuss upon my return. And I began to wonder why, at the university, I had required a full year to teach but a *few* of the phases of English literature.

The time had passed too quickly to permit much deliberation, and here at hand was the hour of departure.

More whistles announced that the last visitor had quit the ship and that the gang-plank was drawn. After several inquiries I met some members of my party in a corner of the deck, with their noses already pointing east in anticipation of Europe. Wrapped in the darkness of midnight, they partook of that vagueness of outline so characteristic of the whole enterprise. As the day had been intense with the busy activity of departure, I had ample excuse to retire. I did not go directly to my stateroom, however, but stood alone on deck, watching the receding Jersey coast with gnawing apprehension in my heart. For by this time we had taken leave of the western hemisphere and had become an aura of light upon the inky sea.

On the following morning I met the remainder of my charges, whereupon it seemed definitely established that we were not to have a sentimental journey. Three middle-aged women were in the party, including the mother of one of the girls. Moreover, the girls themselves, though charming and amiable, were with few exceptions of the academic type, bristling with facts, eager for more. Could I teach them anything they did not already know? Frankly I was worried.

Though the teaching of English is, at best, deemed a vague business, the requirements fixed by the laity for one who would teach it are nothing if not definite. Because his subject is so broad his knowledge should be exhaustive. He should be an authority on many tongues, history, religion, fine arts, philosophy; in short, everything. (Perhaps that explains why English teachers constitute the majority of failures in the teaching profession.) Moreover, it is assumed that he has read every book published and has definite opinions on all of them.

So it would never do to inform my party that nightly in my sleep I saw pyramids of unread books, and that the "general phases of English literature" sounded a bit formidable to one who had taught but a very few of them. I early concluded that the phases of English literature were all particular and that most of my voyage must be consumed in the intense study of them. I extended the lectures from three to six and feverishly began compiling notes from Chaucer to Browning. So incessantly did I labor, day by day, night by night, that finally a passenger seated close by threw down her cards in exasperation and demanded, "What *are* you writing?" and another shyly asked: "Is it a novel?" For by this time my notes were becoming bulky.

Meanwhile the lectures had got under way, for time has a way of making history of all things, be they pleasant or unpleasant. I had acquired the privilege of the smoking-room for one hour daily, locking myself and my party in with a gigantic, brass key, which on the morning of the first lecture seemed strangely like the key of Saint Peter with its power to bind and release in the regions above and below. The first lecture, however, passed with nary a sound of weeping or gnashing of teeth. I would not imply that the atmosphere of our lectures was to be balmy; on the

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contrary, it was often so surcharged with the electrons of erudition that the air fairly crackled with brilliance. For several of the girls, having but recently completed a course in the history of English literature, sat bolt upright in their seats, their mental reactions to my statements transmuted into facial judgments. Nods of affirmation and bow mouths indicated agreement in text between their former teacher and their present one; raising of eyebrows and pursing of lips, scepticism; furrowed brows and wagging heads, violent disagreement. And not infrequently they interpolated my lecture with declarations of their own, recondite allusions to books they had chanced to read, whose names sounded dim and afar off.

In the last lecture I covered the ground from Swift through Tennyson in one grand leap, thereby establishing the world's record in the intellectual broad jump, and I celebrated the event with tea in the social hall, which, I suppose, was a genteel substitute for a rubdown.

But my worries were not alone of the lecture-hall. My party showed an unholy curiosity about all things, which was downright perilous for a neophyte like myself. Was the ship behind schedule? How soon would a radiogram reach America? What were Wordsworth's dates? Were the English customs hard to pass? What were the habits of porpoises? Did I think socialism a panacea? At precisely what hour would we dock? And so on ad infinitum. Lunch-hours were often consumed, if not in questions, in debates between the girls, each of whom argued most loudly on the subject of her college major. To them dates, reigns, pedagogical statements all mattered so intensely that I christened my party the *classic coalition*. Fresh from weeks of cramming for comprehensive examinations, they looked a bit wall-eyed and worried.

What a deal of nonsense is made to appear significant in schools! Verily they are the most optimistic institutions in the world, which in the face of wars, and rising rents, and changing morals still think it intensely matters that one keep his feet under the desk. Schools never for a moment entertain the notion of futilitarianism, else they would close down instantly. From the primary on upward through college, they blithely proceed on the assumption that everything matters; at the end of which time they invariably may boast of a few converts to their doctrine among the students themselves, whose watchword becomes *Facts*.

So it was that, for the scholastic members of my party, Europe was to be an animated text-book to which the voyage over was the preface.

In addition to the intellectual problems, I was burdened with the social problems, tact demanding that I dance with each one of the girls—of course, not entirely unpleasant. And the mother of one never quite forgave me for failing to introduce them all to "the proper young men," as she called them. I had undoubtedly lost caste, and in her parting words was no tender thrust. Having detected a mistake on my part in the name of a London street, she turned wearily to her neighbor and remarked, though quite erroneously, "And to think he's a Ph.D.!" quite as if graduate students were accountable for the topography of London. Was I falling short of omniscience?

Upon reaching England, however, I lamented the absence of such a graduate requirement, for the crooked Lon-

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don streets, though quaint, are chaotic, and my didactic capacity was shortly to be exchanged for one of quite another kind with missions in all parts of the city. While aboard, I had read in a chatty guide-book that any attempt to comprehend the lay of London was pure folly, that one should merely board a bus and ride and ride and ride, with never a thought for getting anywhere. Fancy my doing that with a group of startled college girls! Fortunately I had to conduct but few of them in London, and could confine my efforts to burrowing through the subways single-handed.

Having arrived when the travel bureau which employed me was experiencing a traffic-jam, I was shunted into a confounding maze of business detail. Daily I struggled amid the crowds of Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Paddington Station, Charing Cross, and Victoria; so that each night I dropped heavily into bed with a strong feeling that Europe should be seen to, having on hand after all these centuries so much unfinished business. One momentous afternoon found me going unaccompanied to meet the *Leviathan* at Southampton. But few people were about as this huge hulk, so suitably named, loomed into sight and came noiselessly along the quay. In England, unlike America, liners often dock as unceremoniously as canoes, gliding directly and without tow into port. Standing there this July afternoon in the shadow of the *Leviathan,* I felt like a cartoonist's notion of John Doe *versus* Big Business. It was my task to extricate fifteen passengers from this mighty mass of metal, and to put them through customs. With the only clew to identification their regulation hand-bags, I boarded the ship and fought my way to tourist third, where, after some fruitless searching, I found the members of my party huddled together in anticipation of my arrival. They broke the news at once: there was another group in second class, and one lone member in first! I must assemble these people. Over barricades I climbed and entered second cabin, where, after corralling my herd—a wording better suited to steerage—I led them single file across decks, where fast-shifting baggage imperilled passage, and into tourist third. And then for the lone member in first class. From passenger to passenger I went, peering hopefully at each one's hand-bag. No sign. Having learned her name, I resorted to calling, at first shyly, then boldly, and resumed inspection of hand-bags. Writing-room, dining-room, decks, salons, hallways, I scoured them all. When, finally, I stumbled upon my passenger, she refused to join the others. She would meet us on the quay. I rejoined the party, and herding them before me like a drove of sheep began to debark. Most of them had already done so, when the ship's officer detained me for want of a debarkation permit. After some disquisition he permitted me to pass, by which time part of my group had wandered into customs and must be recalled. Meanwhile the woman in first had taken matters into her own hands and disappeared. It was not until we were eating a midnight dinner and safely ensconced in our London hotel that I dared reveal that I was a novice. There was a simultaneous suspension of fifteen forks before fifteen open mouths.

I was soon to be demoted. A few days later I rejoined the *classic coalition,* and questions recommenced. It was in the crypt of Warwick Castle that one of the girls began worrying about the order of the Plantagenet kings. "What do you know about them?" she asked me

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pointedly. It seems my notions of them were all wrong, and I was relegated to moron-land. From Warwick all the way to Kenilworth Castle she fretted about the Plantagenets, until I was sorely tempted to throw her into the moat; only it had been long since filled up. A nemesis was upon me, for that night we chanced to attend a Shakespearian performance in the Stratford Theatre. Why, oh, why, should it have been "Richard III" with all its bellowing about the Plantagenets? And can it ever be explained why I should have chosen to sit next to the same young lady at that performance? Between the acts she wrung her hands and sobbed: "I just can't get them straight . . . just can't . . . just can't, that's all." But it was not all; she kept it up until we reached the next town.

In Paris over three hundred people joined us, with as many questions; but on leaving for Switzerland our number was reduced to about forty, composing a combustible and thoroughly insoluble mixture; for to the *classic coalition* was added a bevy of dashing, non-scholastic creatures from another women's college, who were content to leave their learning in America. How incongruous they looked, peering from ancient porticos, capering in cathedrals, flouncing up the silent stairs of campanili! We were leavened by yet another group, some of them ironic school-teachers who with detached amusement watched the clash between these two factions.

Switzerland, of course, inspired everybody—*in different ways:* in the face of the imposing grandeur of the Jungfrau some one became preoccupied with the stratification of the rocks and the possible latitude of the mountain. Some people, ignorant of the latitude of their own towns, could not rest abroad without knowing the latitude of every square inch whereon they trod.

In northern Italy the quest for art became intense; day after day to galleries, churches, museums, ruins, until everything seemed all of a muchness, a stage inevitable for the initiate.

In Florence there was confusion of terms outrivalling Babel itself. Talk of Michael Angelo, Botticelli, Giotto, Raphael, del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, Cimabue, and the della Robbias filled the air as with strange tongues. It was in this general turmoil that, upon coming from our *n*th gallery in Florence, one woman, wilting under the merciless Italian sun, became suddenly frank about these Italian painters.

"Now, some of them I have heard of before," she confided, "but others are quite unfamiliar. Who, by the way, was *baroque?"*

When I related her difficulty to our art leader, he conscientiously explained that *baroque* was the son of *rococo.* Indeed, I should not have winced at a repetition of the incident which Arnold Bennett records, that of two ladies standing before a work by Ghirlandajo and debating the pronunciation of *gorgonzola.*

In this period of confusion questions multiplied, one begetting another even unto the thousands. Had all these questions, however, been prompted by honest curiosity, I should have felt bound to answer them more thoroughly. But too many people were now asking questions to evince interest and intelligence. They forgot that questions also betray ignorance. One elderly woman, standing before an ancient fountain still in operation, naïvely asked: "Is that water modern?" Nor was she routed by the peal of laughter that followed. In the English cemetery in Florence we were

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standing with bowed heads before the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, when a school-teacher bobbed up with: "Are those dates correct for Mrs. Browning? 1861 seems rather early for her death." And then, pointing at me, she added: "Now *you* should know that." Personally I am not in the habit of confuting tombstones; they have a dead certainty about them. But apparently what one "should know" extends even farther. In the museum atop the Capitoline Hill a breathless young lady whirled toward me with: "Who were coming to Rome when the geese were cackling? I just must know." I refused to answer, on the ground that she should have put her query in the more answerable form: "Who were cackling when the Gauls were coming to Rome?" That the party were often more concerned with the question than with the answer was convincingly demonstrated by the satisfaction with which they sometimes received my purposely ambiguous replies. "Where are the catacombs?" asked a lady who must certainly have known. "Oh, they're all underground." I assured her, and she seemed contented. For those who would aspire to omniscience, let me advise against being too definite. A note of vagueness creates the proper film between yourself and mere mortals.

By this time it must be evident that many were mistaking me for Karl Baedeker, though the only thing we hold in common is our Christian names. But to be merely a Baedeker would be not enough. Fortunately I was also an instructor in English. For one moonlit night, entrained for Milan, the girls demanded a story. Out snapped the lights and, almost before I had consented, I found myself relating a gripping ghost-story to a ring of rapt young ladies. Over the Italian plains we sped, the story mounting with each mile and punctuated by shrill steam-whistles, until we reached Milan together with the climax, thereby ending one of the unprescribed duties of a leader.

A leader must never fail to please. I have heard it said that there are some men on this planet who cannot please one woman. Fancy having to please fifty. As a veteran in this respect, I should say tact is the most essential qualification. Yet even *compliments* are sometimes subversive. For example, there was in our party a young woman who invariably devoted her evening to shopping and came home girded about with parcels, all of which she would open and put on general display. In the midst of one of these evenings of "collective bargaining" I said: "My, but you are like a character in a novel!" She brightened, and asked if I had reference to any particular novel. "Yes," I said; "you are quite like a character in a novel by Rose Macaulay." She went off, hugely pleased at the distinction of being like a character in a novel. Fancy being all of that. A few days later, however, she came toward me and indignantly demanded: "How dare you? I've inquired about Rose Macaulay's novels, and I hear all the characters in them are *idiots.*" But in time she forgot that distinction.

At Rome I came up short at sight of my name on the hotel bulletin-board. I was to conduct two pilgrimages to the catacombs, the graves of Shelley and Keats, the Baths of Caracalla, and Saint Paul's without the walls. When one of the girls learned this, she wished to know if Shelley and Keats were buried in the catacombs. Poor girl, she had mistaken them for Christian martyrs!

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For these pilgrimages I prepared diligently, and the first, composed of older and quieter members, was entirely successful. Beside the grave of Shelley I read Hardy's poem with practised unction, and all assumed an attitude of reverence.

But the second pilgrimage presented a marked antithesis. It was composed of about thirty of the dashing college girls of whom I have made previous mention. The major leader had left; the lid was off! For days in advance they were anticipating the time when I, so nearly their own age, should conduct a programme. Some went so far as to hope that I might forego the visits to the prescribed points of interest and with the price of admission take them to a café. So it was not surprising that, at three o'clock of an August afternoon, they were all assembled, thirty strong, in the hotel lobby in preparation for the event. When I stepped from the hotel to hire the taxis I was startled by a twittering sound in the rear, and turning about I saw the entire throng rushing from the hotel and emitting cooing sounds high in the register. With such speed did they whirl through the revolving doorway, that the concierge ran from his desk in alarm, as I later learned, and caught the spinning door. Across the street they tripped and into the waiting taxis. Catching their spirit of abandon, the drivers began racing each other through the streets of Rome. A taxi would disappear only to emerge presently from a side alley and go careening by us with a whoop from the hilarious occupants. The quiet enforced upon the girls at the Protestant Cemetery was promptly broken upon reaching the catacombs. As they trailed down the subterranean stairways with lighted tapers in hand they looked so very like angels descending from above that the young lady who resembled the character in the novel entreated Heaven that her mother might see her for this moment only. But a bit later, in a narrow passageway, they lost their seraphic semblance, when one of their number blew out the tapers and left them in total darkness. Being then in the lead with the Franciscan friar who was our guide, I could observe his amazement when he heard screaming in the darkened passageway behind him. He held his torch to the opening, and presently the girls emerged, babbling with excitement, only to be silenced at once by the outraged friar.

A few days later, owing to an earlier sailing, this effervescent element left us, and the "combustible mixture" was no more. I took them as far as Nice, where in a final splutter of lavish farewells they were off.

Upon reaching Paris I lay late abed each morning for a week. And, though on the return voyage I was officially in charge of the same group with whom I had come over, I sought out a steamer-chair apart on the hurricane-deck and communed with the silent ocean, which neither questioneth nor showeth shadow of reason.

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# Who Lives in Alaska—and Why?

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

Mrs. Davis is the wife of John Allen Davis, mining-engineer attached to the Department of the Interior, and has lived for many years in Alaska. Her previous articles, "God's Pocket," "What Does Alaska Want," and "The Social Arctic Circle," have attracted much attention.

Our geographies call Alaska "the land of the Eskimo." This is a handy, simple generalization, picturesque and easy to plant in the youthful mind. Unfortunately, once planted there it stays planted, but, like most too-facile generalizations about this world we live in, the statement is neither accurate nor just.

The Eskimo does live in Alaska, but he lives in one sharply delimited section of Alaska only. And by far the major portion of this fascinating, Mongoloid, hyperborean sub-race lives elsewhere—in Siberia, along the Arctic slope of Canada, and in Greenland. To say, therefore, that Alaska is "the land of the Eskimo" is no more the truth than to say that Massachusetts is the land of the Irish!

At a luncheon recently, in one of our most cultured Eastern States, a lop-comb Black Minorca little woman ruffled up to me with a most embarrassing remark. "I have read your story about our missions in Alaska with such pleasure," she fluttered, and preened her dark feathers. "I am *so* interested in the *dear* Eskimos!"

When I denied authorship of any Eskimo story and assured her that I had never, ever, presumed to add to the literature of our missions in Alaska, we found that she had been reading "What Does Alaska Want?" in SCRIBNER'S for June, 1927, an article in which the word "Eskimo" and the word "mission" were not even mentioned, for it dealt exclusively with Alaska as a white man's land. But so ingrained was her long preconception of Alaska as the Eskimo land, she had simply taken for granted, as perhaps others have done, that in speaking of the people of Alaska one could only be speaking of "the dear Eskimos."

Now colonials must be understood, or colonies will be misunderstood, and Alaska is essentially a colony of the United States—the largest and far the most precious colony. Most Americans do not realize this, and undue emphasis upon the aboriginal elements in Alaska's population helps make these United States continue in their disregard concerning what happens to their own American colonists there—who they are and what they are thinking. If you had asked a Londoner of 1728 "Who lives in America—and why?" he would probably have answered, translated into eighteenth-century highfalutin terms, exactly what people say to-day when asked this question about Alaska: "Wild Indians mostly, of course, and a few rough traders, religious fanatics, and ex-criminals. It's not a white man's country."

If you care to face facts, here is bedrock about who lives in Alaska to-day, and why.

The total population of "The Great



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Country," "The Continent," as the native word Alaska means, is fifty-five thousand; less than half are of the aboriginal Eskimo and Indian stocks and more than half are of our own white race. The Territory of Alaska to-day, in so far as it has political or social life, a commerce, or any potentiality as a future State of the Union, is a strayed colony of transplanted Americans, holding in thin and far-flung line a vast section of continental American soil that was bought and paid for honestly by American money. You may be amazed to hear it, for neither church nor school nor government apparently wishes to admit the fact, but Alaska is actually inhabited by Alaskans!

Who, then, are this strange race? I will tell you, though I admit at once that I write with prejudice, for the Alaskans are my own friends and neighbors, and, though perhaps I should blush to admit it (but do *not* so blush, for I am very proud of the fact!), I who am speaking to you—I too am an Alaskan.

We Alaskans should be a happy people, for there are ten square miles of elbow-room for each human being of us, white and brown alike, in the land we love to call "God's Pocket." Three-fifths of the unaboriginal stock are American-born, a large percentage being men whose fathers took the Oregon and Santa Fé trails back in the great days following '49. A full half of these American-born first saw the star-spangled light of dawn in the Mid-West States of the U. S. A., the maligned "Bible Belt," the home of 100-per-cent Americans. Of the Alaskans who are foreign-born, 41 per cent are, in round numbers, Scandinavian, 27 per cent are British, and 10 per cent Teutonic.

With no undue indulgence in the romantic sophistries of heredity, I ask any cool-headed, unbiassed observer to look at these official figures and tell me frankly: If you were going shopping for an ideal combination of long-term-investment family stocks, could you find any conjunction of elements better suited for colonial building? There are no unassimilable blocs here; but to a wholesome majority leaven of true home-country stuff, raised in the most stable and temperate American sector, by an ideal process of natural selection many other ingredients of the finest settler type have been added here—including traits of dogged self-reliance and necessary ingenuity in meeting unaided the difficult situation, quite as vital to the pioneer in this new America as in a former new England.

Under the Scandinavian I have included those from Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, realizing fully that, while the Finlander is of technically different ethnic stock, he must be grouped similarly as coming out from the same essential climatic home environment, and as bringing to us here the same high grade of citizenship, the same engrossment with the arts of peace, the same love of the adoptant soil. Two of my own very dearest friends in the North are sisters from Finland who, by their fine integrity and rich sense of craftsmanship, have taught, all unconsciously in our long years of close association, many a quiet lesson in loyalty, patience, and orderly, happy living in the midst of a disordered environment.

In addition to those actually born in Scandinavia, a large number of American-born Alaskans are also of Norse stock, but have come to us from Wisconsin or Minnesota. Many of those who were reared in Scandinavia proper became attracted here by the extensive

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fisheries of the Alaska coast, where three-fourths have made a home. These men and women are ideal sub-Arctic colonists, inured to cold and exposure and the multitudinous hardships of both sea and mountain side, accustomed to the combined work of fishing, herding, and farming. They are racially toned down in psyche to withstand the electric atmosphere of our surcharged long winters, to which they have developed a natural resistance or a nerve-wrapped insulation. For there are many things which you, perhaps, might miss here and the Scandinavian does not. He is already at home in the High North.

Then, too, even the Scandinavian "first families" are always true democrats, with a wholesome regard not only for political liberties but with a rooted dignity and a truly pacific spirit which proves a sane balance in any civic body. In our North all Scandinavians are apt, without discrimination, to be termed "Swedes"— often, in some jealousy, "lucky Swedes"—for Swede luck has become proverbial within the Arctic. But it is no seductive god Loki which has brought these Norsemen their good fortune, but a something far deeper, a something which any close analysis of the careers of all our "Lucky Lindys" of the Nordland will show.

America's total debt to the Northmen is larger than we usually remember, until some Lindbergh incident recalls Leif Ericson. But in Rex Beach's day Nome had its own "Lucky Lindebergh," whom it was my own later good fortune to know—a "prospectin' fool" of the Arctic Sea, immortalized in "The Spoilers." Ben Eielson, of Northman stock engrafted in the Middle West, who last April piloted the Wilkins plane across an ice-blown polar sea, came first to Alaska as teacher in our Fairbanks high school. He undertook the first Alaskan air-mail contract, several years ago, and his landing field then was the ball park just beyond our house. And we must not forget, in totting up the Scandinavian credit sheet, another fact which a thoughtful American historian has recently brought to my attention: the earliest undertakings of England toward the west started from Bristol, where many Norwegians had settled. Out of Scandinavia have come, like wind-blown pollen, not only a number of American emigrants, almost equal now, with their descendants, to the present home population of Scandinavia itself, but world-wide musical, literary, and cultural influences which have profound political significance. If we in Alaska can bring these dispositions, so forceful and effective in private life, into the service of the commonwealth, a forty-ninth State will in good time be safely and sanely established here, by citizens from the north end of the wide world's Main Street.

Canada supplies more than half of the British settlers in Alaska, but the Canadian contingent includes also very many of Scotch blood as well as a significant group who are descendants of the very earliest American colonists themselves, the Tories of New England who were dispossessed and ousted into New Brunswick and New Scotia by our own red Revolutionary forebears when on a rampage a sesquicentennial ago—an exodus which carried with it some of the most truly aristocratic American colonials. This fact was forced on my attention when I was assisting recently to organize an Alaskan chapter of the D. A. R. Many of the women I knew to be of "purest American stock" were born in the Bluenose Provinces of

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Canada. Here is a reciprocity across old spiritual frontiers, of vital and untaxed values. Some of Alaska's best citizens to-day come from St. John, that most British Canadian colony; but, though their twice-great-grandfathers truly "fit" in the American Revolution, it was on the wrong side to entitle them to be "daughters"!

Our Canadian group includes also many who are of French blood, especially among the Catholic sisterhoods who teach and nurse here, as well as the fine old breed of French-Canadian prospector and trapper. It comprises too the generation of those Americans who went to Dawson in '98 during the Klondyke strike, became British citizens in "Y. T.," and when the Alaska goldfields opened were later repatriated with us. While the number of these is unknown, I am personally acquainted with several Alaskans who bear this odd boundary-crossed escutcheon.

Of our strictly English-born, many are among the oldest timers of the early Yukon trading-camps of the Hudson's Bay Company and date back in Alaskan history and experience more than forty years, before even those stirring days of the Klondyke '98. Not a few of Alaska's most daring trail-breakers, most successful business and professional men, spring from that old bulldog breed—true to type here in the North as elsewhere—not always lovable but almost always making themselves respected. Nor will it surprise any one to learn that most of our English-born have come originally from Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall.

Although four-fifths of the total whites in Alaska live near the coast (and we cannot forget that Alaska has an enormous coast-line, longer than that of the entire United States), the small Teutonic element is the one most evenly spread, while the Danes, the Irish, and the Scotch have shown a particular liking for the great interior, which is shut from the un-pacific sea by the highest mountains on our continent. It must be a psychologic reason that brings them here, for surely one would say offhand that these three near-sea peoples would remain close to the sea, and that the green and misty, bay-indented, island-strewn coast would most attract them. But no sooner do they strike Alaska, apparently, than they strike inland.

When I myself came first to Interior Alaska, it seemed to me that every other acquaintance I made was of Irish birth, a double score of colorful and picturesque personalities. There are more Irish in the far, vast, sparsely settled interior of Alaska than in any of its more populous sectors, not relatively but actually. This unnormal Celtic migration over the high, forbidding mountain chain must be due to the natural Celtic dislike of doing what the crowd is doing, a horror against belonging to the majority, however formed! I know no other way to account both for the cold fact of impersonal figures and the warmth of personal impressions. Ireland is unique as the one country which has sent more men to our difficult, austere, and to me most loved and lovely inland section, than to any other. It goes without saying that these Western-world sons of Erin are to a man deeply engaged in play-boy politics here.

The Russian element in Alaska, though numerically insignificant, is a subtle chemical trace because of historic association and geographic contiguity. Also it is much more truly pervasive than any mere census return will ever show, for in the early days of Alaska's

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exploration period the Russian was for long the dominant factor here and he left his strain immingled with both French and native. While to the casual observer to-day there is but little residue of the Slav, a genetic, biographic, or psychoanalytic approach to Alaska would discover that Russian past, so hidden on the surface of events, moving ever from beneath. It is a yeasty bitter ferment, wholesome if not too little blent, too slightly baked. "In Russia," says Gorki, "even the fools are sometimes wonderful." Many of our Alaskan vagaries inherit that quality, back Asiaward.

They came here with less of geographical displacement, with more of historical continuity, than any of us Saxons. In a very real sense the land here was truly theirs. They pioneered it in the old, hard days, and they won it. At least they held a hand strong enough to bluff the empire-snatching British to a show-down! We Americans, so far, have merely paid our cash, have merely executed a legal real-estate transfer. We have not, to date, made the land spiritually ours.

For the elements of empire here are formless yet, but in ferment, and loyal Alaskans appreciate and favor all the diversity of this mixture. If we ourselves had cared overmuch for a homogeneous, a static world, we should not have wilfully become Alaskans; for to be an Alaskan to-day means as much implied non-conformity as being an American meant in the yesterday of two hundred years ago. We know now how very difficult it is to perfect a democracy, because it does demand just this freely acting, distinct contribution from each one of its component members. So we thank our lucky polaric star for all these our dissimilars, believing that a true force is the result of differing tensions and that fresh psychic energy will be generated from them, here under the North, "looking to an indestructible nation composed of indestructible States."

A human and dramatic story of the ever-pushing-northward frontier is told by the distribution of population here, as well as by its make-up. Among the Indians and the Eskimos there are an even number of men and women, the normal natural balance of a people at home and adjusted to their chosen world. But we have only two thousand foreign-born white women to ten thousand foreign-born white men. Taking a long chance with fate, these men have come a very far journey in space and more or less recently in time. Many of them feel that they have not yet made for themselves a secure financial place here and so have not yet brought or sent for their kin.

But more than half of the American-born whites are women! This would seem to speak very well for the traditional American breed of foremother, as of old quite unafraid of the wilderness threat. Many of these women came to us first as teachers in white or Indian schools—and married, after perhaps one year of service, a good Norse or Scotch prospector. They have come as "missioners," as nurses, court stenographers, clerks to the various governmental agencies; and in all these professions the yearly turnover is tremendous, as any Alaskan bishop or school superintendent forcibly will tell you—*not* because these women return to the States in large numbers, but because they marry here and remain.

So the census figures tell a most romantic tale, if you will read in vision between their close-printed lines: a story of American women, with trained and intelligent minds, sailing up into the

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High North each year on a *Mayflower* now named *S. S. Aleutian,* and finding here their new-old woman's place, taking up their always major pioneer burden in a voluntary archaism; a yet unwritten epic of others enlisting yearly to fill their empty professional places, fulfilling Revelation: "And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place." Here the truly American-eagle-borne woman is coming again into her own, upon this new and true American frontier. And I do not hesitate to say that there is fresh hope for a more stable, more moral, more sanely grounded social fabric here, with such a renewed and courageous coming. For while our men still largely make our laws, our women still largely make our *mores;* and the woman to whom the wings of a great eagle have been given is no flapper.

There are several thousand white children in Alaska to-day who are of school age, and many of these are Alaska-born, the real Sons and Daughters of the Golden North. Also the cold figures reveal how normally and naturally a balanced population is now being carved out by the old census tools of birth and mating and death; for while, of the white people over forty years of age, more than ten thousand are men and less than two thousand are women, in the group between twenty and forty years there are seven thousand young men and three thousand young women —just a good healthy balance for a working competition, the eugenist would say. And of the whites *under twenty,* 2,595 are boys and 2,364 are girls, to share with equal shoulders the new burden of the North.

The old pioneer story is repeating itself here and producing a fresh stem and graft of our common stock, real Alaskans born and bred in the Nordland, whose mind and character, for good or ill, are solely the product of this new frontier—the frontier where environment is ever too strong at first for heredity and will inevitably brand its mark upon them. Children of colonials and citizens to the soil—these are they who will in time truly master Alaska and make it theirs, in time united here possibly by some common antagonism, probably by a common tradition, but almost certainly by the pervasive infection of a great common undertaking—the settlement of the Great Country and its ultimate adaptation to the needs of men.

Among my own friends in the North are included a California college woman who came North to teach and later married a professional man who bears one of the finest old New England family names; a Philadelphia-reared Red Cross nurse who came as a missionary and married a Wales-born civil engineer of the new Alaska Railroad; a descendant of pre-Revolutionary loyalist family, born in New Brunswick, who married a Wyoming-bred attorney; their Alaska-born daughter, who in turn married a Swedish-named young scientist of the Middle West, come to our North with the Biological Survey; a clever Frenchwoman who pioneered as a physician in the early days of this camp and is now married to a German-born mining man; three Sisters of Providence and Mercy who nurse in the hospital across the river, but who were reared on the barren, wind-wrenched Laurentian banks of Lower Quebec; a negro from Georgia who is night watchman and also one of our very best neighbors; a Jesuit father of fine Old World tradition, a classmate of Mar-

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shal Foch; an ancient Indian woman, in part Russian, who is one of the wisest, most sibylline persons I ever knew —perhaps because her mind has not clothed itself in any of the second-hand fripperies of thought which attract so many of those who can a little read, which she cannot. All these are of the people you would meet and know, if you should come with us to Alaska to-day. For it is a land of friendship, tried and durable against the sun and wind of hard-tested living.

As other companions we have had a most capable woman prospector of Bohemian extraction, born in the Middle West and living in Alaska for twenty-five years without a single trip outside; an old Scot from Aberdeen who has never lost his thick and purply-thistled burr; a giant Montenegrin whom Jack London put into a book; a Roman, once an artists' model, who with infinite kindliness helped me nurse fifty men during the epidemic; a philosophical roving Englishman from Hull; a girl from Belfast and another from Dublin; a Russian miner who plays chess with my husband; and the little Eskimo woman who was so dear to me but was lost in the great flu. So, up and down my own short Main Street, our little village consensus helps make fast the big brass tacks of Uncle Sam's official figures; for all of these dear people are Alaskans, and Americans.

I have spoken here from my heart, as an Alaskan. It has been said that while we are not responsible for our relations we *are* responsible for our choice of friends. It is not of my own choosing that I happened to be born in one of England's revolted colonies (the one first pioneered by "lucky Swedes" and sober Dutch), of a parental plaid mixed Scotch and English and Irish. My chosen friend is the Alaska of my adoption, for I love its people, its space, its climate. Perhaps most of all I love the sense one has here of being an integer, a whole human unit, and not a cog. An Alaskan to-day is not a piece of something already manufactured. We ourselves are busy even now making that something, and we have the same feeling about it, I have no doubt, that the far-seen colonists in 1728 must have had. Certainly they possessed no very clear or prescient notion, then, of what the finished product was to look like; but, because they were fairly wide-awake individuals of a decent old stock, they enjoyed the job as they saw it, and dug in!

In writing of "who" lives in Alaska I find that I have also told you "why." Perhaps that is not surprising, for who is ever two-thirds of why. A thirst for the far-away, the old human land-hunger, the desire to be masterless, the wish to escape the crowding economic complex, a will set against regimentation, sheer and clear daredeviltry, a youthful love of new experience and adventure, "the urge that shot the first Norse prow beyond the home fiord"—all these and more have brought us here.

There remains but one question to be asked and for you, this time, to answer. Are you, by any chance, an Alaskan?

Since I wrote "God's Pocket" for SCRIBNER'S in 1924 I have received more than two hundred letters from its readers which have been serious, personal, searching inquiries for more information regarding Alaska as a place to migrate to, to live in. Doctors, lawyers, nurses, farmers, stenographers, teachers, have written with revealing and sometimes poignant frankness:

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"Thus and so am I. Is there a place for me there, in your country?" These letters have been more difficult to answer than I can tell you, for even with full knowledge of a grown tree's species and health, you cannot safely predict how it will stand the rough uprooting of transplantation, especially if that be into a partly frozen, though richly mineralized, new soil.

How could I know if you who wrote were of the stuff of pioneers? All I could do was phrase to you more fully and more accurately, *con amore,* what the conditions really are. "Everything you say to discourage me makes me more determined to go," one woman answered me. She did go, and is now making good in the North in a most constructive and vital fashion. But, as I learned when I came to know her better, she is a very unusual and self-reliant person, with all the modern built-in conveniences for doing her own thinking. No woman should come to Alaska who has a narrow-gauge or single-track mind. It is a broad country, in more than one meaning.

And do not come here seeking virgin gold. The hectic day of the great stampedes is fortunately long past and with it went the flaming dance-hall of the north and the woman of the dance-hall type. Gold is here, in plenty, but only for hard winning; and the gold-producer to-day sells the cheapest commodity upon the world's market, all else having increased in price and his product alone being fixed in standard value. Do not come here seeking the rainbow pot of fortune, but rather ask if there is in yourself the unrusting, enduring, ductile, and precious quality of that true golden mettle—to bear swift hammer-blow forever, a foil to fate, without fear of any breaking. Are you willing to throw all that tests high of you into the fusion of the North, to submit yourself here to its acid, bitter, sometimes cruel and searching reagents?

O pioneers! If you are of that eagle's breed who busy ever with affairs of the wind, if your eyes have the far-away look and care most to rest on infinite space and unbroken time, if you remember well that "far countries are best sought out by him who is strong within himself"—then come.

And if your racial memory includes fiord, moor, and fen, proud highland or gravid valley, endless spruce forest, roaring canyon, or nameless rivers, then you too will be at home here. If your ancestors learned long generations ago to scorn mere cold, then you too will see a glory and a strength in the tense grip of a mid-Alaskan winter. You will be mindful of sea-roving, moor-faring, distant Beowulf kinsmen, whose heart laughed at the exaggerated peril of a crowding dark and a deep cold. And you too will come to praise that general misunderstanding of our climate which best serves to keep out mollycoddles.

Why envy the Pilgrim Fathers their "chance"? If by good fortune you have fallen heir to something more precious than authentic *Mayflower* furniture, then take your own chance, now. The *Mayflower* sails to-day from many a northward-facing port. Cast in your lot and covenant with this new colony of your race overseas, claim here your ten square miles of masterless space, and learn for yourself far the best answer to that question: "Who lives in Alaska—and why?"

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# As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHY is it that so many foreigners who come to this country to lecture or to gather materials for a book or to find a southern winter climate or to live in hotels and houses where central heating actually heats, why is it they consider it to be their God-given duty to criticise everything unfavorably or to attempt to correct our manners or to change our habits or to improve our morals? Why don't they withhold their advice until we ask for it?

No, I am not saying this with the intention of stirring up strife. I am saying this for the benefit of our visitors. I am sorry for them and I want them to learn something. Learning should precede teaching.

And I am talking exclusively about cultivated and intelligent people. We do not need to waste any time on ignorant, boorish foreigners who come hither; we are ourselves ashamed of the boastful, brainless Americans who behave offensively in Europe.

The chief object of foreign travel, unless one is an invalid in search of health, should be to enlarge and elevate the mind, by the acquisition of new or fresh ideas; by the accumulation of interesting or useful information; by the observation of foreign customs and ways of doing things; so that if such methods are an improvement on what we have at home, we may borrow or imitate or transfer, to our lasting advantage. Now if the traveller merely criticises unfavorably or condemns or lifts his eyebrows, it is evident he will learn nothing. He will return home a complacent and self-satisfied patriot with a mind hermetically sealed.

It is certain that a considerable number of Europeans still regard us as if it were the year 1829. They look upon us as a kind of unlicked "kid-brother," not yet house-broken; and they were born to set us right. There is, I think, a real difference here between the attitude of Americans in Europe and the attitude of Europeans in America. We show admiration and appreciation when we feel it; when we do not, we reserve comment. Too often the foreign visitor to America is either didactic or querulous.

This is perhaps to a certain extent the fault of American hosts and hostesses. We gather around the lecturer or the literary visitor like adoring penitents. When he tells us we are materialistic, a nation of money-lovers, ruled by machines, with no individuality and no spiritual life, we fawn upon him.

Personally I never ask a foreigner what he thinks of our country, and for two good reasons. First, he doesn't know, and second, I don't care. I always ask him about people and conditions in his own country, because I want to hear him talk about something of which he has actual knowledge, and because I want to learn.

On the whole, perhaps the wisest visitors to our shores are the Japanese,



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the most adaptable people in the world. They keep their eyes open, and their mouths shut. If pressed for an opinion, they are almost suspiciously polite. They are learning something all the time. What they find valuable, they imitate; what they don't admire, they probably discuss with their own countrymen.

S. S. Van Dine seems to have an inexhaustible power of invention. His latest romance of crime, "The Bishop Murder Case," is up to the high standard of its predecessors. It is full of ingenuity, baffling false clews, and cold chills of horror. Furthermore, the rhythm-motif in it is decidedly original. There is also a pleasure in meeting once more our familiar acquaintances—Philo Vance the amateur, and the professionals of the police department. It is curious when crime in real life is so horrible, it can in the pages of a book yield so much pleasure and satisfaction.

Other excellent thrillers are "The Man Who Never Blundered," by Sinclair Gluck; "Chipstead of the Lone Hand," by Sydney Horler; "The House That Whispered," by S. Emery; and "The Robbery at Rudwick House," by the Reverend Victor L. Whitechurch, who "makes it up as he goes along."

The English poet, Siegfried Sassoon, mainly known hitherto by his rather bitter poems about the war, has written a charming and delightful novel, "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." It is exactly the sort of book one would have thought he neither could nor would write. After the war was over, John Masefield wrote his beautiful "Reynard the Fox," which was a book of healing. It was a successful attempt to draw the tortured minds of the English people away from the four years' obsession of tragedy to the good old English countryside and to the familiar pleasures of the chase. Well, this is a companion-piece in prose. Mr. Sassoon tells the story in the first person, as if it were an autobiography; in reality, the young English fox-hunter has a temperament singularly unlike his own. We are taken out over English fields, we share the pleasures of the winter morning, and the excitement of the chase. The different persons who make up the hunting parties are sketched with great skill; and when we come to the steeplechase, all I can say is that I have not been so stirred by a description since I first read the account of a similar event in "Anna Karenina." But the best character, from the artistic point of view, in Mr. Sassoon's novel, is neither the hero nor his aunt, though both are admirably done. The best character is the groom Dixon, who is portrayed with amazing skill. His knowledge of horses and men would put a psycho-analyst to shame; and his tact in dealing with both is infallible. Dixon is a character that will arouse the envy of any novelist. If this book is meant to be a satire, its claws are well sheathed.

Two books with the same title have appeared almost simultaneously, one by an Englishman, mentioned in the March issue of this magazine, the other by an American. "The Brownings," a book of 345 pages, by Osbert Burdett; "The Brownings," a book of 289 pages, by David Loth. One is written in English, the other in American. I have read every word of both volumes, and find them both valuable, with occasional *obiter dicta* of an arresting nature. Both books deal principally with the Browning love-letters, for those letters contain one of the greatest romances in history.

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Even if neither of the Brownings had written a line for posterity, their love-story belongs with Romeo and Juliet, Eloisa and Abelard, Paul and Virginia, Aucassin and Nicolette, Lancelot and Guinevere, or anything you choose to name. Male and female created he them; Robert Browning was wholly masculine, and Elizabeth Barrett wholly feminine.

Both Mr. Burdett and Mr. Loth deal faithfully with that paternal maniac, Elizabeth Barrett's father; and both pay fitting tribute to that ideal parent, Robert Browning, Senior, whom Mr. Loth distressingly calls "Bob." Fortunately neither biographer adopts a disparaging or a patronizing attitude. Both regard Browning as a genius of the highest order; I suspect they have been rereading his poetry. It is only those who have never read him, or who have neglected him, who are unaware of his splendid creative power and of his subtle and beautiful art.

Mr. Burdett's book is filled with penetrating and valuable criticism; but in his estimate of Browning's personal beliefs and attitude his biography suffers by being founded on Mrs. Sutherland Orr rather than on Hall Griffin. Mrs. Orr had produced an admirable handbook on Browning's poems, still the best commentary in one volume; and, as she was an intimate friend of the poet during the last years, the family thought she would be the one best fitted to write his "Life." She made a dismal failure; it is one of the most unsatisfying biographies on record. Browning's son and sister were unspeakably disappointed. His son told me that Browning used to call on Mrs. Orr very often and read aloud to her; sometimes he had a bad cold or felt unwell (I also suspect she bored him) and he did not go. She had come to look upon these attendances as obligatory; and his absence made her peevish, and her later attitude unsympathetic. Furthermore, she was an agnostic, and endeavored to prove against the facts that Browning was really an unbeliever. Her book has had a somewhat unfortunate effect on Mr. Burdett, who finally rather grudgingly admits that "He was, in truth, half a Christian." If that be true, I think we may safely say that in every sense of the word his better half was wholly Christian.

William Sharp, who knew Browning well, said that his *orthodoxy* puzzled many of his friends; Mrs. Orr made the mistake of denying it. Religious faith was the foundation not only of Browning's optimism but of his whole philosophy of life.

Mr. Burdett makes some admirable comment on Browning's mastery of common language.

> Browning is the master of an enormous vocabulary used with ease. Who, since Shakespeare, has approached him in wealth, or fusion, or variety? It is not merely a matter of words. No turn of speech, no trick of idiom, seems to have escaped him, and these idiomatic turns were controlled by a fine ear, so that, instead of descending from poetry to parlance with a jerk, there is, for the most part, no question of the poetry of the whole. One effect of this naturalness has been to obscure the artistry of his style. He went further. He played with English. "The Pied Piper" is a riot of rhymes; rhymes not arduously contrived but pouring out, as if in spate, into the generous stanza that he fashioned for their reception. The consequence is that the lines and phrases which we remember are often moving because, while familiar, we had not noticed the fineness of their cadence before. When Wordsworth begins a notable sonnet with the phrase "It is not to be thought of," we are delighted because he shows us the beauty of a cadence that we have heard every day but not, till now, admired. This, I think, is the mark

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of a great style, as distinguished from the majestic, the polished, or the ethereal. Browning is very rich in common treasure. . . . There is no poetic or unpoetic language to this poet, who was an artist so thorough that he could handle all materials with a like skill, and the wider his choice the more happy his conscience. In this idiomatic style there can be no patching, no slurring over weak places which a more selected and artificial vocabulary allows. To use it is a test that would trip many distinguished writers. Moreover from the same note struck with the finger of a single common word, Browning can soar or play as the mood takes him easily. "Day" introduces the splendid spurt of poetry with which *Pippa* opens, as "rats" heralds the most rollicking of his rhymes to the "Pied Piper." He did not despise the enchantments of the magicians, but, like another Shakespeare, he proved that the rarest height is less rare than the whole range, peaks and all. In other poets we have exquisite kinds of music: in Browning the living language of a people, which is splendid, sonorous, idiomatic, grotesque in turn, and sometimes at once.

If we may judge by Shakespeare and Browning, such a range of language is naturally accompanied by the widest human sympathy so that there is no character so commonplace or perverse, no point of view so shamefaced or casuistical, that escapes them. Both are draughtsmen of the human soul. Neither contributed much to the stock of human ideas. If many attempts have been made to formulate the philosophy of both, this is because their works contain immortal presentments of common experience. . . .

In addition to much excellent literary criticism, Mr. Burdett's comments often interest us in other things. Speaking of Miss Barrett's grief on the death of her favorite brother, "If grief could kill, it would have killed Miss Barrett, but only animals seem to die of broken hearts occasionally."

Mr. Loth's book is written in the novelized style so common at this moment, and while this mannerism is at times exasperating, as

At three o'clock Robert was gazing curiously upon the front of the tall, narrow, dark house which bore the number "50 Wimpole Street." Unpleasant looking place, he thought it, even as he divided his attention between a last glance at his watch and an effort to control the sudden rush of blood to the head.

I particularly dislike this bedtime-story style, so familiar in American histories and biographies of our time. Mr. Loth and Mr. Burdett have practically the same estimate of the Brownings; both fully appreciate the genius of Robert Browning, and Mr. Loth seems to have a somewhat better understanding of his personality. He emphasizes his *efficiency* as a man, and householder, and his perfections as a husband; quoting Fanny Kemble who said of Browning, "He is the only man I ever knew who behaved like a Christian to his wife." He dwells on his brilliant gifts as a chronic diner-out, his versatility and charm as a conversationalist, and makes no mistake on either his religion or his optimism, when he says: "A firm believer in conventional Christianity, he could yet appreciate the pagan sceptic Cleon's fear of death."

I find in Mr. Loth's biography much entertainment, much wisdom, and much instruction. But his last paragraph certainly over-emphasizes the "neglect" of Browning.

Within a very few years, while Tennyson was still universally acclaimed, Browning was remembered only as a perennial dinner guest, as the hero of an unique love story and as a poet who wrote verses to be studied, not enjoyed. Sariana, who died at the age of eighty-nine, lived to see the day when her famous brother's anecdotes were no longer repeated in society, or at least no longer credited to him, when his too exuberant laugh and childish joy in parties were quite forgotten. Ten years later when Pen, too, was dead, the love story of his parents was a little dim in public memory. Today even the reputation for obscurity is rather vague. There remains but one

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more step to complete the circle. Some day a bright young man is going to "discover" Robert Browning.

Furthermore, in his ridicule of the Browning societies (there are also Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Shelley societies), he seems to forget, while admitting they lasted longer in America than in England, that they are both numerous and active in 1929. The Browning Societies of Boston, San Francisco, New York, and Pasadena hold regular meetings; Baylor University at Waco, Texas, has one of the finest collections of Browning memorabilia in the world; while at Yale University more than five hundred undergraduates every year spend six months of study in a course exclusively devoted to his poetry.

Mr. Loth shows good judgment and penetrating criticism in the following passage:

> It was a literary shibboleth just then that no man could write sincerely, convincingly, of any character without partaking to a considerable degree of that character's nature. Yet how, the poor puzzled devotees of this creed demanded, could Browning partake of so many and such diverse natures? Granted their premises, the obvious deduction was that he possessed a mind of such devious and tortuous complexity that normal men could not hope to understand. The truth, of course, was that Browning was an unpretentious, completely natural person, so unassuming that he did not know learning such as his was unique, so free of any perplexing dogmas of his own that he could reflect with photographic accuracy the most varied characters and yet absorb nothing of them. His own complete simplicity made it possible for him to portray more subtle natures. With all his masterly gift for words and for interpreting the workings of any human mind, he remained quite set in his own sober ways, cautious of innovation and so satisfied with his own make-up that he never bothered about introspection.

Browning's "The Ring and the Book" is an *allusive* poem. Mr. Lucien Esty, joint author of "Ask Me Another," wrote for his own amusement the following ballade, which he has kindly allowed me to print.

*On First Looking Into*
*A. K. Cook's Preface (p. ix) to his*
*Commentary upon Browning's*
*THE RING AND THE BOOK*

Poet, unriddle for us your codes:
  Why should on Fénelon fall a curse?
What was the gold snow rained on Rhodes,
  When did it fall, and whom immerse?
  Where is Corinna, her book, and (worse)
Your frigid Virgil's fieriest screed?
  What sort of verse is Bembo's verse?
And who was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

Who was the florid old rogue Albano?
  Where is Thucydides' only jest?
How should a reader regard such guano
  As "What's this to Bacchus?"—and all the rest?
  What's Tern Quatern, and what's *Est-est?*
What was Bianca's generous deed
  In which Olimpia joined with zest?
And who was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

Who was responsible for *De Tribus,*
  The essay which good St. John did *not* write?
Those caritellas suggest a rebus;
  Was the Brazen Head broken in a hot fight?
  On tarocs and scazons turn the spotlight.
Where of the Molinists did you read?
  Can we be sure your stuff we've got right?
And who was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

ENVOY

Prince (of poets), we feel we're guyed;
  We confess that you've got us treed.
One word more—all kidding aside,
  WHO was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

Two medical works of quite general interest are "Appendicitis," by Doctor Thew Wright, a practical and informing little book, written for the layman, and a noble quarto, privately printed at Omaha, Nebraska, profusely illus-

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trated, and written by Doctor Alfred Brown. It is called "Old Masterpieces in Surgery. Being a Collection of Thoughts and Observations Engendered by a Perusal of Some of the Works of Our Forbears in Surgery."

An original and sparkling book of travel is "The World on One Leg," by Ellery Walter, an American in his early twenties. He shows that the age of romance is not over, for there are as many adventures to be found in modern travel as in mediæval days. Poverty and illness could not quench this young American's courage; not even the loss of his leg, and the terrible sufferings and numerous operations that followed its amputation. Around the world he went on nothing a year. The variety of his adventures is astonishing. A hobo in Mexico, president of his class in the University of Washington, a stoker at sea, on the edge of death in Australia, drifting down the Nile, he seems to have tried everything once and many things twice. Under appalling difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, the man is an optimist and finds life very good!

Another original book of wildly exciting adventures and, like the preceding, abundantly illustrated, is "Roaring Dusk," by Eugene De Bogory, who with his son went to Africa and proceeded to lasso lions! He also fought crocodiles with his bare hands in the water, and did many other unusual things. He tells about his explorations and his fights with wild beasts with gusto, and seems to have had a ripping time.

To turn from savage wildernesses and untamable animals to city streets and London drawing-rooms, few literary biographies are more charming than "The Colvins and Their Friends," by the admirable E. V. Lucas. The Colvins "knew everybody" and so do we, when we have finished this narrative. We have an intimate view through conversations and hitherto unpublished letters, of Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Kipling, Barrie, and others; while the anecdotes of Browning and of Henley and of Henry James are full of interest. In her intellect, grace, and charm, Mrs. Sitwell (Lady Colvin) is worthy to stand with the great *salon* ladies of the eighteenth century.

I also heartily recommend two recently published lives of distinguished Americans—"Memories of a Sculptor's Wife," by Mrs. Daniel Chester French, and Mrs. Rush Rhees's biography of her father, Laurenus Clark Seelye, the first president of Smith College. Mr. and Mrs. French have had and are having a wonderfully happy life, and this chronicle is written with spirit and humor. The personality of the writer is irresistible, so full is she of human kindness, sympathy, curiosity, plain sense, and downright fun. The book abounds in good stories and anecdotes.

President Seelye, who lived to be eighty-seven, was a venerable figure. It was my privilege to know him well, which means that I had for his ability and character immense respect and warm affection. A genuine Puritan, a devoutly religious man, his talents for administration included extraordinary tact in dealing with individuals. He was the old-fashioned college president as Doctor Neilson is not; Smith College was and is most fortunate in them both. The introduction, contributed by President Neilson, shows that the best link between the old and the new generation is a compound of intelligence and sympathy.

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Whatever faults and limitations clergymen may have had as college presidents, they were almost invariably admirable financiers. They showed remarkable skill in investments, in economical management, and in the disbursement of college funds. You see, nearly all of them were brought up in households where economy was not only a virtue, it was a necessity. These men knew the value of money, and did not waste it.

An important contribution to American history has been made by W. M. Robinson, Jr., in his book, "The Confederate Privateers." This book is accurate; it is well documented, and the story is told in a particularly interesting way. Mr. Robinson's separate booklet on the *Alabama* is a model of historical writing.

Ford Madox Ford's small volume, "The English Novel," is a soliloquy that will arouse violent dissent from many readers, which is perhaps its chief merit. It amuses me to think how the idolaters of Fielding will resent the decision handed down here.

The valiant, redoubtable, and always lovable William A. White of Emporia, Kans., has written an extremely good account of statesmen, politicians, and political bosses during the last forty years in "Masks in a Pageant," where his personal acquaintance with the heroes and the villains adds greatly to the value of the book. I gave a copy of "Masks" to a foreigner who had found our political history and system beyond his comprehension.

John Cournos, a novelist, historian, and biographer of unusual talent and distinction, and who has also translated many Russian novels into English, has hit upon an original scheme as applied to modern biography. He calls his book "A Modern Plutarch" and adopts and applies the method of comparison and contrast, taking his men in pairs. I strongly recommend this work, for I think it throws much light on the personality, character, and career of each important figure—and none is unimportant. The comparison of Mark Twain and Anatole France is alone worth the price of the book. But as one reads on, and sees how dramatic is the contrast between Latin and Anglo-Saxon, as repeatedly illustrated, how philosophical and unprejudiced is the writer's standpoint, and how full of distinction his style, one sees that "A Modern Plutarch" is an important addition to the literature of biography. Some of the characters in this pageant are Thoreau, Melville, Parnell, Balzac, John Brown, George Sand, Bolivar, Amiel.

If I were a different kind of a man from what I am, I should really enjoy reading Mr. Seabrook's "The Magic Island." It is of course fortunate that there are people of adventurous, pioneering, exploring blood, who love to go into deserts, trackless forests, appalling jungles, and mingle with savage or primitive races. Then they write and tell us about it, and we share their adventures without danger or inconvenience. I suppose there is no one who has less of the frontiersman in him than I. If I had all my expenses paid and a salary in addition, nothing would induce me to visit equatorial Africa or Mary Byrd Land. Hot jungles and trackless snows may be beautiful, but to me they are not so beautiful as the Grand Central Station illuminated, or the North River by night, or Fifth Avenue at sunset, or Park Avenue at any time. I am a man of the city, and I like theatres, music, newspapers, and cultivated men and women. It may

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be that black savages have admirable traits, but I am sure they are not so agreeable or trustworthy, and certainly not so interesting as any number of men and women I know in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Seabrook compared the orgies of The Magic Island with New York night clubs; this is hardly a fair comparison of savagery with civilization. I cannot tell which is the more deplorable of the two, for I have never seen either. From what I can glean from books and plays and gossip, I imagine that any night club is about the last yawn in unutterable boredom. The earnest women who compose the Ladies' Aid Society in the Baptist Church in Genoa, Nebr., are positively brilliant compared with their sisters who frequent the night clubs of New York.

By the way, I read a novel the other day where all the persons were white!

Inasmuch as the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism held a dinner in New York in honor of Voltaire, I quote:

> I tell you, without repetition, that I love quakers. Yes, if the sea did not disagree with me, it should be in thy bosom, Oh Pennsylvania! that I would finish the rest of my career; if there be any remaining. Thou art situated in the fortieth degree of latitude, in the softest and most favourable climate; thy houses commodiously built; thy inhabitants industrious; thy manufactures in repute. An eternal peace reigns among thy citizens; crimes are almost unknown; and there is but a single example of a man banished from the country. He deserved it very properly, being an Anglican priest who turning quaker, was unworthy of being so. This poor man was no doubt possessed of the devil, for he dared to preach intolerance; he was called George Keith, and they banished him. I know not where he went; but may all intolerants go with him. (Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary.")

An interesting letter about Cooper from G. E. Reed, of Carmel, N. Y.

> You say, "John Jay told Cooper the story of a spy, which Cooper turned into one of the most successful novels in American Literature." I want to say that "The Spy" John Jay told Cooper of was a real person, was a member of the church in which I am an elder, was an intimate friend of my father's, and is buried very near where I live. "The Spy's" name was Enoch Crosby and there are not a few of his descendants still in our vicinity.
>
> If you are ever near Carmel I hope you will call and we will show you where "The Spy" is buried.

From Samuel H. Thompson, of Washington, D. C.

> I have Howells' "My Mark Twain." Yes, and I am from Tennessee and have been to Obedstown (now Jamestown) where Mark's father was the first Postmaster and the first clerk of the Court. It is yet 22 miles from a railway and there is a splendid little hotel named MARK TWAIN. Three months longer and Mark would have been native to Tennessee. And that is Sergeant Alvin York's country, too—he who captured 132 Germans in the late "throw back."

Some time ago in these columns I expressed my enthusiasm for coffee, and said that I should never follow the English custom of drinking tea for breakfast so long as I could get American coffee. The Syracuse *Herald* gives some very interesting figures in commenting on my statement. It says:

> . . . The appeal of coffee as a combined vegetable food stimulant and restorative can be judged by its popularity; and this, in turn, can only be measured by the cold statistics of coffee consumption. In the year before last, the latest year for which the official figures are available, the consumption of coffee in the United States was approximately 1,500,000,000 pounds, or about 12½ pounds to every man, woman and child in the country. The average for tea in the same year was only about four fifths of a pound per quota.

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This article in the Syracuse *Herald* and the cause of it were the subject of a long editorial in *The Mail,* Madras, India.

Remembering my tribute to the philosophical calm of the cow, a reader has sent me the following poem:

TO A COW

"Why, Cow! How cans't thou be so satisfied?
So well content with all things here below,
So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,
So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow?
Dost thou not know that everything is mixed,
That nothing is as it should be on this earth?
That grievously the earth needs to be fixed?
That nothing we can give has any worth?
That times are hard, that life is full of care,
Of sin and trouble, and untowardness,
That love is folly, friendship but a snare?
Up, Cow! This is no time for laziness.
Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams."

Edward Stevens Beach, of Ridgefield, Conn., sends me an interesting meditation on FANO.

Professor, what is Fano? Your friend calls it "a Hell of a dump." Therefore, it might be the name of a well-known theological place; or of any soft drink; or a nick-name for New York or Tennessee; or an East Side dialect; or anything "100 Per Cent American." A lady says it is the name of one of Spenser's sweet-peas, and a Yale freshman thinks it designates fairy queens on the Great White Way. It's ambiguous, anyhow; but I assume it's a new public service corporation security, and want to know how much it costs to get in on the ground floor and whether the bonds come before or after the founders' shares.

Nevertheless, if any of your folks think he or she has a monopoly of Spenser's "Faery Queene," be it known that there was a boy of thirteen who, sixty years ago could recite the first Canto from beginning to end. It was not so popular, however, as the rendition, "Of Man's First Disobedience." When "Him, the Almighty Power, hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky," et cetera, was reached,—before the old base-burner in the dry-goods' store of our village of Hilltop,—good Deacon Carpenter used to thump his walking-stick on the floor and exclaim, "Glory to God, glory to God!" and Deacon Taylor would thump his walking-stick on the floor, and respond, "Amen, Brother George, Amen!"

P. S. Do you remember the title of that corking fine story in one of Beadle's Dime Novels,—or was it in one of Munro's,—where two scouts had their left arms lashed together and fought each other to a dual finish with Bowie knives? I'd like to recapture it for my library.

With reference to the Fano Club and the visitor who wrote me that it was "a hell of a dump," I hear from Bill Gillespie:

Anent the pilgrim to Fano who did not choose to be elected—and used bad words in describing the place—Eggleston, 1900, nominates him for membership in the

PRO-FANO CLUB

Adele D. Hessel of Escanaba, Mich., joins the Faery Queene Club, and is so enthusiastic that she has named her Chevrolet *Gloriana.*

Should this column ever come to the attention of professional proof-readers, I wish to call to their notice an excellent sonnet by Phelps Soule, published by Carl Rollins in the New York *Saturday Review of Literature.*

CCCXIV

(After proof-reading 313 sonnets of George Henry Boker)

"Ah! Sweet, how long shall Time with his black hearse
(I wonder if that "Time" should be in Caps—
Lower case for mine, but lots of other chaps
Bespread tall letters over all their verse)
Shall Time drag on, grief-stricken, to immerse
His load of cares, and sorrow, and mishaps
In Lethe's flow! (That hyphen, now—perhaps

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Should be deleted— That em dash is worse!)
So Time drags on, and Life. What is it more
Than one damned sonnet following its mate?
(And here they run to nearly sixteen score—
Four thousand lines of love, and pain, and hate!
Grant Boker, Lord, eternal rest in Thee;
He wrote enough for all eternity!)"

Mrs. Raymond E. Fenner, of Springfield, Mass., sends me the following head-line from the Providence *Journal:*

*Famous Exploiter of Competitive Inanities Launches "Oral Olympic" "Professor" Crandall Starts Tongues Wagging in New York as 31 Adenoid Athletes Vie Vocally for World's Long Distance Talking Trophy—$1000*

I wonder if United States Senators were barred.

The process of "debunking"—God forbid that I should ever use that word except between quotation-marks—goes merrily along.

*Recently "Debunked"*

Julius Cæsar, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Cardinal Manning, Thomas Arnold, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Florence Nightingale, Henry Ward Beecher, General Grant, Francis Bacon, Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Gracchi.

*Recently "Rebunked"*

Charles II, James II, Jim Fisk, Judas Iscariot.

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# A Contemporary Movement in American Design

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

For a number of years one of the leading events of the art season has been an exhibition of the industrial arts at the Metropolitan Museum. Repeatedly it has shown the progress made in furniture, textiles, ceramics, silver and so on. I have touched upon the matter before in these pages, testifying to the healthy state of American design and the really extraordinary efficiency of American craftsmanship. The ten exhibitions hitherto presented have been, indeed, rich in material for the commentator. But the eleventh in the series, open from February 12 to September 2, has a significance differing from that of any of its predecessors. This one is given over to what is roughly known as "Modernism" and by the time these words are published it will have been visited by many hundreds who are discussing it. The public is still occupied in making up its mind as to whether in the construction of its home interiors it will be traditional or modernistic. It has been so occupied for several years past. Many of my readers will doubtless recall the modernistic exhibitions made not long ago by Lord & Taylor and the Macys, two assemblages of rooms and decorations largely designed by French and other foreign individuals. The fact is that this new story is, in a sense, an old one.

It must be twenty-five or thirty years ago that Europe was greatly agitated by what was called "L'Art Nouveau." It was a fearful and wonderful affair, full of strange curves and weirder than a dream. I remember in those days going out to the Boulevard Berthier, near to the old fortifications, to see my friend Boldini. Near his house was one I always paused to contemplate, an amazing structure built for Yvette Guilbert, then at the height of her glory. I remember, too, at about the same time, coming across a prodigious set of dining-room furniture designed by Carabin. A goblin peeped up over the edge of the table. There were goblins climbing up the back of the big chair, perhaps on the backs of all the chairs. A spirit of adventure was abroad amongst the craftsmen responsible for the envelope of French life. It was daring to the point of eccentricity. Well, L'Art Nouveau went down the wind but the urge that developed it is perennial. Mankind from time to time tires of its accustomed environment. Tradition wearies it. It longs for something new. Then, besides, tradition sometimes has a way of running to seed. Our American passion for European antiquities, for example, led at last to the triumph of the interior decorator in that curious pastiche of all the schools which I have ventured to designate the Ecole de Park Avenue. It is no wonder that people in some quarters sigh for a change. It was the purpose of the exhibition just closed at the Metropolitan to



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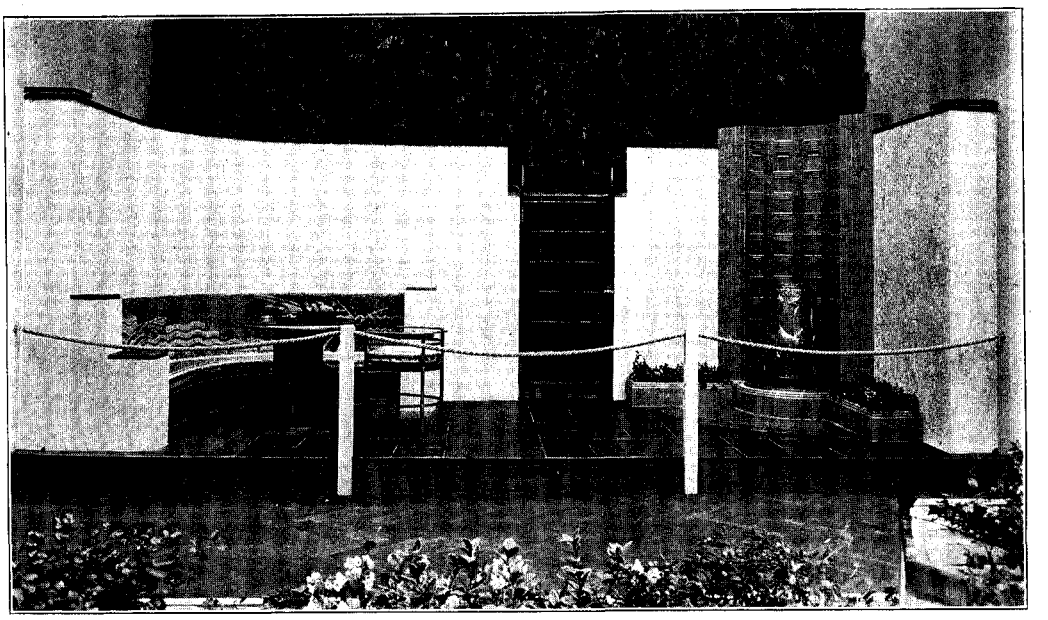
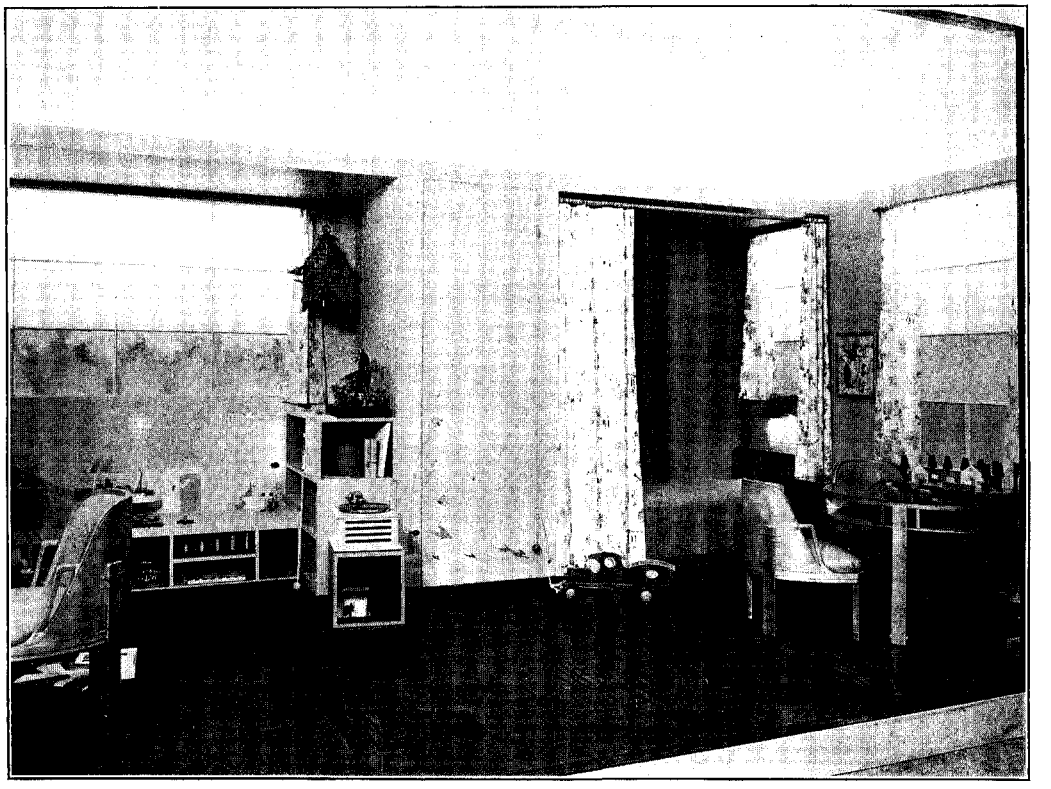


Back-Yard Garden.

From the design by Ely Jacques Kahn.



Child's Nursery and Bedroom.

From the design by Eugene Schoen.

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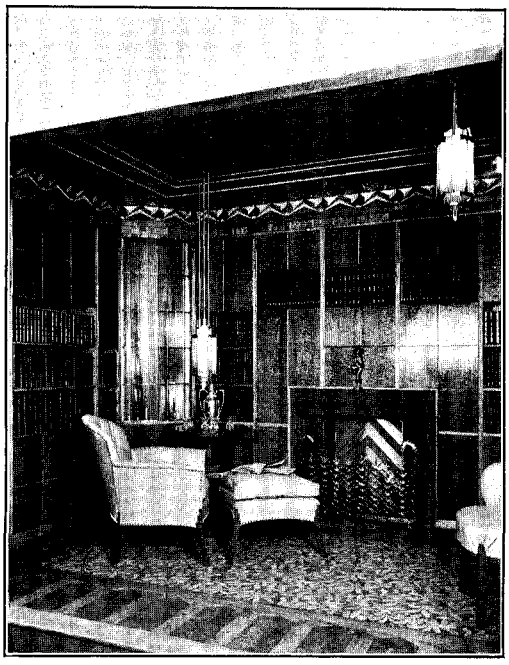
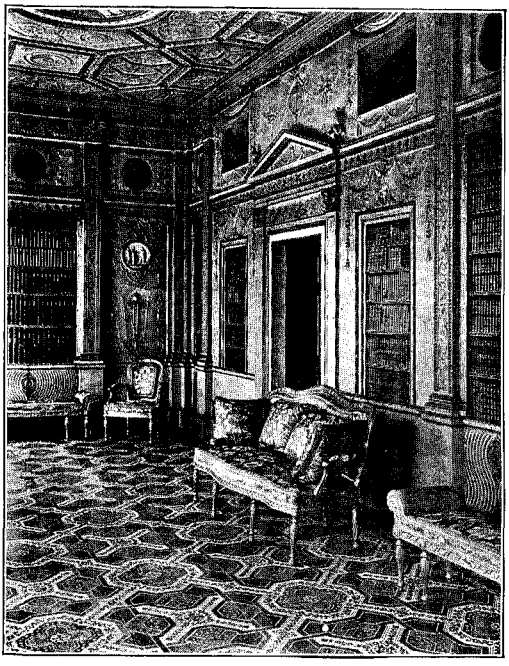


Man's Study for a Country House.

From the design by Ralph T. Walker.



In the Library at Syon House.

From the room designed by Robert Adam.

Dining-Room.

From the design by Eliel Saarinen.

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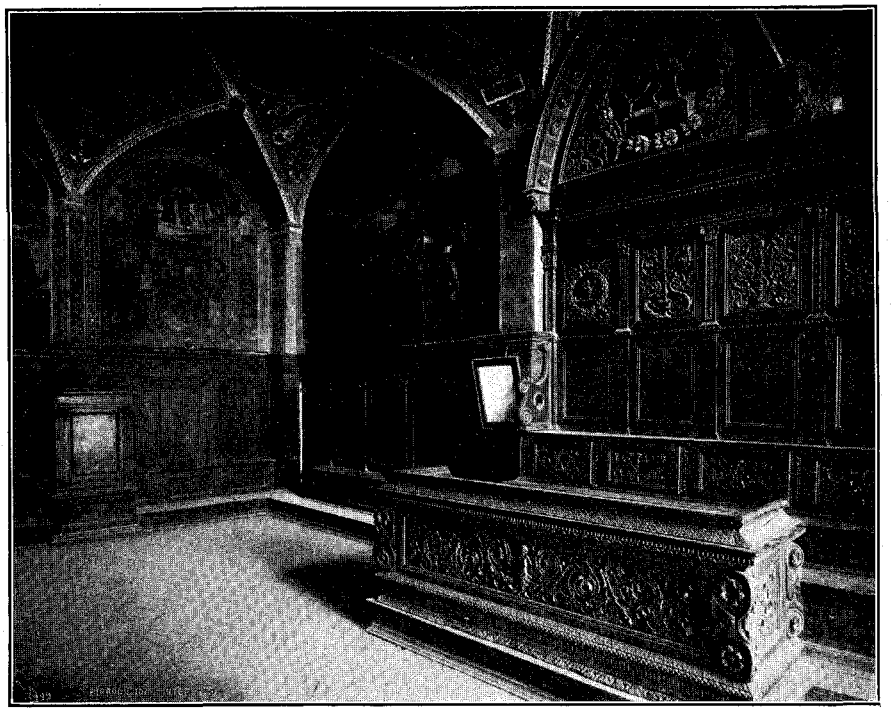
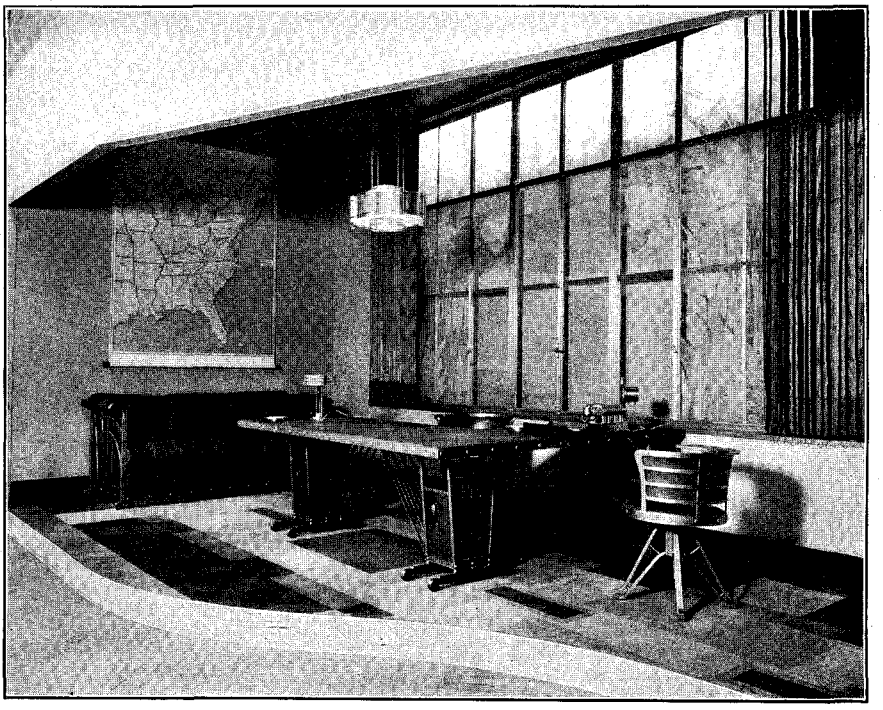


In the Chamber of Commerce, Perugia.

From the room designed in the Renaissance.



Business Executive's Office.

From the design by Raymond M. Hood.

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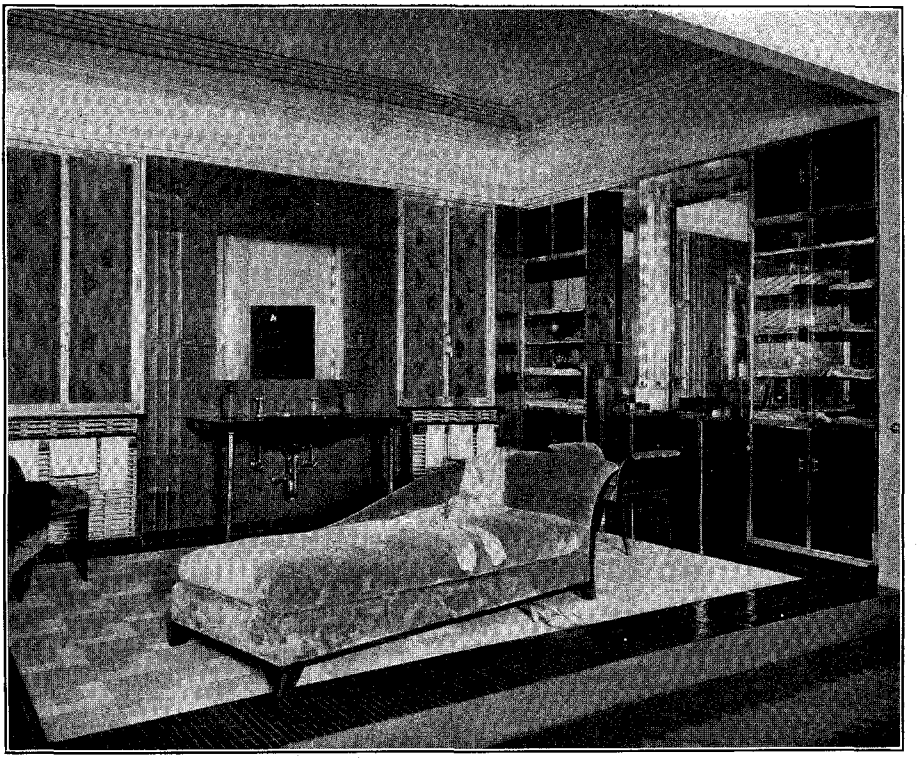
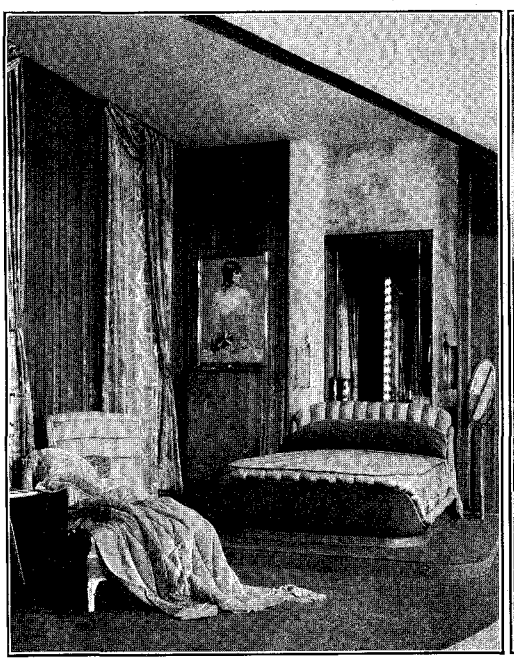


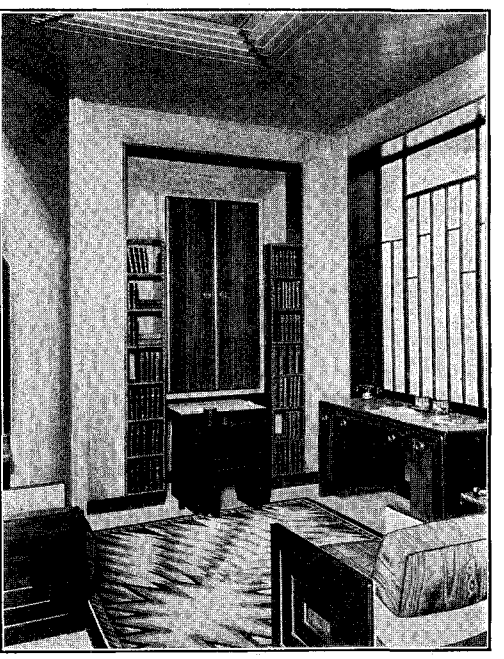
Bath and Dressing-Room.

From the design by Ely Jacques Kahn.



Woman's Bedroom.

From the design by John W. Root.



Man's Den.

From the design by Joseph Urban.

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display a certain type of design offered to supply the change.

◇ ◇ ◇

"Thorough" was the watchword adopted, the big room devoted to special exhibitions being handed over to a group of designers with permission to erect therein a number of rooms built exactly as they wished. One member of this "Co-operating Committee" was Mr. Armistead Fitzhugh, a landscape-architect. Another, Mr. Leon V. Solon, is a ceramic designer. The remaining seven are all architects, Raymond M. Hood, Ely Jacques Kahn, Eugene Schoen, Joseph Urban and Ralph T. Walker, of New York, John W. Root, of Chicago, and Eliel Saarinen, of Detroit. They had the benefit of an "Advisory Committee on Industrial Art," as well as of the services of the museum staff, and a goodly number of manufacturers rose to the occasion, so that the crafts might participate in producing a "richly bedight" ensemble. From the activities of this large company there emerged a series of exhibits which I enumerate for the sake of the record and to indicate the varied character of this demonstration of what one contemporary movement could do:

A back-yard garden.
A man's study for a country house.
A conservatory.
A show-window and a sales alcove.
A woman's bedroom.
A child's nursery and bedroom.
A dining-room.
A bath and dressing-room.
A salesroom.
An apartment-house loggia.
A business executive's office.
A central garden feature.

The catalogue proved an unusually interesting accompaniment to the exhibition, containing as it did remarks by each designer, to some of which I shall return, but I must quote first from the pages written by Mr. Richard F. Bach, the museum's Director of Industrial Relations. I was especially arrested by certain questions that he asked:

> What is the tempo of our day? What are the dominant elements of our culture, our activities, our thinking? Is this a speed age or are we sedate? Have we time to be dignified and stately about frills or are we air-minded? Do we wait for months, as once we all did, for the silkworm to complete his labors before beginning to make thread from his cocoon, or do we undertake, as many of us do now, to make a few bales of vegetable silk out of chemically treated wood-fibre between breakfast and lunch as a regular chore of a business weekday? And is this the mechanistic millennium which shrivels the soul and makes mockery of imagination, or are these fabulous industries, these automatic instruments of production, the means of bringing within range of vision the real potentialities of our crowded lives and of interpreting our aspirations and achievements?

Obviously this machine-gun fire of interrogations is no more to be answered with a curt "Yes" or "No" than the famous inquiry as to whether a certain person had stopped beating his wife or not. For example, this undoubtedly is "a speed age," but I dare swear that there are some thousands living in it who are naturally sedate and find plenty of time in which to be dignified. Still, there cannot be any doubt as to the fundamental "tempo of our day." It is unmistakably swift and as clearly there goes with it a sophistication characterized not so much by a surfeit of the past as by a voracious appetite for anything in the present that promises a sharp sensation. In the meantime, despite this trait, there would seem to be about our decade more of a transitional than a decisive mood. We are still choosing. We are, for example, still romantically inclined, however sophisticated we may be. The most piquant saying given by a designer to the catalogue was, for me, that of Mr.

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Fitzhugh, who made the "central garden feature." That was an odd blending of formal line and mass with the freedom of flowers and, apropos of it, Mr. Fitzhugh said: "The value of music as a creative incentive in design has been recognized for its stimulating influence on our intellect and emotions. The design of the central garden group was freely developed from my own reaction to the Parsifal 'Amen.'" He found his guiding principle in "lyrical illusion." Is there anything of that in the tempo of our time? None at all, to judge from the bulk of the exhibits.

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I conceive of the influences of a period manifesting themselves in an artist's work with the natural inevitability of leaves coming forth from a tree but the impression left upon me by the rooms at the Metropolitan was of so many fabrics put together from an intensely conscious, deliberately adopted point of view, and that point of view sprung from anything save the familiar movement of American life. There was the dining-room designed by Saarinen, the gifted Scandinavian whose architecture is a genuine addition to modern art. The angularities in the decoration of his walls seemed to me calculated to make the diner dizzy. His table, too, I found unduly cumbrous, its central support being especially disappointing. And in room after room, with only a single exception, I promptly felt a sense of strain. Is that what the American wants to feel when he goes home? Let us grant that the tempo of our time imports into the home something drawn from the night club and its saxophones. It nevertheless remains inconceivable that men and women do not want, somewhere, rest and serenity. It was delightful to pause before the child's nursery and bedroom designed by Mr. Eugene Schoen. He embarked upon his task with all the practicality in the world. "Sanitation, caretaking, and equipment," he said, "have been given important consideration. The furniture is simple, and being constructed of aluminum it is easily handled by the child itself. It is adjustable, so that the pieces may be raised to accommodate the child's growth." That last touch is masterly, lifting foresight to the nth power. I repeat, I delighted in Mr Schoen's room, it was so gay, so attuned to the spirit of a child—in any epoch. But elsewhere the bleak rigidity of the designs, expressive of our "tempo" or not, was terribly disconcerting.

I looked into the "man's den" by Mr. Joseph Urban and into the same architect's "conservatory." There seemed to be neither ease nor ingratiating welcome in either of them. Mr. Ralph T. Walker's "man's study for a country house" was equally incompatible with what the country-house idea suggests—relaxation, repose. One could never lounge idly with a book in a room like that; one would read as if on parade. Mr. John W. Root's "woman's bedroom" had a restless air, faintly suggestive of a kind of Hollywood de luxe, and the whole artificiality of this exhibition came to a climax in the "business executive's office" by Mr. Raymond M. Hood. Big business, I know, has gone in for all manner of rich settings. I have been in offices which were like private libraries. Something unquestionably has been done to mitigate the tyranny of the roll-top desk. But I could not see that Mr. Hood's solution of the problem was headed in the right direction. He, like his fellows, made too self-conscious, too muscle-bound, too "precious" a room. His words in the catalogue point, per-

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haps, to the source of the trouble, so I must quote him at some length:

> The task of the contemporary designer is first to search for the practical solution of his problem, and then to avail himself of every material, every invention, every method that will aid him in its development. He does not forget that it is his business to fashion the materials he uses into a beautiful form, but he realizes that only by this road can he hope to find the real beauty which will be the harmonious expression of modern life. Especially must there be acknowledgment of the fact that the machine, as a tool of the designer, has replaced the craftsman in contemporary production, and has, therefore, tremendously influenced modern design.
>
> Perhaps I can best express my conception of the new movement by an illustration. If I were asked if I could build a more beautiful business office than Michael Angelo, I should say, "No, but I can build a better business office." My office would be better lighted, better heated, have furniture better suited to its needs, and so on, all for the simple reason that I have new materials, new processes, and new inventions at my command, of which Michael Angelo did not dream. The office might not be so beautiful, but it would certainly be more convenient, more comfortable, and better suited to its purpose. But it would not be as good, and would undoubtedly be less beautiful than Michael Angelo's, were I to limit myself to the materials, the craftsmanship, and the relatively simple contrivances of his period.

Two conclusions flow from this fragment and from the modernism which is practised by Mr. Hood and his colleagues. One is that they lean perhaps too heavily upon contemporary materials and contrivances. There is nothing talismanic about these in the world of design. Beauty lies more in the artist's imagination than in the stuff in which he works. What counts is the designer's creative invention. Mr. Hood is very candid. He admits that Michael Angelo might have made a more beautiful business office. He admits also that it is the business of the designer to-day "to fashion the materials he uses into a beautiful form." Well, with equal candor, I must protest that I do not think he does this. That is the whole burthen of my criticism of the rooms at the Metropolitan. They were not, in my opinion, beautiful. It will possibly amuse the reader to turn to my illustrations and observe one or two contrasts there presented.

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It was for the Perugian Chamber of Commerce that the craftsmen carved and panelled the room for which Perugino made the decorations. They worked in a business building. But they, and their clients, had a sense of beauty. Bookshelving is inserted into the walls of the Adam room at Syon House with as keen a solicitude for decorative effect as Mr. Walker shows in his "man's study for a country house." But in the one case you have a kind of gracious elegance and in the other an unfortunate stiffness. Now I hope the reader will not think that I would ask Mr. Hood or Mr. Walker to substitute a slavish "period" motive for what they have produced. They are working—to fall into the key of Mr. Hood's pronouncement—not in the Renaissance or in the eighteenth century but in the twentieth. Only, to put it bluntly, I fear that they do not possess quite the feeling for beauty or quite the creative instinct of the Perugians or the Adam brothers. My comparisons are not unfair. If Mr. Hood may drag in Michael Angelo I hope I may be permitted to drag in my other old exemplars of the principle I have in mind.

It is the principle which is being lost sight of in so much of our contemporary artistic activity. Painters, sculptors, architects, "go modern" as they might "take up golf," as though the interpretation of the tempo of their time were something to be got at from the outside and systematically developed through

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study and practice. They behave also as if there were something necessarily inspiring in a motive that is contemporaneous. That is a fallacy. It has been proved before this. The baroque period in Europe produced much that we admire to-day for a certain full-blown energy and picturesqueness but nobody regards it as an age of gold. Our own period contains likewise elements frankly inimical to beauty. Modernism is content to express them, forgetting that it is the function of the artist, as he translates them, to correct them into something finer. He is mistaken if he thinks that he has fulfilled himself in taking things as they are, in being, if you like, "truthful." The camera is truthful but what it produces is not a work of art. The creation of that requires the intervention of a personality, of genius, or of something akin to it. There is a peculiar potentiality in the individual. One curious thing about the Metropolitan exhibition was what looked to me like the submergence of the individual in the "movement." Just as so many of the modernistic painters bear an odd resemblance to little Matisses, little Derains, so many of the modernistic architects apparently subscribe to a common denominator of design, to something very like a formula—with a savor of Paris about it.

The straight line, for example, dominates them to an extraordinary extent, a straight line which has the virtue of producing a clean-cut, crisp effect, very much in sympathy with the hardness of our era, but one from which nobody at present, in my observation, has extorted beautiful or particularly interesting effects. It would be thrilling indeed if modernism produced a quantity of fresh, individualized designs, making one feel the force of true creative energy, of ideas pressing hard to be expressed. Instead we get a strange conformity. Particularly have I looked in vain for things racy, nationalistic, immediately distinguishable from the sort of decoration and furniture which we have had from abroad. On the contrary, the general effect is of the same fortuitous effort that is characteristic of Europe. The most significant passage in the catalogue aforesaid was written by Mr. Saarinen. "We have as yet no modern style," he said, "only tendencies toward such a style." He went on to assert, on the other hand, that "we do have the principles of development which have held true in other epochs." In a measure he is right. The architects at whose works I have glanced are endeavoring to keep in step with the tempo of their time. They are faithful to what I may call the genius of their materials. They are practical in, as I have indicated, a rather "precious" way, though even there they have still far to go, as in the important matter of lighting, which is about as contemporaneous a problem as you could find and on which they have very little profitable to say. In the broader aspects of their task, especially in that which embraces the question of making an interior reposeful and pleasing, the goal more distinctly recedes. Though with Mr. Hood the modernist may believe that it "is his business to fashion the materials he uses into beautiful form," he has the most surprising notions as to what constitutes beauty. It would be a merry joke if he threw the public back upon the very traditionalism he seeks to displace. For, after all, every one loves a beautiful thing, and beautiful things have a way of being dateless, meet to delight in in any epoch.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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# A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 504 of this number)

"Yes," I said. "And we have gotten away from the war."

She laughed. It was the first time I had ever heard her laugh. I watched her face.

"You are sweet," she said.

"No, I'm not."

"Yes. You are a dear. I'd be glad to kiss you if you don't mind."

I looked in her eyes and put my arm around her as I had before and kissed her. I kissed her hard and held her tight and tried to open her lips; they were closed tight. I was still angry and as I held her suddenly she shivered. I held her close against me and could feel her heart beating and her lips opened and her head went back against my hand and then she was crying on my shoulder.

"Oh, darling," she said. "You will be good to me, won't you?"

What the hell, I thought. I stroked her hair and patted her shoulder. She was crying.

"You will, won't you?" she looked up at me. "Because we're going to have a strange life."

After a while I walked with her to the door of the villa and she went in and I walked home. Back at the villa I went up-stairs to the room. Rinaldi was lying on his bed. He looked at me.

"So you make progress with Miss Barkley?"

"We are friends."

"You have that pleasant air of a dog——."

I did not understand the word.

"Of a what?"

He explained.

"You," I said, "have that pleasant air of a dog who——."

"Stop it," he said. "In a little while we would say insulting things." He laughed.

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, little puppy."

I knocked over his candle with the pillow and got into bed in the dark.

Rinaldi picked up the candle, lit it and went on reading.

## VI

I was away for two days at the posts. When I got home it was too late and I did not see Miss Barkley until the next evening. She was not in the garden and I had to wait in the office of the hospital until she came down. There were many marble busts on painted wooden pillars along the walls of the room they used for an office. The hall too, that the office opened on, was lined with them. They had the complete marble quality of all looking alike. Sculpture had always seemed a dull business—still bronzes looked like something. But marble busts all looked like a cemetery. There was one fine cemetery though—the one at Pisa. Genoa was the place to see the bad marbles. This had been the villa of a very wealthy German and the busts must have cost him plenty. I wondered who had done them and how much he got. I tried to make out whether they were members of the family or what; but they were all uniformly classical. You could not tell anything about them.

I sat on a chair and held my cap. We were supposed to wear steel helmets even in Gorizia but they were uncomfortable and too theatrical in a town where the civilian inhabitants had not been evacuated. I wore one when we went up to the posts and carried an English gas mask. We were just beginning to get some of them. They were a real mask. Also we were required to wear an automatic pistol; even doctors and sanitary officers. I felt it against the back of the chair. You were liable to arrest if you did not have one worn in plain sight. Rinaldi carried a holster stuffed with toilet paper. I wore a real one and felt like a gunman until I practised firing it. It was an Astra 7.65 calibre with a short barrel and it jumped so sharply when you let it off that there was no question of hitting anything. I practised with it holding below the target and trying to master the jerk of the ridiculous short barrel until I could hit within a yard of where I aimed at twenty paces and then the ridiculousness of carrying a pistol at all came over me and I soon forgot it and carried it flopping against the small of my back with no feeling at all except a vague sort of shame when I met English speaking people. I sat now in the chair and an orderly of some sort looked at me disapprovingly



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from behind a desk while I looked at the marble floor, the pillars with the marble busts, and the frescoes on the wall while I waited for Miss Barkley. The frescoes were not bad. Any frescoes were good when they started to peel and flake off.

I saw Catherine Barkley coming down the hall and stood up. She did not seem tall walking toward me but she looked very lovely.

"Good evening, Mr. Henry," she said.

"How do you do?" I said. The orderly was listening behind the desk.

"Shall we sit here or go out in the garden?"

"Let's go out. It's much cooler."

I walked behind her out into the garden, the orderly looking after us. When we were out on the gravel drive she said, "Where have you been?"

"I've been out on post."

"You couldn't have sent me a note?"

"No," I said. "Not very well. I thought I was coming back."

"You ought to have let me know, darling."

We were off the driveway walking under the trees. I took her hands, then stopped and kissed her.

"Isn't there anywhere we can go?"

"No," she said. "We have to just walk here. You've been away a long time."

"This is the third day. But I'm back now."

She looked at me, "And you do love me?"

"Yes."

"You did say you loved me, didn't you?"

"Yes," I lied. "I love you." I had not said it before.

"And you call me Catherine?"

"Catherine." We walked on a way and were stopped under a tree.

"Say, 'I've come back to Catherine in the night.'"

"I've come back to Catherine in the night."

"Oh, darling, you have come back, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I love you so and it's been awful. You won't go away?"

"No. I'll always come back."

"Oh, I love you so. Please put your hand there again."

"It's not been away." I turned her so I could see her face when I kissed her and I saw that her eyes were shut. I kissed both her shut eyes. I thought she was probably a little crazy. It was all right if she was. I did not care what I was getting into. This was better than going every evening to the house for officers where the girls climbed all over you and put your cap on backward as a sign of affection between their trips up-stairs with brother officers. I know I did not love Catherine Barkley nor had any idea of loving her. This was a game, like bridge, in which you said things instead of playing cards. Like bridge you had to pretend you were playing for money or playing for some stakes. Nobody had mentioned what the stakes were. It was all right with me.

"I wish there was some place we could go," I said. I was experiencing the masculine difficulty of making love very long standing up.

"There isn't any place," she said. She came back from wherever she had been.

"We might sit there just for a little while."

We sat on the flat stone bench and I held Catherine Barkley's hand. She would not let me put my arm around her.

"Are you very tired?" she asked.

"No."

She looked down at the grass.

"This is a rotten game we play, isn't it?"

"What game?"

"Don't be dull."

"I'm not, on purpose."

"You're a nice boy," she said. "And you play it as well as you know how. But it's a rotten game."

"Do you always know what people think?"

"Not always. But I do with you. You don't have to pretend you love me. That's over for the evening. Is there anything you'd like to talk about?"

"But I do love you."

"Please let's not lie when we don't have to. I had a very fine little show and I'm all right now. You see I'm not mad and I'm not gone off. It's only a little sometimes."

I pressed her hand, "Dear Catherine."

"It sounds very funny now—Catherine. You don't pronounce it very much alike. But you're very nice. You're a very good boy."

"That's what the priest said."

"Yes, you're very good. And you will come and see me?"

"Of course."

"And you don't have to say you love me. That's all over for a while." She stood up and put out her hand. "Good night."

I wanted to kiss her.

"No," she said. "I'm awfully tired."

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"Kiss me though," I said.

"I'm awfully tired, darling."

"Kiss me."

"Do you want to very much?"

"Yes."

We kissed and she broke away suddenly. "No. Good night, please, darling." We walked to the door and I saw her go in and down the hall. I liked to watch her move. She went on down the hall. I went on home. It was a hot night and there was a good deal going on up in the mountains. I watched the flashes on San Gabrielle.

I stopped in front of the Villa Rossa. The shutters were up but it was still going on inside. Somebody was singing. I went on home. Rinaldi came in while I was undressing.

"Ah ha!" he said. "It does not go so well. Baby is puzzled."

"Where have you been?"

"At the Villa Rossa. It was very edifying, baby. We all sang. Where have you been?"

"Calling on the British."

"Thank God I did not become involved with the British."

## VII

I came back the next afternoon from our first mountain post and stopped the car at the *smistimento* where the wounded and sick were sorted by their papers and the papers marked for the different hospitals. I had been driving and I sat in the car and the driver took the papers in. It was a hot day and the sky was very bright and blue and the road was white and dusty. I sat in the high seat of the Fiat and thought about nothing. A regiment went by in the road and I watched them pass. The men were hot and sweating. Some wore their steel helmets but most of them carried them slung from their packs. Most of the helmets were too big and came down almost over the ears of the men who wore them. The officers all wore helmets; better fitting helmets. It was half of the brigata Basilicata. I identified them by their red and white striped collar mark. There were stragglers going by long after the regiment had passed—men who could not keep up with their platoons. They were sweaty, dusty and tired. Some looked pretty bad. A soldier came along after the last of the stragglers. He was walking with a limp. He stopped and sat down beside the road. I got down and went over.

"What's the matter?"

He looked at me, then stood up.

"I'm going on."

"What's the trouble?"

"—— the war."

"What's wrong with your leg?"

"It's not my leg. I got a rupture."

"Why don't you ride with the transport?" I asked. "Why don't you go to the hospital?"

"They won't let me. The lieutenant said I slipped the truss on purpose."

"Let me feel it."

"It's way out."

"Which side is it on?"

"Here."

I felt it.

"Cough," I said.

"I'm afraid it will make it bigger. It's twice as big as it was this morning."

"Sit down," I said. "As soon as I get the papers on these wounded I'll take you along the road and drop you with your medical officers."

"He'll say I did it on purpose."

"They can't do anything," I said. "It's not a wound. You've had it before, haven't you?"

"But I lost the truss."

"They'll send you to a hospital."

"Can't I stay here, Tenente?"

"No, I haven't any papers for you."

The drivers came out of the door with the papers for the wounded in the car.

"Four for 105. Two for 132," he said. They were hospitals beyond the river.

"You drive," I said. I helped the soldier with the rupture up on the seat with us.

"You speak English?" he asked.

"Sure."

"How you like this goddam war?"

"Rotten."

"I say it's rotten. —— —— I say it's rotten."

"Were you in the States?"

"Sure. In Pittsburgh. I knew you was an American."

"Don't I talk Italian good enough?"

"I knew you was an American all right."

"Another American," said the driver in Italian looking at the hernia man.

"Listen, Lootenant. Do you have to take me to that regiment?"

"Yes."

"Because the captain doctor knew I had this rupture. I threw away the goddam truss so it would get bad and I wouldn't have to go to the line again."

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"I see."

"Couldn't you take me no place else?"

"If it was closer to the front I could take you to a first medical post. But back here you've got to have papers."

"If I go back they'll make me get operated on and then they'll put me in the line all the time."

I thought it over.

"You wouldn't want to go in the line all the time, would you?" he asked.

"No."

"—— —— ain't this a goddam war?"

"Listen," I said. "You get out and fall down by the road and get a bump on your head and I'll pick you up on our way back and take you to a hospital. We'll stop by the road here, Aldo." We stopped at the side of the road. I helped him down.

"I'll be right here, Lieutenant," he said.

"So long," I said. We went on and passed the regiment about a mile ahead, then crossed the river, cloudy with snow water, and running fast through the spiles of the bridge, to ride along the road across the plain and deliver the wounded at the two hospitals. I drove coming back and went fast with the empty car to find the man from Pittsburgh. First we passed the regiment, hotter and slower than ever; then the stragglers. Then we saw a horse ambulance stopped by the road. Two men were lifting the hernia man to put him in. They had come back for him. He shook his head at me. His helmet was off and his forehead was bleeding below the hair line. His nose was skinned and there was dust on the bloody patch and dust in his hair.

"Look at the bump, Lieutenant!" he shouted. "Nothing to do. They come back for me."

When I got back to the villa it was five o'clock and I went out where we washed the cars to take a shower. Then I made out my report in my room, sitting in my trousers and an undershirt in front of the open window. In two days the offensive was to start and I would go with the cars to Plava. It was a long time since I had written to the States and I knew I should write but I had let it go so long that it was almost impossible to write now. There was nothing to write about. I sent a couple of army Zona di Guerra post-cards, crossing out everything except I Am Well. That should handle them. Those post-cards would be very fine in America; strange and mysterious. This was a strange and mysterious war zone but I supposed it was quite well run and grim compared to other wars with the Austrians. The Austrian army was created to give Napoleor victories; any Napoleon. I wished we had a Napoleon but instead we had Il Generale Cadorna, fat and prosperous, and Vittorio Emmanuele the tiny man with the long thin neck and the goat beard. Over on the right they had the Duke of Aosta. Maybe he was too good looking to be a great general but he looked like a man. Lots of them would have liked him to be king. He looked like a king. He was the King's uncle and commanded the third army. We were in the second army. There were some British batteries up with the third army. I had met two gunners from that lot in Milan. They were very nice and we had a big evening. They were big and shy and embarrassed and very appreciative together of anything that happened. I wish that I was with the British. It would have been much simpler. Still I would probably have been killed. Not in this ambulance business. Yes, even in the ambulance business. British ambulance drivers were killed sometimes. Well I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war. It did not have anything to do with me. It seemed no more dangerous to me myself than war in the movies. I wished to God it was over though. Maybe it would finish this summer. Maybe the Austrians would crack. They had always cracked in other wars. What was the matter with this war? Everybody said the French were through. Rinaldi said that the French had mutinied and troops march on Paris. I asked him what happened and he said, "Oh, they stopped them." I wanted to go to Austria without war. I wanted to go to the Black Forest. I wanted to go to the Hartz Mountains. Where were the Hartz Mountains anyway? They were fighting in the Carpathians. I did not want to go there anyway. It might be good though. I could go to Spain if there was no war. The sun was going down and the day was cooling off. After supper I would go and see Catherine Barkley. I wished she were here now. I wished I were in Milan with her. I would like to eat at the Cova and then walk down the Via Manzoni in the hot evening and cross over and turn off along the canal and go to the hotel with Catherine Barkley. Maybe she would. Maybe she would pretend that I was her boy that was killed and

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we would go in the front door and the porter would take off his cap and I would stop at the concierge's desk and ask for the key and she would stand by the elevator and then we would get in the elevator and it would go up very slowly clicking at all the floors and then our floor and the boy would open the door and stand there and she would step out and I would step out and we would walk down the hall and I would put the key in the door and open it and go in and then take down the telephone and ask them to send a bottle of capri bianca in a silver bucket full of ice and you would hear the ice against the pail coming down the corridor and the boy would knock and I would say leave it outside the door, please. That was how it ought to be. I would eat quickly and go and see Catherine Barkley.

They talked too much at the mess and I drank wine because to-night we were not all brothers unless I drank a little and talked with the priest about Archbishop Ireland who was, it seemed, a noble man and with whose injustices, the injustices he had received and in which I participated as an American, and of which I had never heard, I feigned acquaintance. It would have been impolite not to have known something of them when I had listened to such a splendid explanation of their causes which were, after all, it seemed, misunderstandings. I thought he had a fine name and he came from Minnesota which made a lovely name: Ireland of Minnesota, Ireland of Wisconsin, Ireland of Michigan. What made it pretty was that it sounded like Island. No, that wasn't it. There was more to it than that. Yes, father. That is true, father. Perhaps, father. No, father. Well maybe yes, father. You know more about it than I do, father. The priest was good but dull. The officers were not good but dull. The King was good but dull. The wine was bad but not dull. It took the enamel off your teeth and left it on the roof of your mouth.

"And the priest was locked up," Rocca said. "Because they found the three per cent bonds on his person. It was in France, of course. Here they would never have arrested him. He denied all knowledge of the five per cent bonds. This took place at Beziers. I was there and reading of it in the paper went to the jail and asked to see the priest. It was quite evident he had stolen the bonds."

"I don't believe a word of this," Rinaldi said.

"Just as you like," Rocca said. "But I am telling it for our priest here. It is very informative. He is a priest; he will appreciate it."

The priest smiled. "Go on," he said. "I am listening."

"Of course some of the bonds were not accounted for but the priest had all of the three per cent bonds and several local obligations, I forget exactly what they were. So I went to the jail, now this is the point of the story, and I stood outside his cell and I said as though I were going to confession, 'Bless me, father, for you have sinned.' "

There was great laughter from everybody.

"And what did he say?" asked the priest.

Rocca ignored this and went on to explain the joke to me. "You see the point, don't you?" It seemed it was a very funny joke if you understood it properly. They poured me more wine and I told the story about the English private soldier who was placed under the shower bath. Then the major told the story of the eleven Czecho-slovaks and the Hungarian corporal. After some more wine I told the story of the jockey who found the penny. The major said there was an Italian story something like that about the Duchess who could not sleep at night. At this point the priest left and I told the story about the travelling salesman who arrived at five o'clock in the morning at Marseilles when the mistral was blowing. The major said he had heard a report that I could drink. I denied this. He said it was true and by the corpse of Bacchus we would test whether it was true or not. Not Bacchus, I said. Not Bacchus. Yes, Bacchus, he said. I should drink cup for cup and glass for glass with Bassi Filippo Vicenza. Bassi said no, that was no test because he had already drunk twice as much as I. I said that was a foul lie and Bacchus or no Bacchus Filippo Vicenza Bassi or Bassi Filippo Vicenza had never touched a drop all evening and what was his name anyway? He said was my name Federico Enrico or Enrico Federico? I said let the best man win, Bacchus barred, and the major started us with red wine in mugs. Half way through the wine I did not want any more. I remembered where I was going.

"Bassi wins," I said. "He's a better man than I am. I have to go."

"He does really," said Rinaldi. "He has a rendezvous. I know all about it."

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"I have to go."

"Another night," said Bassi. "Another night when you feel stronger." He slapped me on the shoulder. There were lighted candles on the table. All the officers were very happy. "Good night, gentlemen," I said.

Rinaldi went out with me. We stood outside the door on the path and he said, "You'd better not go up there drunk."

"I'm not drunk, Rinin. Really."

"You'd better chew some coffee."

"Nonsense."

"I'll get some, baby. You walk up and down." He came back with a handful of roasted coffee beans. "Chew those, baby, and God be with you."

"Bacchus," I said.

"I'll walk down with you."

"I'm perfectly all right."

We walked along together through the town and I chewed the coffee. At the gate of the driveway that led up to the British villa Rinaldi said good night.

"Good night," I said. "Why don't you come in?"

He shook his head, "No," he said. "I like the simpler pleasures."

"Thank you for the coffee beans."

"Nothing, baby. Nothing."

I started down the driveway. The outlines of the cypresses that lined it were sharp and clear. I looked back and saw Rinaldi standing watching me and waved to him.

I sat in the reception hall of the villa waiting for Catherine Barkley to come down. Some one was coming down the hall-way. I stood up, but it was not Catherine. It was Miss Ferguson.

"Hello," she said. "Catherine asked me to tell you she was sorry she couldn't see you this evening."

"I'm so sorry. I hope she's not ill."

"She's not awfully well."

"Will you tell her how sorry I am?"

"Yes, I will."

"Do you think it would be any good to try and see her to-morrow?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thank you very much," I said. "Good night."

I went out the door and suddenly I felt lonely and empty. I had treated seeing Catherine very lightly, I had gotten somewhat drunk and had nearly forgotten to come but when I could not see her there I was feeling lonely and hollow.

## VIII

The next afternoon we heard there was to be an attack up the river that night and that we were to take four cars there. Nobody knew anything about it although they all spoke with great positiveness and strategical knowledge. All I knew was the place and that we were to go there with four cars. So I got the first four cars on call and warned the others that they were moved up on the list. We left the villa and started out through the town. I was riding in the first car and as we passed the entry to the British hospital I told the driver to stop. The other cars pulled up. I got out and told the driver to go on and that if we had not caught up to them at the junction of the road to Cormons to wait there. I hurried up the driveway and inside the reception hall I asked for Miss Barkley.

"She's on duty."

"Could I see her just for a moment?"

They sent an orderly to see and she came back with him.

"I stopped to ask if you were better. They told me you were on duty so I asked to see you."

"I'm quite well," she said, "I think the heat knocked me over yesterday."

"I have to go."

"I'll just step out the door a minute."

"And you're all right?" I asked outside.

"Yes, darling. Are you coming to-night?"

"No. I'm leaving now for a show up above Plava."

"A show?"

"I don't think it's anything."

"And you'll be back?"

"To-morrow."

She was unclasping something from her neck. She put it in my hand. "It's a Saint Anthony," she said. "And come to-morrow night."

"You're not a Catholic, are you?"

"No. But they say a Saint Anthony's very useful."

"I'll take care of him for you. Good-by."

"No," she said, "not good-by."

"All right."

"Be a good boy and be careful. No, you can't kiss me here. You can't."

"All right."

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I looked back and saw her standing on the steps. She waved and I kissed my hand and held it out. She waved again and then I was out of the driveway and climbing up into the seat of the ambulance and we started. The Saint Anthony was in a little white metal capsule. I opened the capsule and spilled him out into my hand.

"Saint Anthony?" asked the driver.

"Yes."

"I have one." His right hand left the wheel and opened a button on his tunic and pulled it out from under his shirt.

"See?"

I put my Saint Anthony back in the capsule, spilled the thin gold chain together and put it all in my breast pocket.

"You don't wear him?"

"No."

"It's better to wear him. That's what it's for."

"All right," I said. I undid the clasp of the gold chain and put it around my neck and clasped it. The saint hung down on the outside of my uniform and I undid the throat of my tunic, unbuttoned the shirt collar and dropped him in under the shirt. I felt him in his metal box against my chest while we drove. Then I forgot about him. After I was wounded I never found him. Some one probably got it at one of the dressing stations.

We drove fast when we were over the bridge and soon we saw the dust of the other cars ahead down the road. The road curved and we saw the three cars looking quite small, the dust rising from the wheels and going off through the trees. We caught them and passed them and turned off on a road that climbed up into the hills. Driving in convoy is not unpleasant if you are the first car and I settled back in the seat and watched the country. We were in the foot hills on the near side of the river and as the road mounted there were the high mountains off to the north with snow still on the tops. I looked back and saw the three cars all climbing, spaced by the interval of their dust. We passed a long column of loaded mules, the drivers walking along beside the mules wearing red fezzes. They were bersegliere transport.

Beyond the mule train the road was empty and we climbed through the hills and then went down over the shoulder of a long hill into a river valley. There were trees along both sides of the road and through the right line of trees I saw the river, the water clear, fast and shallow. The river was low and there were stretches of sand and pebbles with a narrow channel of water and sometimes the water spread like a sheen over the pebbly bed. Close to the bank I saw deep pools, the water blue like the sky. I saw arched stone bridges over the river where tracks turned off from the road and we passed stone farm houses with pear trees candelabra-ed against their south walls and low stone walls in the fields. The road went up the valley a long way and then we turned off and commenced to climb into the hills again. The road climbed steeply going up and back and forth through chestnut woods to level finally along a ridge. I could look down through the woods and see, far below, with the sun on it, the line of the river that separated the two armies. We went along the rough new military road that followed the crest of the ridge and I looked to the north at the two ranges of mountains, green and dark to the snow line and then white and lovely in the sun. Then, as the road mounted along the ridge I saw a third range of mountains, higher snow mountains, that looked chalky white and furrowed, with strange planes, and then there were mountains far off beyond all these that you could hardly tell if you really saw. Those were all the Austrian's mountains and we had nothing like them. Ahead there was a rounded turn off in the road to the right and looking down I could see the road dropping through the trees. There were troops on this road and motor trucks and mules with mountain guns and as we went down, keeping to the side, I could see the river far down below, the line of ties and rails running along it, the old bridge where the railway crossed to the other side and across, under a hill beyond the river, the broken houses of the little town that was to be taken.

It was nearly dark when we came down and turned onto the main road that ran beside the river.

## IX

The road was crowded and there were screens of corn stalk and straw matting on both sides and matting over the top so that it was like the entrance at a circus or a native village. We drove slowly in this matting cov-

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ered tunnel and came out onto a bare cleared space where the railway station had been. The road here was below the level of the river bank and all along the side of the sunken road there were holes dug in the bank with infantry in them. The sun was going down and looking up along the bank as we drove I saw the Austrian observation balloons above the hills on the other side dark against the sunset. We parked the cars beyond a brickyard. The ovens and some deep holes had been equipped as dressing-stations. There were three doctors that I knew. I talked with the major and learned that when it should start and our cars should be loaded we would drive them back along the screened road and up to the main road along the ridge where there would be a post and other cars to clear them. He hoped the road would not jam. It was a one road show. The road was screened because it was in sight of the Austrians across the river. Here at the brick-yard we were sheltered from rifle or machine-gun fire by the river bank. There was one smashed bridge across the river. They were going to put over another bridge when the bombardment started and some troops were to cross at the shallows up above at the bend of the river. The major was a little man with upturned mustaches. He had been in the war in Libya and wore two wound stripes. He said that if the thing went well he would see that I was decorated. I said I hoped it would go well but that he was too kind. I asked him if there was a big dugout where the drivers could stay and he sent a soldier to show me. I went with him and found the dugout, which was very good. The drivers were pleased with it and I left them there. The major asked me to have a drink with him and two other officers. We drank rum and it was very friendly. Outside it was getting dark. I asked what time the attack was to be and they said as soon as it was dark. I went back to the drivers. They were sitting in the dugout talking and when I came in they stopped. I gave them each a package of cigarettes, Macedonias, loosely packed cigarettes that spilled tobacco and needed to have the ends twisted before you smoked them. Manera lit his lighter and passed it around. The lighter was shaped like a Fiat radiator. I told them what I had heard.

"Why didn't we see the post when we came down?" Passini asked.

"It was just beyond where we turned off."

"That road will be a dirty mess," Manera said. "They'll shell the —— out of us."

"Probably."

"What about eating, Lieutenant? We won't get a chance to eat after this thing starts."

"I'll go and see now," I said.

"You want us to stay here or can we look around?"

"Better stay here."

I went back to the major's dugout and he said the field-kitchen would be along and the drivers could come and get their stew. He would loan them mess tins if they did not have them. I said I thought they had them. I went back and told the drivers I would get them as soon as the food came. Manera said he hoped it would come before the bombardment started They were silent until I went out. They were all mechanics and hated the war.

I went out to look at the cars and see what was going on and then came back and sat down in the dugout with the four drivers. We sat on the ground with our backs against the wall and smoked. Outside it was nearly dark. The earth of the dugout was warm and dry and I let my shoulders back against the wall, sitting on the small of my back, and relaxed.

"Who goes to the attack?" asked Gavuzzi.

"Bersagliere."

"All bersagliere?"

"I think so."

"There aren't enough troops here for a real attack."

"It is probably to draw attention from where the real attack will be."

"Do the men know that who attack?"

"I don't think so."

"Of course they don't," Manera said. "They wouldn't attack if they did."

"Yes, they would," Passini said. "Bersagliere are fools."

"They are brave and have good discipline," I said.

"They are big through the chest by measurement and healthy. But they are still fools."

"The granatieri are tall," Manera said. This was a joke. They all laughed.

"Were you there, Tenente, when they wouldn't attack and they shot every tenth man?"

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"No."

"It is true. They lined them up afterward and took every tenth man. Carabiniere shot them."

"Carabiniere," said Passini and spat on the floor. "But those grenadiers; all over six feet. They wouldn't attack."

"If everybody would not attack the war would be over," Manera said.

"It wasn't that way with the granatiere. They were afraid. The officers all came from such good families."

"Some of the officers went alone."

"A sergeant shot two officers who would not get out."

"Some troops went out."

"Those that went out were not lined up when they took the tenth men."

"One of those shot by the carabiniere is from my town," Passini said. "He was a big, smart, tall boy to be in the granatiere. Always in Rome. Always with the girls. Always with the carabiniere." He laughed. "Now they have a guard outside his house with a bayonet and nobody can come to see his mother and father and sisters and his father loses his civil rights and cannot even vote. They are all without law to protect them. Anybody can take their property."

"If it wasn't that that happens to their families nobody would go to the attack."

"Yes. Alpini would. These V. E. soldiers would. Some bersagliere."

"Bersagliere have run too. Now they try to forget it."

"You should not let us talk this way, Tenente. Evviva l'esercito," Passini said sarcastically.

"I know how you talk," I said. "But as long as you drive the cars and behave——"

"—and don't talk so other officers can hear," Manera finished.

"I believe we should get the war over," I said. "It would not finish it if one side stopped fighting. It would only be worse if we stopped fighting."

"It could not be worse," Passini said respectfully. "There is nothing worse than war."

"Defeat is worse."

"I do not believe it," Passini said, still respectfully. "What is defeat? You go home."

"They come after you. They take your home. They take your sisters."

"I don't believe it," Passini said. "They can't do that to everybody. Let everybody defend his home. Let them keep their sisters in the house."

"They hang you. They come and make you be a soldier again. Not in the auto-ambulance, in the infantry."

"They can't hang every one."

"An outside nation can't make you be a soldier," Manera said. "At the first battle you all run."

"Like the Tchecos."

"I think you do not know anything about being conquered and so you think it is not bad."

"Tenente," Passini said. "We understand you let us talk. Listen. There is nothing as bad as war. We in the auto-ambulance cannot even realize at all how bad it is. When people realize how bad it is they cannot do anything to stop it because they go crazy. There are some people who never realize. There are people who are afraid of their officers. It is with them that war is made."

"I know it is bad but we must finish it."

"It doesn't finish. There is no finish to a war."

"Yes, there is."

Passini shook his head.

"War is not won by victory. What if we take San Gabrielle? What if we take the Carso and Monfalcone and Trieste? Where are we then? Did you see all the far mountains today? Do you think we could take all them too? Only if the Austrians stop fighting. One side must stop fighting. Why don't we stop fighting? If they come down into Italy they will get tired and go away. They have their own country. But no, instead there is a war."

"You're an orator."

"We think. We read. We are not peasants. We are mechanics. But even the peasants know better than to believe in a war. Everybody hates this war."

"There is a class that controls a country that is stupid and does not realize anything and never can. That is why we have this war."

"Also they make money out of it."

"Most of them don't," said Passini. "They are too stupid. They do it for nothing. For stupidity."

"We must shut up," said Manera. "We talk too much even for the Tenente."

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"He likes it," said Passini. "We will convert him."

"But now we will shut up," Manera said.

"Do we eat yet, Tenente?" Gavuzzi asked.

"I will go and see," I said. Gordini stood up and went outside with me.

"Is there anything I can do, Tenente? Can I help in any way?" He was the quietest one of the four. "Come with me if you want," I said, "and we'll see."

It was dark outside and the long light from the search-lights was moving over the mountains. There were big search-lights on that front mounted on camions that you passed sometimes on the roads at night, close behind the lines—the camion stopped a little off the road, an officer directing the light and the crew scared. We crossed the brickyard, and stopped at the main dressing-station. There was a little shelter of green branches outside over the entrance and in the dark the night wind rustled the leaves dried by the sun. Inside there was a light. The major was at the telephone sitting on a box. One of the medical captains said the attack had been put forward an hour. He offered me a glass of cognac. I looked at the board tables, the instruments shining in the light, the basins and the stoppered bottles. Gordini stood behind me. The major got up from the telephone.

"It starts now," he said. "It has been put back again."

I looked outside, it was dark and the Austrian search-lights were moving on the mountains behind us. It was quiet for a moment still, then from all the guns behind us the bombardment started.

"Savoia!" said the major.

"About the soup, major," I said. He did not hear me. I repeated it.

"It hasn't come up."

A big shell came in and burst outside in the brickyard. Another burst and in the noise you could hear the smaller noise of the brick and dirt raining down.

"What is there to eat?"

"We have a little pasta asciuta," the major said.

"I'll take what you can give me."

The major spoke to an orderly who went out of sight in the back and came back with a metal basin of cold cooked macaroni. I handed it to Gordini.

"Have you any cheese?"

The major spoke grudgingly to the orderly who ducked back into the hole again and came out with a quarter of a white cheese.

"Thank you very much," I said.

"You'd better not go out."

Outside something was set down beside the entrance. One of the two men who had carried it looked in.

"Bring him in," said the major. "What's the matter with you? Do you want us to come outside and get him?"

The two stretcher bearers picked up the man under the arms and by the legs and brought him in.

"Slit the tunic," the major said.

He held a forceps with some gauze in the end. The two captains took off their coats. "Get out of here," the major said to the two stretcher bearers.

"Come on," I said to Gordini.

"You better wait until the shelling is over," the major said over his shoulder.

"They want to eat," I said.

"As you wish."

Outside we ran across the brickyard. A shell burst short near the river bank. Then there was one that we did not hear coming until the sudden rush. We both went flat and with the flash and bump of the burst and the smell heard the singing off of the fragments and the rattle of falling brick. Gordini got up and ran for the dugout. I was after him, holding the cheese, its smooth surface covered with brick dust. Inside the dugout were the three drivers sitting against the wall, smoking.

"Here, you patriots," I said.

"How are the cars?" Manera asked.

"All right."

"Did they scare you, Tenente?"

"You're damned right," I said.

I took out my knife, opened it, wiped off the blade and pared off the dirty outside surface of the cheese. Gavuzzi handed me the basin of macaroni.

"Start in to eat, Tenente."

"No," I said. "Put it on the floor. We'll all eat."

"There are no forks."

"What the hell?" I said in English.

I cut the cheese into pieces and laid them on the macaroni.

"Sit down to it," I said. They sat down and

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waited. I put thumb and fingers into the macaroni and lifted. A mass loosened.

"Lift it high, Tenente."

I lifted it to arm's length and the strands cleared. I lowered it into the mouth, sucked and snapped in the ends, and chewed, then took a bite of cheese, chewed, and then a drink of the wine. It tasted of rusty metal. I handed the canteen back to Passini.

"It's rotten," he said. "It's been in there too long. I had it in the car."

They were all eating, holding their chins close over the basin, tipping their heads back, sucking in the ends. I took another mouthful and some cheese and a rinse of wine. Something landed outside that shook the earth.

"Four hundred twenty or minnenwerfer," Gavuzzi said.

"There aren't any four hundred twenties in the mountains," I said.

"They have big skoda guns. I've seen the holes."

"Three hundred fives."

We went on eating. There was a cough, a noise like a railway engine starting and then an explosion that shook the earth again.

"This isn't a deep dugout," Passini said.

"That was a big trench mortar."

"Yes, sir."

I ate the end of my piece of cheese and took a swallow of wine. Through the other noise I heard a cough, then came the chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh—then there was a flash, as a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back. The ground was torn up and in front of my head there was a splintered beam of wood. In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying. I thought somebody was screaming. I tried to move but I could not move. I heard the machine-guns and rifles firing across the river and all along the river. There was a great splashing and I saw the star shells go up and burst and float whitely and rockets going up and heard the bombs, all this in a moment, and then I heard close to me some one saying "Mama mia! Oh mama mia!" I pulled and twisted and got my legs loose finally and turned around and touched him. It was Passini and when I touched him he screamed. His legs were toward me and I saw in the dark and the light that they were both smashed above the knee. One leg was gone and the other was held by tendons and part of the trouser and the stump twitched and jerked as though it were not connected. He bit his arm and moaned, "Oh mama mia, mama mia," then, "Dio te salve Maria. Dio te salve Maria. Oh Jesus shoot me, Christ shoot me, mama mia, mama mia, oh purest lovely Mary shoot me. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Oh Jesus, lovely Mary stop it. Oh, oh, oh, oh," then choking, "Mama mama mia." Then he was quiet, biting his arm, the stump of his leg twitching.

"Porta feriti!" I shouted holding my hands cupped. "Porta feriti!" I tried to get closer to Passini to try to put a tourniquet on the legs but I could not move. I tried again and my legs moved a little. I could pull backward along with my arms and elbows. Passini was quiet now. I sat beside him, undid my tunic and tried to rip the tail of my shirt. It would not rip and I bit the edge of the cloth to start it. Then I thought of his puttees. I had on wool stockings but Passini wore puttees. All the drivers wore puttees but Passini had only one leg. I unwound the puttee and while I was doing it I saw there was no need to try and make a tourniquet because he was dead already. I made sure he was dead. There were three others to locate. I sat up straight and as I did so something inside my head moved like the weights on a doll's eyes and it hit me inside in back of my eye-balls. My legs felt warm and wet and my shoes were wet and warm inside. I knew that I was hit and leaned over and put my hand on my knee. My knee wasn't there. My hand went in and my knee was down on my shin. I wiped my hand on my shirt and another floating light came very slowly down and I looked at my leg and was very afraid. "Oh God," I said, "get me out of here." I knew, however, that there had been three others. There were four drivers. Passini was dead. That left three. Some one took hold of me under the arms and somebody else lifted my legs.

"There are three others," I said. "One is dead."

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"It's Manera. We went for a stretcher but there wasn't any. How are you, Tenente?"

"Where is Gordini and Gavuzzi?"

"Gordini's at the post getting bandaged. Gavuzzi has your legs. Hold on to my neck, Tenente. Are you badly hit?"

"In the leg. How is Gordini?"

"He's all right. It was a big trench-mortar shell."

"Passini's dead."

"Yes. He's dead."

A shell fell close and they both dropped to the ground and dropped me. "I'm sorry, Tenente," said Manera. "Hang onto my neck."

"If you drop me again."

"It was because we were scared."

"Are you unwounded?"

"We are both wounded a little."

"Can Gordini drive?"

"I don't think so."

They dropped me once more before we reached the post.

"You ——— ———," I said.

"I am sorry, Tenente," Manera said. "We won't drop you again."

Outside the post a great many of us lay on the ground in the dark. They carried wounded in and brought them out. I could see the light come out from the dressing-station when the curtain opened and they brought some one in or out. The dead were off to one side. The doctors were working with their sleeves up to their shoulders and were red as butchers. There were not enough stretchers. Some of the wounded were noisy but most were quiet. The wind blew the leaves in the bower over the door of the dressing-station and the night was getting cold. Stretcher bearers came in all the time, put their stretchers down, unloaded them and went away. As soon as I got to the dressing-station Manera brought a medical sergeant out and he put bandages on both my legs. He said there was so much dirt blown into the wound that there had not been much hemorrhage. They would take me as soon as possible. He went back inside. Gordini could not drive, Manera said. His shoulder was smashed and his head was hurt. He had not felt bad but now the shoulder had stiffened. He was sitting up beside one of the brick walls. Manera and Gavuzzi each went off with a load of wounded. They could drive all right. The British had come with three ambulances and they had two men on each ambulance. One of their drivers came over to me, brought by Gordini, who looked very white and sick. The Britisher leaned over.

"Are you hit badly?" he asked. He was a tall man and wore steel rimmed spectacles.

"In the legs."

"It's not serious I hope. Will you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

"They tell me you've lost two drivers."

"Yes. One killed and the fellow that brought you."

"What rotten luck. Would you like us to take the cars?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you."

"We'd take quite good care of them and return them to the Villa. 206, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"It's a charming place. I've seen you about. They tell me you're an American."

"Yes."

"I'm English."

"No!"

"Yes, English. Did you think I was Italian? There were some Italians with one of our units."

"It would be fine if you would take the cars," I said.

"We'll be *most* careful of them," he straightened up. "This chap of yours was very anxious for me to see you." He patted Gordini on the shoulder. Gordini winced and smiled. The Englishman broke into voluble and perfect Italian. "Now everything is arranged. I've seen your Tenente. We will take over the two cars. You won't worry now." He broke off, "I must do something about getting you out of here. I'll see the medical wallahs. We'll take you back with us."

He walked across to the dressing-station, stepping carefully among the wounded. I saw the blanket open, the light came out and he went in.

"He will look after you, Tenente," Gordini said.

"How are you, Franco?"

"I am all right." He sat down beside me. In a moment the blanket in front of the dressing-station opened and two stretcher bearers came out followed by the tall Englishman. He brought them over to me.

"Here is the American Tenente," he said in Italian.

"I'd rather wait," I said. "There are much worse wounded than me. I'm all right."

"Come, come," he said. "Don't be a bloody

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hero." Then in Italian. "Lift him very carefully about the legs. His legs are very painful. He is the legitimate son of President Wilson." They picked me up and took me into the dressing-room. Inside they were operating on all the tables. The little major looked at us, furious. He recognized me and waved a forceps.

"Ça va bien?"

"Ça va."

"I have brought him in," the tall Englishman said in Italian. "The only son of the American Ambassador. He can be here until you are ready to take him. Then I will take him with my first load." He bent over me. "I'll look up their adjutant to do your papers and it will all go much faster." He stooped to go under the doorway and went out. The major was unhooking the forceps now, dropping them in a basin. I followed his hands with my eyes. Now he was bandaging. Then the stretcher-bearers took the man off the table.

"I'll take the American Tenente," one of the captains said. They lifted me onto the table. It was hard and slippery. There were many strong smells, chemical smells and the sweet smell of blood. They took off my trousers and the medical captain commenced dictating to the sergeant adjutant while he worked, "Multiple superficial wounds of the left and right thigh and left and right knee and right foot. Profound wounds of right knee and foot. Lacerations of the scalp (he probed) (Does that hurt?) (Christ yes!) with possible fracture of the skull. Incurred in the line of duty. "That's what keeps you from being court-martialled for self-inflicted wounds," he said. "Would you like a drink of brandy? How did you run into this thing anyway? What were you trying to do? Commit suicide? Anti-tetanus please and mark a cross on both legs. Thank you. I'll clean this up a little, wash it out, and put on a dressing. Your blood coagulates beautifully."

The adjutant, looking up from the paper, "What inflicted the wounds?"

The medical captain, "What hit you?"

Me, with the eyes shut, "A trench-mortar shell."

The captain, doing things that hurt sharply and severing tissue—"Are you sure?"

Me—trying to lie still and feeling my stomach flutter when the flesh was cut, "I think so."

Captain doctor—(interested in something he was finding) "Fragments of enemy trench-mortar shell. Now I'll probe for some of this if you like but it's not necessary. I'll paint all this and— Does that sting? Good; that's nothing to how it will feel later. The pain hasn't started yet. Bring him a glass of brandy. The shock dulls the pain; but this is all right, you have nothing to worry about if it doesn't infect and it rarely does now. How is your head?"

"It's very bad," I said.

"Better not drink too much brandy then. If you've got a fracture you don't want inflammation. How does that feel?"

Sweat ran all over me.

"Good Christ," I said.

"I guess you've got a fracture all right. I'll wrap you up and don't bounce your head around."

He bandaged, his hands moving very fast and the bandage coming taut and sure. "All right, good luck and Vive la France."

"He's an American," one of the other captains said.

"I thought you said he was a Frenchman. He talks French," the captain said. "I've known him before. I always thought he was French." He drank a half tumbler of cognac. "Bring on something serious. Get some more of that Anti-tetanus." The captain waved to me. They lifted me and the blanket-flap went across my face as we went out. Outside the sergeant-adjutant knelt down beside me where I lay, "Name?" he asked softly, "Middle name? First name? Rank? Where born? What class? What corps?" and so on, "I'm sorry for your head, Tenente. I hope you feel better. I'm sending you now with the English ambulance."

"I'm all right," I said. "Thank you very much." The pain that the major had spoken about had started and all that was happening was without interest or relation. After a while the English ambulance came up and they put me onto a stretcher and lifted the stretcher up to the ambulance level and shoved it in. There was another stretcher by the side with a man on it whose nose I could see, waxy looking, out of the bandages. He breathed very heavily. There were stretchers lifted and slid into the slings above. The tall English driver came around and looked in. "I'll take it very easily," he said. "I hope you'll be comfy." I felt the engine start, felt him climb up

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into the front seat, felt the brake come off and the clutch go in, then we started. I lay still and let the pain ride.

As the ambulance climbed along the road, it was slow in the traffic, sometimes it stopped, sometimes it backed on a turn, then finally it climbed quite fast. I felt something dripping. At first it dropped slowly and regularly, then it pattered into a stream. I shouted to the driver. He stopped the car and looked in through the hole behind his seat.

"What is it?"

"The man on the stretcher over me has a hemorrhage."

"We're not far from the top. I wouldn't be able to get the stretcher out alone." He started the car. The stream kept on. In the dark I could not see where it came from the canvas overhead. I tried to move sideways so that it did not fall on me. Where it had run down under my shirt it was warm and sticky. I was cold and my leg hurt so that it made me sick. After a while the stream from the stretcher above lessened and started to drip again and I heard and felt the canvas above move as the man on the stretcher settled more comfortably.

"How is he?" the Englishman called back. "We're almost up."

"He's dead, I think," I said.

The drops fell very slowly as they fall from an icicle after the sun has gone. It was cold in the car in the night as the road climbed. At the post on the top they took the stretcher out and put another in and we went on.

In the chapters of "A Farewell to Arms" published in June, Mr. Hemingway develops a love story which is to play a major part in this powerful tale of a man seeking life in a world of death and destruction.

It is seldom that a magazine has the good fortune to publish three such interesting narratives as appear in the

JUNE SCRIBNER'S

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE, by Thomas Boyd
The fighting around Yorktown and Wayne's part in Cornwallis's surrender.

AN AFRICAN SAVAGE'S OWN STORY, by Ibn LoBagola
A mating in the jungle.

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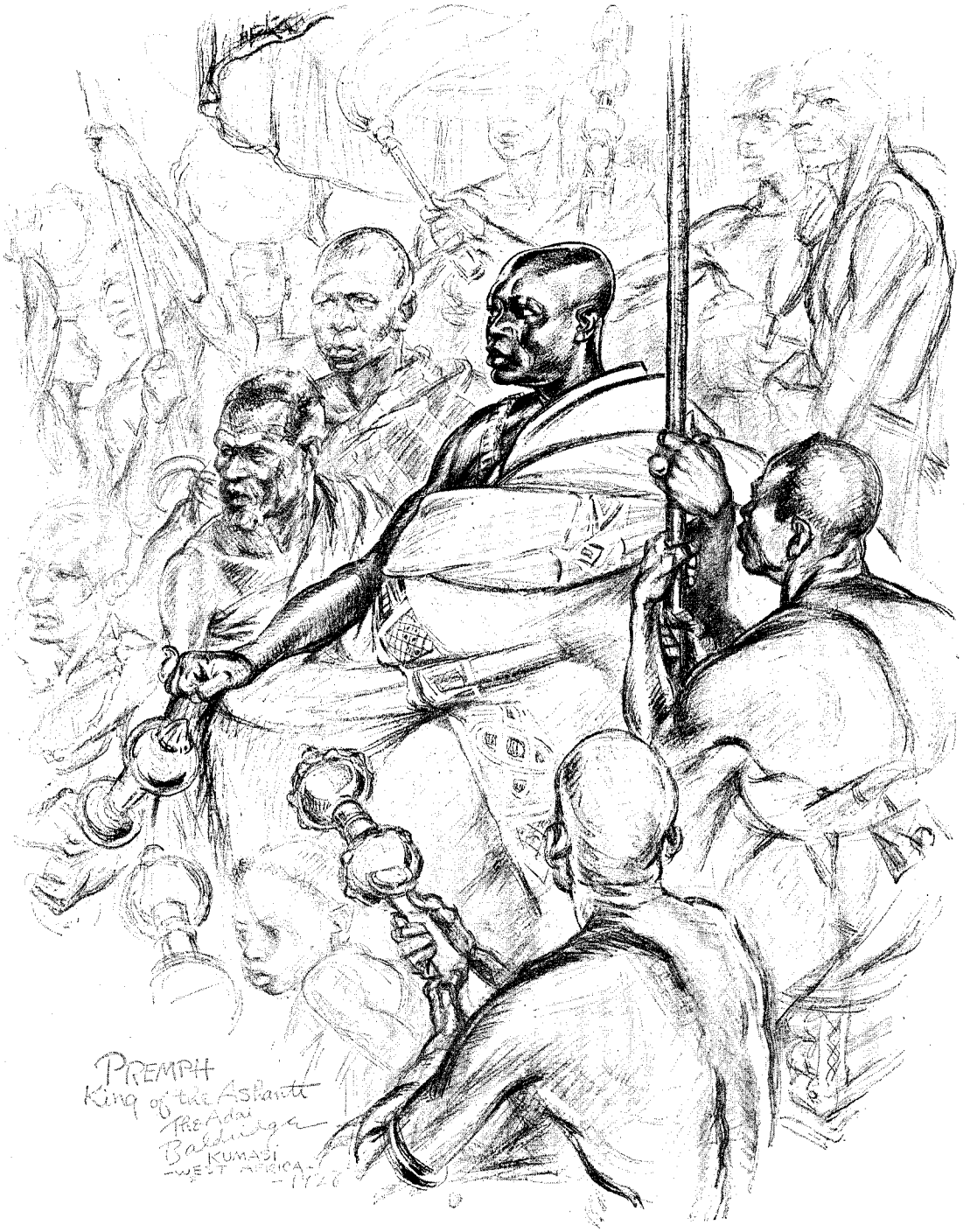


An African King at a Ceremony of Ancestor-Worship.

At the court of Premph, King of the Ashanti, in West Africa, recently restored to partial power after twenty-five years of political exile, Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge made this drawing. The Adai is a periodical ceremony. The Ashanti chiefs with their followers approached the king through a lane of drawn swords, gold-hilted, to pay homage. . . .

—See page 627.

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